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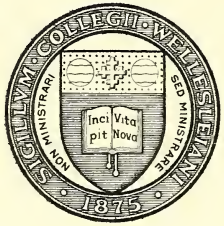

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WIT and MIRTH:
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PILLS TO PURGE
MELANCHOLY

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

EDITED BY
THOMAS D'URFEY

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOLUME III

FOLKLORE LIBRARY PUBLISHERS, INC.
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1959

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AN

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OF THE

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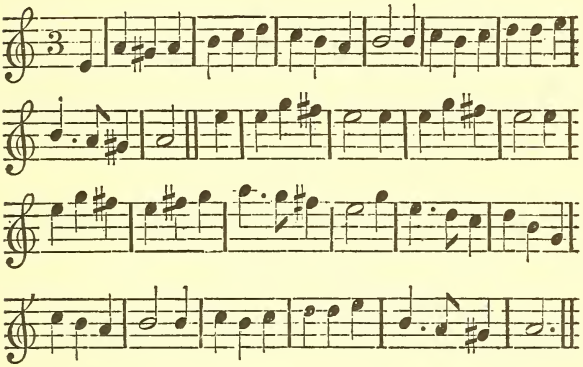
The CLOAK's KNAVERY.



COME buy my new Ballad,
I hav't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear please every Pallat;
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth:
A ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
'Twas made of a Cloak *that fell out with a* Gown,
That crampt all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

I'll tell you in brief,
A story of Grief,
Which happen'd when *Cloak* was Commander in Chief;
It tore Common Prayers,
Imprison'd Lord Mayors,
In one day it Voted down Prelates and Players:
It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
And the *Covenant* did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down,*
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a black *Cloak*,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many Thousands, but never struck stroke;
With Hatchet and Rope,
The forlorn Hope,
Did joyn with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
It set all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the *Turk.*
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Those fierce Demi-Gorgons,
It brought in the Bagpipes and pull'd down the Organs;
The Pulpits did smoak,
The Churches did choak,
And all our Religion was turn'd to a *Cloak:*
It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read,
It set *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the *Creed.*
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Imposter,
Such Fury did foster,
It left us no Penny, nor no *Pater Noster;*
It threw to the Ground
Ten Commandments down,
And set up twice Twenty times Ten of its own:
It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all those whom they thought Disaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To

To blind Peoples Eyes,
This *Cloak* was so Wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise;
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to *Tom Trumpeter* and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down,*
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out —— *Fight the Lord's Battles beloved;*
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
Whose politick Pates,
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates;
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
It gave a Commission to kill one another:
It took up Mens Horses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This *Cloak* did proceed,
To a damnable Deed,
It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed;
Tho' *Cloak* did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come such a bloody disaster,
If *Cloak* had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though some of them went hence,
By sorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long *Cloak* is not mov'd to Repentance,
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thousand times ten,
Are plotting to do their Tricks over again:
But let this proud *Cloak* to Authority stoop,
Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down*,
That basely did Sever the Head from the Crown,
Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In Sacred and secular Things may consent;
So Righteously firm,
And Religiously free,
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be:
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,
Then Peace, Truth and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popish Plots, and their Plotters shall down.

Blanket-Fair, *or the History of* Temple-street. *Being a Relation of the merry pranks play'd on the River of* Thames *during the great Frost: Tune* Packington's Pound.

COME listen a while (tho' the Weather be cold,)
In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you may hold;
I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare,
Of a *River* turn'd into a *Bartholomew* Fair:
Since old *Christmass* last,
There has been such a *Frost*,
That the *Thames* has by half the whole Nation been crost:

Oh

Oh *Scullers* I pity your fate of extreams,
Each *Land-man* is now become free of the *Thames.*
'Tis some *Lapland* Acquaintance of Conjurer *Oats*,
That has ty'd up your hands and Imprisoned your Boats;
You know he was ever a Friend to the Crew,
Of all those that to Admiral *James* have been true:
Where Sculls did once Row,
Men walk to and fro,
But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so;
Should your hopes of a Thaw by this weather be crost,
Your Fortune will soon be as hard as the Frost.

In Roast-Beef and Brandy, much Money is spent,
And Booths made of Blankets that pay no ground-rent;
With old fashion'd Chimneys the Rooms are secur'd,
And the Houses from danger of Fire are insured:
The chief place you meet,
Is call'd *Temple-street*,
If you do not believe me, then you may go and see't;
From the Temple the Students do thither resort,
Who were always great Patrons, of Revels and sport.

The Citizen comes with his Daughter and Wife,
And swears he ne're saw such a sight in his Life;
The Prentices starv'd at home for want of Bread,
To catch them a heat, do flock thither in shoals:
While the Country Squire
Does stand and admire,
At the wondrous Conjunction of Water and Fire;
Straight comes an arch Wag, a young Son of a Whore,
And lays the Squire's head where his heels were before.

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting Scates,
To pleasure the Crowd, shews his Tricks and his Feats;
Who like a Rope-dancer (for his sharp Steels)
His Brains and Activity lie in his Heels,
Here all things like Fate,
Are in slippery state,
From the soal of the Foot to the crown of the Pate;
While the Rabble in Sledges run giddily round,
And nought but a Circle of Folly is found.

Here

Here Damsels are handled like Nymphs in the Bath,
By Gentlemen-Ushers, with Legs like a Lath ;
They slide to a Tune, and cry give me your Hand,
When the tottering Fops are scarce able to stand :
Then with fear and with care,
They arrive at the Fair,
Where Wenches sell Glasses and crackt Earthen-ware ;
To shew that the World and the Pleasures it brings,
Are made up of Brittle and Slippery things.

A Spark of the Bar with his Cane and his Muff,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd Kitchin-stuff ;
Let slip from her Gallant, the gay Damsel try'd,
(As oft she had done in the Country) to slide :
In the way lay a stump,
That with a damn'd thump,
She broke both her Shoe-strings and crippl'd her Rump ;
The heat of her Buttocks made such a great Thaw,
She had like to have drowned the Man of the Law.

All you that are warm both in Body and Purse,
I give you this warning for better for worse ;
Be not there in Moonshine, pray take my advice,
For slippery things have been done on the Ice :
Maids there have been said,
To lose Maiden-head,
And Sparks from full Pockets gone empty to Bed ;
If their Brains and their Bodies had not been too warm,
It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

The Praise of the DAIRY-MAID, *with a lick at the* Cream-Pot, *or a Fading* Rose. *To the foregoing Tune.*

LET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a *Hector*,
Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar ;*
Neither Syder nor Sherry,
Metheglin nor Perry,

Shall

Shall more make me Drunk, which the vulgar call merry:
These Drinks o'er my fancy no more shall prevail,
But I'll take a full soop at the merry Milk-pail.

In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing,
But all things in order first, *God save the King;*
And the Queen I may say,
That ev'ry *May-day*,
Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay:
Assist me fair Damsels, to finish this Theam,
And inspire my fancy with Strawberries and Cream.

The first of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe,
Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-Grandmother *Eve;*
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well she knew how,
Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now:
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
For the Butter and Cheese in those days made it self.

In that Age or time there was no damn'd Money,
Yet the Children of *Israel* fed upon Milk and Honey;
No Queen you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the Brown Cow with the meanest she:
Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows gave them Meat,
In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
That Nurser of Subjects, bold *Britain's* chief Meat;
When they first begin it,
To see how the Rennet
Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:
Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,
They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

Your *Turkey* Sherbet and *Arabian* Tea,
Is Dish-water stuff to a dish of new Whey;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill Vapours it drains,
And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains,

Court

Court Ladies i' th' Morning will drink a whole Pottle:
And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream thy due praises how shall I now utter?
For when at the best,
A thing's well express'd,
We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest:*
Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul,
I had long since been Drowned in a Cream bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the *Dutchmen's* delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;
But oh, the soft stream,
That remains of the Cream,
Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a Dream:
It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,
And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
A thousand more Dainties are daily in use;
For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
E'er it goes in the Belly,
Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and the Jelly:
For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muster'd,
The charming delights of Cheese-Cakes and Custard;
For at *Tottenham Court*,
You can have no sport,
Unless you give Custards and good Cheese Cakes for't:
And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to Laugh,
Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good store,
But a *Devonshire* Wite-pot requires much more;
No state you can think,
Tho' you study and wink,
From the lusty Sack-posset to poor Posset-drink;

But

But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worse,
For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurse.

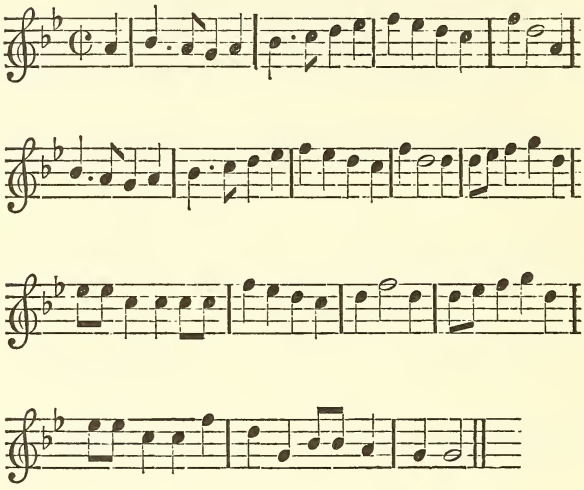
But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream, or a Gooseberry-Fool;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well:
Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
That from good natur'd Women such Fools may be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows Teat in her Hand;
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand;
Then with a pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,
When I think of the Blessing of a Syllibub;
Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-maids, such bliss ne'er oppose;
If e'er you'll be happy, I speak under the Rose.

This *Rose* was a Maiden once of your profession,
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr. *Ed——mond*,
Did both dig and sow in her Parsly-Bed:
But the Fool for his labour deserves not a Rush,
For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose Bush.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all:
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'er touch a Man,
And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can
I am your well-wisher, then listen to my Word,
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

A true Relation of the dreadful Combate between More *of* More-Hall, *and the* Dragon *of* Wantley.



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon slew at *Lern;*
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes,
To see and well discern:
But he had a Club,
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye;
But *More* of *More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of *Wantley.*

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder;

With

With a Sting in his Tayl,
As long as a Flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder;
He had long Claws,
And in his Jaws
Four and forty Teeth of Iron;
With a Hide as tough, as any Buff,
Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan* Horse,
Held Seventy Men in his Belly?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye:
Devour did he,
Poor Children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one Sup,
He eat them up,
As one should eat an Apple.

All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he'd eat up Trees;
And that the Forest sure he would
Devour up by Degrees:
For Houses and Churches,
Were to him Gorse and Burches,
He eat all, and left none behind;
But some Stones, dear *Jack*,
Which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotherham*,
The Place I know it well;
Some two or three Miles, or there-abouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a Hedge,
Just on the Hill edge,
And *Matthew's* House hard by it;
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some

Some say this Dragon was a Witch,
Some say he was the Devil;
For from his Nose a Smoak arose,
And with it burning Snivel;
Which he cast off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well that he did stand by;
Which made it look,
Just like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did ring;
For he could Wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of a Whore,
Do any kind of thing:
By the Tail, and the Main,
With his Hands twain,
He swong a Horse till he was dead;
And that which was stranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

These children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys;
Sighing and Sobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hedious Noise:
Oh save us all,
More of *More-Hall*,
Thou pearless Knight of these Woods;
Do but stay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
But I want, I want in sooth;
A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
And smiles about the Mouth:
Hair as black as a Sloe,
Both above and below,

With

With a Blush her Cheeks adorning;
To 'noynt me o'er Night,
E'er I go to Fight,
And to dress me in the Morning.
This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But first he went New Armour to
Bespeak at *Sheffield* Town:
With Spikes all about,
Not within, but without,
Of Steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before,
Arms, Legs, all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.
Had you but seen him in this Dress,
How fierce he look'd and big;
You would have thought him for to be,
An *Ægyptian* Porcu-Pig:
He frighted all,
Cats, Dogs, and all,
Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog
For fear did flee,
For they took him to be
Some strange outlandish Hedghog.
To see this Fight, all People there
Got upon Trees and Houses;
On Churches some, and Chimneys too,
But they put on their Trowzes:
Not to spoil their Hose,
As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the Tale,
Six Pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aqua-vitæ.*
It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit doth Strength excel;
Which made our cunning Champion,
Creep down into a Well:

Where

Where he did think,
This Dragon would drink,
And so he did in Truth,
And as he stoop'd low,
He rose up and cry'd boe,
And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that distrub'st me in my Drink;
And then he turn'd and shit at him,
Good lack how he did stink!
Beshrew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung smells not like Balsam;
Thou Son of a Whore,
Thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy Diet it is unwholesome.

Our Politick Knight on the other side
Crept out upon the brink;
And gave the Dragon such a doust,
He knew not what to think:
By Cock, quoth he,
Say you so, do you see,
And then at him let flie;
With Hand, and with Foot,
And so they went to't,
And the Word it was, Hey boys, hey.

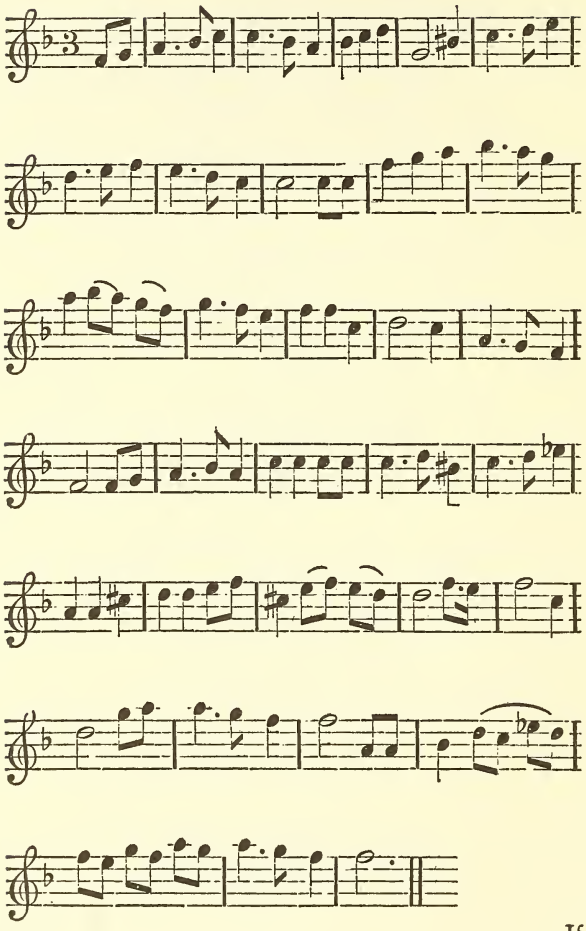
Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand,
Then to't they fell at all:
Like to Wild Bears, so fierce, I may
Compare great things with small:
Two Days and a Night
With this Dragon did Fight,
Our Champion on the Ground;
Tho' their Strength it was great,
Yet their Skill was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
The Dragon gave him such a knock,
Which made him to Reel;
And straight way he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock:
And thence let him fall,
But *More* of *More-hall*,
Like a Valiant Son of *Mars;*
As he came like a Lout,
So he turned him about,
And hit him a Kick on the Arse.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
And turned six times together;
Sobbing, and tearing, Cursing and Swearing,
Out of his Throat of Leather:
Oh thou Raskal,
More of *More-hall*,
Would I had seen you never;
With the thing at thy Foot,
Thou hast prickt my Arse Gut,
Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd
Alack, alack, for Grief;
Had you but mist that Place, you could
Have done me no Mischief:
Then his Head he shak'd,
Trembled, and Quak'd,
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one Knee,
Then on back tumbled he,
So Groan'd, Kick'd, Shit, and Dyed.

The Old Man's WISH.



If

IF I live to grow old (for I find I go down)
Let this be my Fate, in a fair Country Town;
Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate:
May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my Strength wears away;
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look;
With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag, to ride out a Mile:
May I govern, &c.

With *Horace*, and *Petrarch*, and two or three more,
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean (tho' course) Linnen at every Meal:
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sundays, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcome our Vicar;
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To Drink the King's Health in as oft as I Dine:
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it Freezes & Snows,
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Nose;
A Fire (which once stirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the Night long:
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I Face my last day,
And when I am Dead may the better sort say;
In the Morning when sober, in the Evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow:
For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away;
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

The Old Woman's Wish. To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN my Hairs they grow Hoary, and my Cheeks they look pale, [sight doth fail;
When my Forehead hath Wrinkles, and my Eye-
Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm,
And have my Old Husband to keep my Back warm:
The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our Life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay;
Oh! Let me live well, though I live but one day.

With a Sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good Print,
With a Pot o'er the fire, and good Victuals in't;
With Ale, Beer, and Brandy, both Winter and Summer,
To drink to my Gossip, and be pledg'd by my Gummer:
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs, and with Poultry, with some Money in store,
To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the Poor;
With a Bottle of *Canary*, to drink without Sin,
And to Comfort my Daughter when that she lies Inn:
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at Night,
With a Maid in the Morning to rise when 'tis light;
To do her work Neatly, to obey my desire,
To make the House clean, and to blow up the Fire:
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
With a thick Hood & Mantle, when I ride on my Mare:
Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,
With a pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose:
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am Dead, with a sigh let them say,
Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay;
When young she was cheerful, no Scold, nor no Whore,
She helped her Neighbours and gave to the Poor,
Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,
Though her Life was a Vapour that vanish'd away;
She liv'd well and Happy until the last day.

The

The Old Woman's Wish. To the same Tune.

IF I live to be Old, which I never will own,
Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town;
Let me have a warm Bit, with two more in store,
And a Lusty young Fellow to rub me before:
May I give to my Passion an absolute sway,
Till with Mumping and Grunting, my Breath's worn away;
Without Ach or Cough, by a tedious decay.

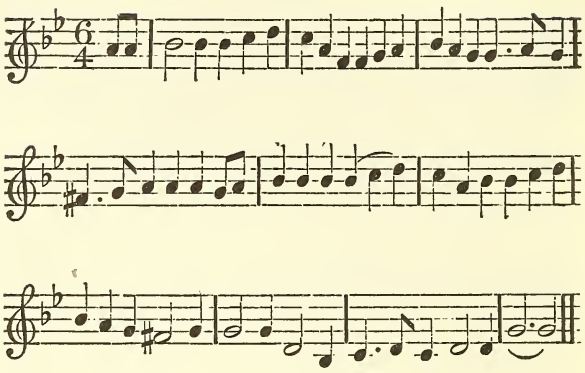
In a dry Chimny Nook with a Rug and warm Cloaths,
A swinging Coal-fire still under my Nose;
With a large Elbow Chair to sit at the Fire,
And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire:
May I give to my Passion, &c.

With a Pudding on Sunday, with Custard and Plums,
When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums;
With a Dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh Quart,
Reserv'd in a Corner to Cheer up my Heart:
May I give to my Passion, &c.

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
And to Sing *Chevy-Chase*, o'er a Pot of good Ale;
A Snuff-box, and short Pipe snug under the Range,
And a clean Flannel Shift, as oft as I change:
May I give to my Passion, &c.

Without *Palsey* or *Gout*, may I dye in my Chair,
And when Dead, may my *Great*, *Great Grandchild*, declare
She's gone, who so long had cheated the Devil,
And the World is well rid of a troublesome evil:
That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,
Till with Mumping and Grunting, her Breath wore away;
Without Ach, or Cough, by a tedious decay.

The BLACK-SMITH.



OF all the Trades that ever I see,
There's none to a *Blacksmith* compared may be;
With so many several Tools works he,
Which no Body can deny.

The first that ever Thunder-bolt made,
Was a *Cyclops* of the *Blacksmith's* Trade;
As in a learned Author is said,
Which no Body, &c.

When Thund'ring like we strike about,
The Fire like Lightning flashes out;
Which suddenly with Water we d'out,
Which no Body, &c.

The fairest Goddess in the Skies,
To Marry with *Vulcan* did advise;
And he was a *Blacksmith* Grave and Wise
Which no Body &c.

Vulcan

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did Build her a Town by Day and by Night,
And gave it a Name which was *Hammersmith* hight,
Which no Body, &c.

Vulcan, further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her;
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter,
Which no Body, &c.

And that no Enemy might wrong her,
He Built her a Fort you'd wish no stronger;
Which was in the Lane *Ironmonger*,
Which no Body, &c.

Smithfield he did cleanse from Dirt,
And sure there was reason for't;
For there he meant she should keep her Court,
Which no Body, &c.

But after in a good time and Tide,
It was by the *Blacksmith* rectifi'd;
To the Honour of *Edmond Ironside*,
Which no Body, &c.

Vulcan after made a Train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'en;
Which ever since hath been call'd *Paul's chain*,
Which no Body, &c.

The Common Proverb as it is read,
That a Man must hit the Nail on the head;
Without the *Blacksmith* cannot be said,
Which no Body, &c.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the *Blacksmith's* Lot;
That he must strike while the Iron is hot,
Which no Body, &c.

Another

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The *Blacksmith's* Justice is seen in it;
When you give a Man Roast-meat and beat him with the Spit,
Which no Body can deny.

Another comes in our *Blacksmith's* way,
When things are safe as old Wives say;
We have them under Lock and Key,
Which no Body, &c.

Another that's in the *Blacksmith's* Books,
And only to him for remedy looks;
Is when a Man is quite off the hooks,
Which no Body, &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the *Blacksmith* no wrong;
When a Man's held hard to it buckle and thong,
Which no Body, &c.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the *Blacksmith* may challenge half;
When a Reason's as plain as a Pike-staff,
Which no Body, &c.

Though your Lawyers Travel both near and far,
And by long Pleading a good Cause may mar;
Yet your *Blacksmith* takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,
By his Counterfeit Deeds, and thereby doth ill;
Yet your *Blacksmith* may Forge what he will,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' your Bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
And Laugh at their Creditors and their catch-poles;
Yet your *Blacksmith* can fetch them over the coals,
Which no Body, &c.

Though

Though *Jockey* in the Stable be never so neat,
To look to his Nag and prescribe him his meat;
Yet your *Blacksmith* knows better how to give him a heat,
Which no Body, &c.

If any Taylor have the Itch,
The *Blacksmith's* water as black as Pitch;
Will make his Hands go thorough stitch,
Which no Body, &c.

There's never a Slut if filth o'er smutch her,
But owes to the *Blacksmith* for her Leacher;
For without a pair of Tongs there's no Man would touch her,
Which no Body, &c.

Your Roaring Boys who every one quails,
Fights, Domineers, Swaggers, and rails;
Could never yet make the *Smith* Eat his Nails,
Which no Body, &c.

If any Scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring this matter about;
The *Blacksmith* can Hammer it out,
Which no Body, &c.

Now if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn but rank him higher;
For what he gets is out of the Fire,
Which no Body, &c.

Now here's a good Health to *Blacksmiths* all,
And let it go round, as round as a Ball;
VVe'll drink it all off though it cost us a fall,
Which no Body, &c.

The

The BREWER. *To the foregoing Tune.*

THere's many Clinching Verse is made,
In Honour of the *Blacksmith's* Trade;
But more of the *Brewer* may be said,
Which no Body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Blacksmith* cannot be Compleat;
Unless the *Brewer* do give him a heat,
Which no Body, &c.

VVhen Smug unto the Forge doth come,
Unless the *Brewer* doth Liquor him home;
He'll never strike, my Pot, and thy Pot, *Tom*,
Which no Body, &c.

Of all professions in the Town,
The *Brewer's* Trade hath gain'd renown;
His Liquor reaches up to the Crown,
Which no Body, &c.

Many new Lords from him there did spring,
Of all the Trades he still was their King;
For the *Brewer* had the VVorld in a sling,
Which no Body, &c.

He scorneth all Laws and Marshal stops,
But whips an Army as round as tops,
And cuts off his Foes as thick as Hops,
Which no Body, &c.

He dives for Riches down to the Bottom,
And crys my Masters when he has got 'em;
Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
Which no Body, &c.

In

In Warlike Acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his Army begins to droop;
He draws them up as round as a Hoop,
Which no Body can deny.

The Jewish *Scot* that scorns to Eat
The flesh of Swine, and Brewers beat;
Twas the sight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat,
Which no Body, &c.

Poor *Jockey* and his Basket Hilt
Was beaten, and much Blood was spilt;
And their Bodies like Barrels did run a tilt,
Which no Body, &c.

Though *Jemmy* gave the first Assault,
The Brewer at last made him to halt;
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt,
Which no Body, &c.

They cry'd that Anti-christ came to settle,
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle;
For his Nose and Copper were both of one Metal,
Which no Body, &c.

Some Christian Kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make;
We'll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,
Which no Body, &c.

He hath a strong and very stout Heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't;
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart,
Which no Body, &c.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His Fury would take off his Head in the place;
He always did carry his Furnace in his Face,
Which no Body can deny.

But

But yet by the way you must understand,
He kept his Foes so under Command ;
That Pride could never get the upper hand,
Which no Body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a Hag ;
He Brews in a Bottle, and Bakes in a Bag,
Which no Body, &c.

And now may all stout Soldiers say,
Farewel the glory of the Day ;
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to Clay,
Which no Body, &c.

Thus fell the brave Brewer, the bold Son of slaughter,
We need not to fear, what shall follow after ;
For he dealt all his time in Fire and Water,
Which no Body, &c.

And if his Successor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight ;
But he was found many grains too light,
Which no Body, &c.

Let's leave off Singing, and Drink off our Bub,
We'll call up a Reckoning, and every Man Club ;
For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub,
Which no Body can deny.

A Song *made on the Power of Women. To the foregoing Tune.*

WILL you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,
It shall do more good than Ten of *John Dory*,
Which no Body can deny.

'Tis no Story of *Robin Hood*, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to Demonstrate the power of Women;
It is a Subject that's very common,
Which no Body, &c.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in spite of Criticks give you my Narration:
For Women now are all in Fashion,
Which no Body, &c.

Then pray give me advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore sway;
A Woman beareth the Bell away,
Which no Body, &c.

The greatest Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by Fortune, tho' ne'er so well school'd;
But this of the Women can never be cool'd,
Which no Body, &c.

I wonder from whence this power did spring,
Or who the Devil first set up this thing;
That spares neither Peasant, Prince, nor King,
Which no Body, &c.

Their Scepter doth rule from *Cæsar* to Rustick,
From finical *Kit*, to Soldier so lustick;
In fine, it Rules all, tho' ne'er so Robustick,
Which no Body can deny.

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan;*
But his Eyes turn'd Pimp, and his Heart trapan,
Which no Body, &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race,
Tho' ne'er so Holy a Brother of Grace;
If he met a loose Sister, but he wou'd embrace,
Which no Body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot, tho' their Natures cold:
But in this kind of Pleasure they commonly rowl'd,
Which no Body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus*, but little of *Bellow;*
Which shew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow,
Which no Body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his Problems, a Subject so muddy;
'Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy,
Which no Body, &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
Who Triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave
His Heart to *Aspatia*, and became her Slave,
Which no Body, &c.

Demosthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage,
We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age or my Age
And all was for a Modicum Pyeage,
Which no Body, &c.

The *Proverb* in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make Men prevail;
A sweet Tooth and a Liquorish tayl,
Which no Body can deny.

Ly-

Lycurgus and *Solon* were both Law-makers,
And no Men I'm sure are such Wise-acres;
To think that themselves would not be partakers,
Which no Body can deny.

An Edict they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation;
He might take another for Procreation,
Which no Body, &c.

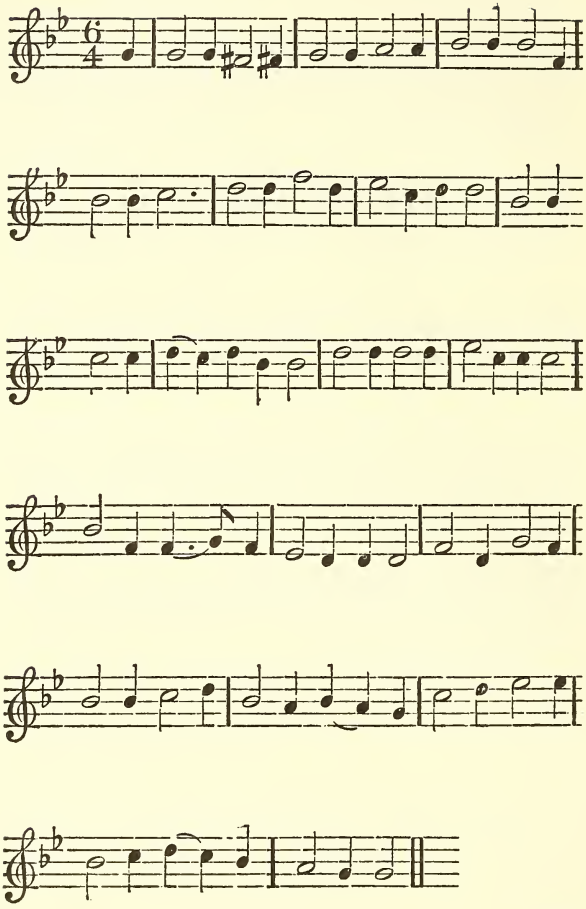
If the Wife found coming in short,
The same Law did right her upon report;
Whereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th' Sport,
Which no Body, &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a string;
By a Woman is Captivated, poor thing,
Which no Body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And Wept because the World was so small;
In the Queen of *Amazon's* pit did fall,
Which no Body, &c.

Antonius, and *Nero*, and *Caligula*,
Were *Rome's* Tormentors by Night and by Day;
Yet Women beat them at their own Play,
Which no Body can deny.

The Infallible Doctor.



From

FROM *France*, from *Spain*, from *Rome* I come,
And from all Parts of *Christendom;*
For to Cure all strange Diseases,
Come take Physick he that pleases:
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
And can never hold your Water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other things are very meet,
As groaning backward in your Sleep.

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
That is at least Threescore or more;
Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
As if you'd fear to pass her by;
I can make her Plump and Young,
Lusty, lively and also strong;
Honest, Active, fit to Wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head,
All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life
With Scolding, yoleing in the House.
As tho' the Devil was turn'd loose:
Let him but repair to me,
I can Cure her presently
With one Pill, I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil,
Or send her Headlong to the Devil.

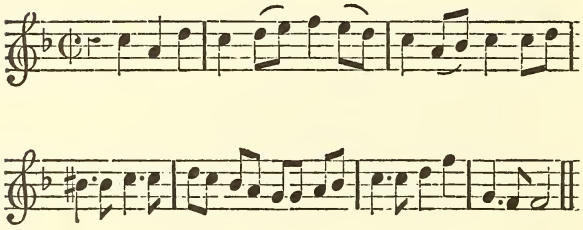
The Pox, the Palsey, and the Gout.
Pains within, and Aches without;
There is no Disease but I
Can find a present Remedy:
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
Are the easiest Wounds I Cure;
Nay, more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

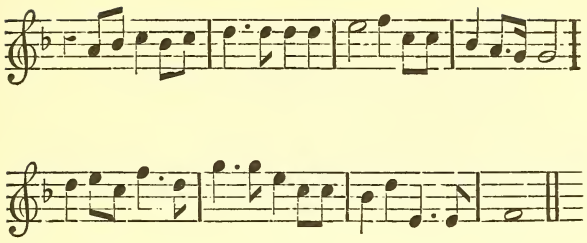
Or

Or if any Man has not
The Heart to fight against the *Scot;*
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing:
Or any that has been Dead,
Seven long Years and Buried;
I can him to Life restore,
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him never trust me more.

If any Man desire to Live
A Thousand Ages, let him give
Me a Thousand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life, unless he Dye;
Nay more I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick;
But if I no Money see,
And he with Diseases troubled be,
Than he may thank himself, not me.

A SONG *made on the Downfall, or pulling down of* Chairing-Cross: *An. Dom.* 1642.





UNdone ! undone ! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town ;
And cannot find the way to *Westminster*,
Now *Chairing-Cross* is down :
At the end of the *Strand*, they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss ;
And Chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by *Chairing-Cross*.

The Parliament to Vote it down,
Conceived very fitting ;
For fear't should fall and Kill 'em all,
I'th' House as they were sitting :
They were inform'd't had such a Plot,
Which made 'em so hard Hearted ;
To give express command, it should be
Taken down and Carted.

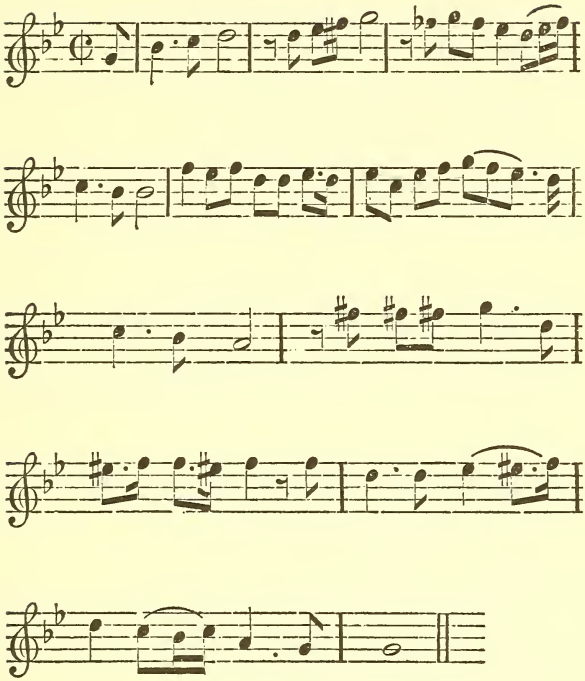
Men talk of Plots, this might been worse,
For any thing I know ;
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chalenour*,
Was Hang'd for long ago ;
But as our Parliament from that,
Themselves strangely defended ;
So still they do discover Plots,
Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman, nor Child,
Will say I am confident;
They ever heard it speak one Word,
Against the Parliament:
T' had Letters about it some say,
Or else it had been freed;
Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it,
Could neither Write, nor Read.

The Committee said, Verily
To Popery 'twas bent;
For ought I know it might be so,
For to the Church it never went:
What with Excise, and other loss,
The Kingdom doth begin;
To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Cross
Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,
Of it have taken pity;
Cause good old Cross, it always stood,
So strongly to the City:
Since Crosses you so much disdain,
Faith if I was as you;
For fear the King should Rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too.

CASSANDRA *in Mourning.*



AWake my Lute, arise my string,
And to my sad *Cassandra* sing;
Like the old Poets,
When the Moon had put her Sable Mourning on:
Aloud they sounded with a merry strain,
Until her brightness was restor'd again.

Too

Too well I know from whence proceeds,
Thy wearing of these Mournful weeds;
In cruel Flames for thee I Burn,
And thou for me dost therefore Mourn;
So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

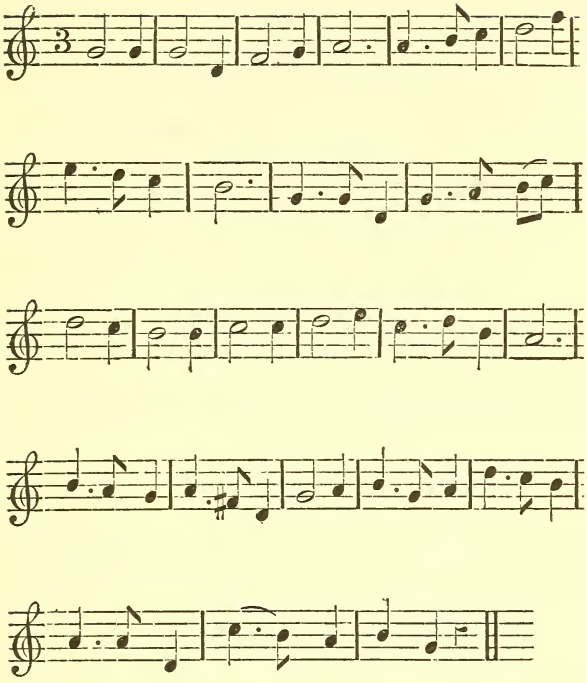
Wear other Virgins what they will,
Cassandra loves her Mourning still;
Thus the Milky-way so white,
Is never seen but in the Night;
The Sun himself, altho' so bright he seem,
Is black, as are the *Moors* that Worship him.

But tell me thou Deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body shroud?
So *Satyrs*, with black hedious Face,
Of old did lovely Nymphs Embrace:
That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Maids,
Thus Deities of Old did live in Shades.

Her words are Oracles, and come,
(Like those) from out some darkned Room;
And her Breath proves that Spices do,
Only in scorched Countries grow:
If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears,
Tho' all o'er black, at Lips she Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
As she in *Vulcan's* Arms did lie;
Such is *Cassandra* and her shroud,
She looks like Snow within a Cloud:
Melt then and yield, throw off thy Mourning Pall,
Thou never canst look White, until thou Fall.

A SONG.



YOnder comes a courteous Knight,
Lustily raking over the hay,
He was well ware of a bonny lass,
As she came wandering over the way:
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry; than she, *&c.*

Jove

Jove you speed, fair Lady, he said,
Amongst the leaves that be so green;
If I were a King, and wore a Crown,
Full soon fair Lady, should thou be a Queen.
Then she sang, &c.

Also *Jove* save you, fair Lady,
Among the Roses that be so red;
If I have not my will of you,
Full soon fair Lady, shall I be dead.
Then she sang, &c.

Then he lookt East, then he lookt West,
He lookt North, so did he South:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the Devil's mouth.
Then she sang, &c.

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
A maid unto my father's hall;
Then you shall have your will of me
Under purple and under Pall.
Then she sang, &c.

He set her upon a steed,
And himself upon another;
And all the day he rode her by,
As tho' they had been sister and brother.
Then she sang, &c.

When she came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She rode in at the wicket gate,
And shut the four ear'd fool without.
Then she sang, &c.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
Among the corn, amidst the hay,
Where you might had your will of me,
For, in good faith Sir, I ne'er said nay.
Then she sang, &c.

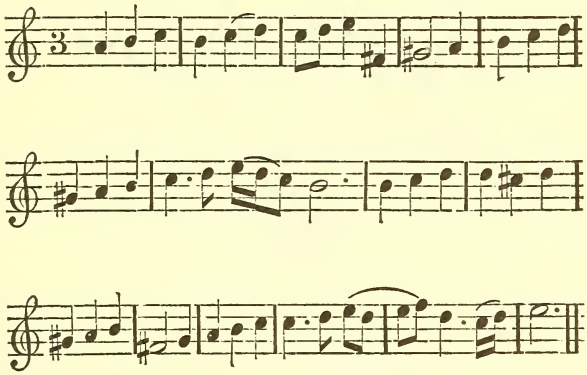
You

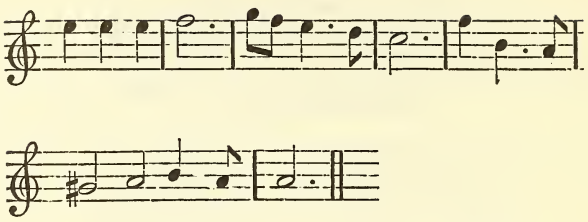
You had me also amid the field,
Among the rushes that were so brown;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me down.
Then she sang, *&c.*

He pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
And wip'd the rust off with his sleeve:
And said; *Joves* Curse come to his heart,
That any Woman would believe.
Then she sang, *&c.*

When you have your own true love,
A mile or twain out of the Town,
Spare not for her gay cloathing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then she sang, *&c.*

Reciprocal Love.



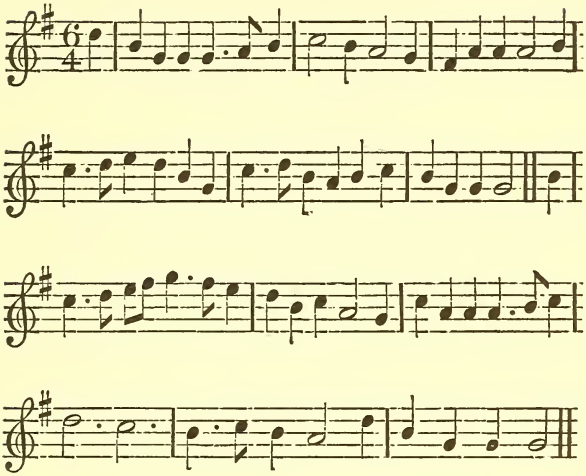


I Love a Lass but cannot show it,
I keep a fire that burns within,
Rak'd up in embers: Ah! could she know it,
I might perhaps be lov'd again:
For a true love may justly call,
For friendship love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
A sigh by whispering in her ear,
Or let some pitious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too, too weak;
No, no, they say Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speak:
Go then my muse, and let this Verse,
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

The Country-Man's Ramble thro' Bartholomew-Fair.



ADzooks ches went the other day to *London* Town,
In *Smithfield* such gazing,
Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
Was never known:
A Zitty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartledom*-Fair,
But ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.

In Gold and Zilver, Zilk and Velvet each was drest,
A Lord in his Zatting,
Was buisy prating,
Among the rest:
But one in blew Jacket came, which some do *Andrew* call,
Adsheart, talk'd woundly wittily to them all.

At

At last Cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
The Rogue, being fluster'd,
He flung me a Custard,
Amidst the Croud:
The Volk vell a laughing at me; then the Vezen zaid,
Bezure *Ralph*, give it to *Doll* the Dairy-maid.

I *zwallowed* the affront, but staid no longer there;
I thrust and I scrambled,
Till further I rambled,
into the Fair.
Where *Trumpets* and *Bagpipes*, *Kettle-drums*, *Fidlers*, were *all* at work,
And the *Cook* zung, *Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.*

I look'd around, to see the Wonders of the Vair,
Where Lads and Lasses,
With Pudding-bag arses,
Zo nimble were;
Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
Old Nick zure, was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundy *pleas'd*, I up and down the Vair did range,
To zee the vine Varies,
Play all their Vagaries,
I vow 'twas strange.
I ask'd them aloud, *What Country little Volk they were?*
A cross brat answer'd me, *Che were Cuckold-shire.*

I thrust and shov'd *along as well* as e'er I *could*,
At *last did I grovel*,
Into a dark Hovel,
Where Drink was *sold;*
They brought me Cans, which cost a penny apiece, adsheart,
I'm zure twelve *ne'er could fill a* Country-quart.

Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for their beer,
The *Devil* a Penny,
Was left of my Money,
Che'll vow and zwear:

They

They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of doors :
Adswounds, *Ralph*, did ever zee zuch Rogues and Whores.

TOM a BEDLAM.

FOrth from the dark and dismal Cell,
And from the deep Abyss of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the World again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppress my Soul,
Hark how the angry Furies howl,
Pluto laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad,
To see poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Thro' the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my stragling Senses,
In an angry Mood Old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When me he spyes, away he flies,
For Time will stay for no Man ;
In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.

Cold and Comfortless I lye,
Help ! oh help ! or else I die ;
Hark I hear *Apollo's* Team,
The Carman gins to whistle,
Chast *Diana* bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come

Come *Vulcan* with Tools and Tackles,
And knock off my troublesome Shackles:
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,
To find my lost Senses again.

Last Night I heard the Dog-star bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark:
Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
And furiously ran at the God of War.

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had the Gout,
For his broad Horns hung so in his Light,
That he could not see to aim aright.

Mercury, the nimble Post of Heaven,
Stay'd to see the Quarrel,
Gorrel Belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid
A Strong Beer Barrel.

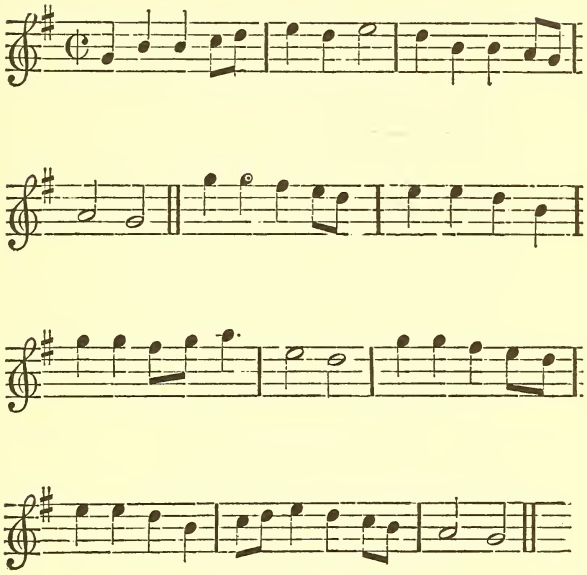
To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Butts 'till he burst his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity:
Hark; I hear *Acteon's* Hounds,
The Hunts-man whoops and Hallows,
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chace doth follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep and Carret,
But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

The Prodigal's Resolution:

Or, my Father was born before me.



I Am a lusty lively Lad,
Now come to One and Twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty:
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
The Ladies shall adore me;
I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this,
My Dad did so before me.

My

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and Body sundred,
Some say he was an Usurer,
For thirty in the Hundred:
He scrapt and scratcht, she pincht and patcht,
That in her Body bore me;
But I'll let fly, good cause why,
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done,
In getting so much Treasure,
I'll be as dutiful a Son,
For spending it in Pleasure;
Five Pound a Quart shall cheer my Heart,
Such Nectar will restore me,
But I'll let fly, good cause why,
My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at *Washington*,
My Grandsir delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old *John Thrashington*,
Whose Lantern Leather Breeches,
Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
Tho' Men do now adore me,
They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My Gransir striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
'Till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
Oh, then he got my Father:
Of happy Memory, cry I,
That e'er his Mother bore him,
I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,
My gray-coat Gransir put him,
Till to forget he did begin,
The Leathern Breech, that got him;

One

One dealt in Straw, the other in Law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My Father store of Sattin wore,
My Gransir Beggar's Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if
My Grandsir were a Sawyer,
My Father prov'd to be a chief,
And subtile, Learned Lawyer:
By Cook's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
He did with Treasure store me,
That I may say, Heavens bless the Day,
My Father was born before me.

Some say of late, a Merchant that
Had gotten store of Riches,
In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
His Stockings gartred up with Straw,
E'er providence did store him,
His Son was Sheriff of *London*, cause
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
At first did spring from Butter-milk,
Their Ancestors worth nothing;
Old *Adam*, and our Grandam *Eve*,
By digging and by Spinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
Tho' selfish, yet was slavish,
I'll spend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish;
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it;
If so he did, Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

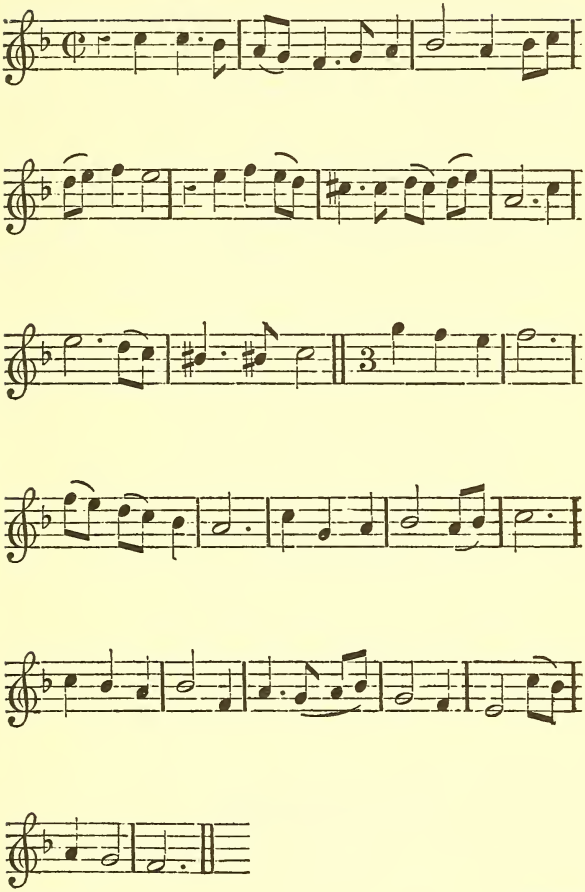
At

At Play-houses, and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow,
I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
Of o'brave Bunchinello:
I'll drink and drab, I'll Dice and stab,
No Hector shall out-roar me;
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counsellors would have
Us live by Rule and Reason,
'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
And Pleasure's out of Season:
I'll learn to dance the Mode of *France*,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,
Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus* Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty,
I'll deal with all, both great and small,
From twelve to five and twenty;
In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
For they're hung round with Plackets,
Ladies make room, behold I come,
Have at your knocking Jackets.

Power of Love.



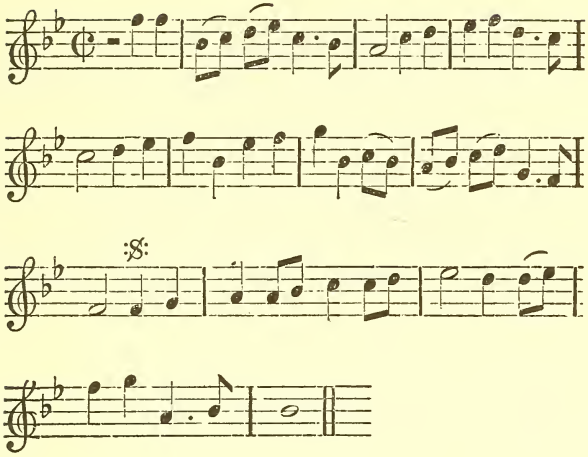
SInce love hath in thine, and mine Eye,
Kindled a holy flame,
What pity 'twere to let it die,
What sin to quench the same?
The stars that seem extinct by day,
Disclose their flames at night,
And in a sable sense convey,
Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye, and Ear,
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spy'd.
What tho' our bodies cannot meet,
Love's fuel's more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

False Meteors that do change their place,
Tho' they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste,
The flame of our desire,
No Vestal shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away,
I'll take new fire from thine.

A Song.



IN the merry month of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood so wide,
When as *May* was in her pride:
There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Phillida and *Choridon.*

Much ado there was God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said he had lov'd her long,
She said love should take no wrong.

Choridon would have kist her then,
She said Maids must kiss no Men,
Till they kiss for good and all;
Then she bad the shepherd call,

All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use,
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with Kisses sweet concluded.

And *Phillida* with Garlands gay,
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.

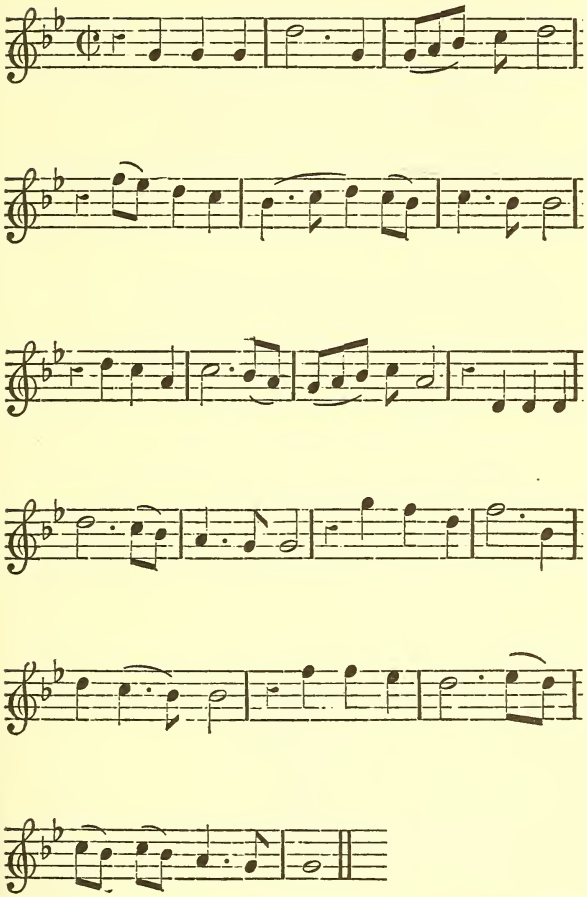
The TINKER.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves,
And come listen to me;
Tho' he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
And Dallies, and Dallies, with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast, in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Musick he makes;
He wanders the world, to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And casts his Cap, and casts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares,
When to the Town the Tinker doth come,
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to stop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer;
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

A Forsaken Lover's Complaint.



As

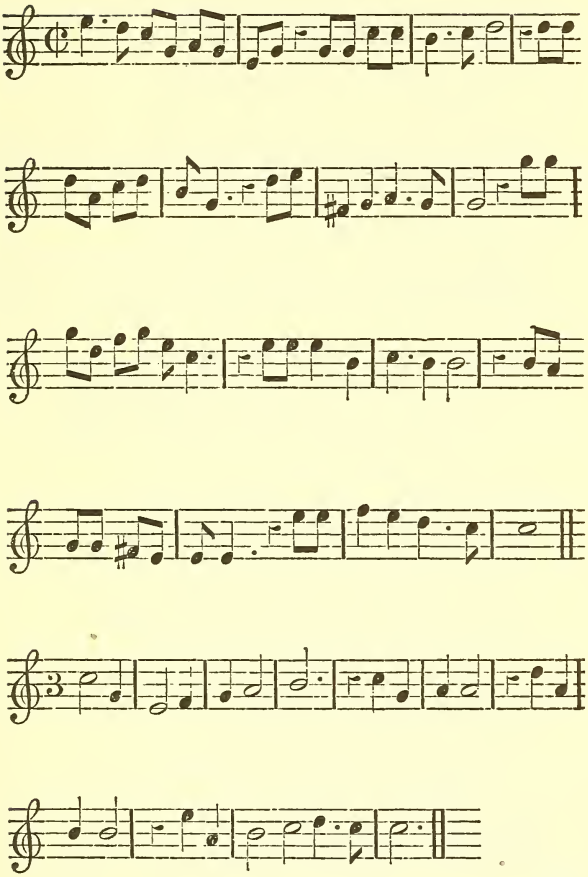
AS I walk'd forth one summers day,
To view the meadows green and gay,
A pleasant Bower I espied,
Standing fast by a River side ;
And in't a Maiden, I heard cry,
Alas ! Alas ! there's none e'er lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow, did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk :
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-man's Thumb*, an Herb all blew,
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas ! Alas ! none ever lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents,
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands,
She wept, sigh'd, and wrung her hands,
Alas ! Alas ! Alas ! cry'd she,
Alas ! none ever lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full,
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed,
The Flowers were the Pillows for her head :
Then down she laid, ne'er more did speak ;
Alas ! Alas ! with Love her heart did break.

Love's Bacchanal.



Lay

LAy that sullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elisium shades;
Take my wreath of lusty Ivy,
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I see thy soul descending,
To that cold unfertile Plain;
Of sad Fools, the Lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this Crown again.
Cho.
Now drink Wine, and know the odds,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowsie Spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits,
Nought but vain and empty Dreams.

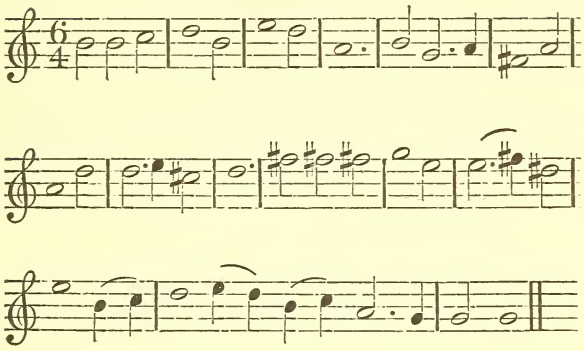
Think not thou these dismal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, and sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.
Cho.
Sadness may some pity move,
Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and Courage, conquers Love.

Fy then on that cloudy forehead,
Ope those vainly crossed arms;
Thou may'st as well call back the buried,
As raise Love, by such like charms.

Sacrifice a glass of Claret,
To each letter of her Name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.
Cho.
If she comes not at the flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come,
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

Amyn-

Amyntor *Distracted Complains.*



I Had a *Chloris* my Delight,
Hey down, hey down,
With Hair as brown as Berries ;
Her Cheeks like Roses, red and white,
Her Lips more sweet than Cherries.

Tho' lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
Hey down, hey down,
Like brightest Day that shin'd ;
And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,
Made me, and all Men blind.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free,
Hey down, hey down,
To kiss, to sport, and play ;
But all this was with none but me,
So Envy 't self will say.

She fed her Flock on yonder Plain,
Hey down, hey down,
'Tis wither'd now, and dry ;
How can *Amyntor* longer live,
When such Things for her die ?

Her

Her wandring Kids look in my Face,
Hey down, hey down,
And with dumb Tears express,
The want of *Chloris*, my true Love,
And their kind Shepherdess.

She lov'd me without Fraud or guile,
Hey down, hey down,
But not for Flocks or Treasure;
And I was happy all the while,
But no Woe worth all Pleasure.

When she liv'd, I went fine and gay,
Hey down, hey down,
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
But now I am (as Shepherds say)
The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are those pretty Garlands now,
Hey down, hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays,
Which *Chloris* platted on my Brow,
For singing in her Praise?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
Hey down, hey down,
For why? the Clothes I wore,
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many more,
Upon her Grave lie tore.

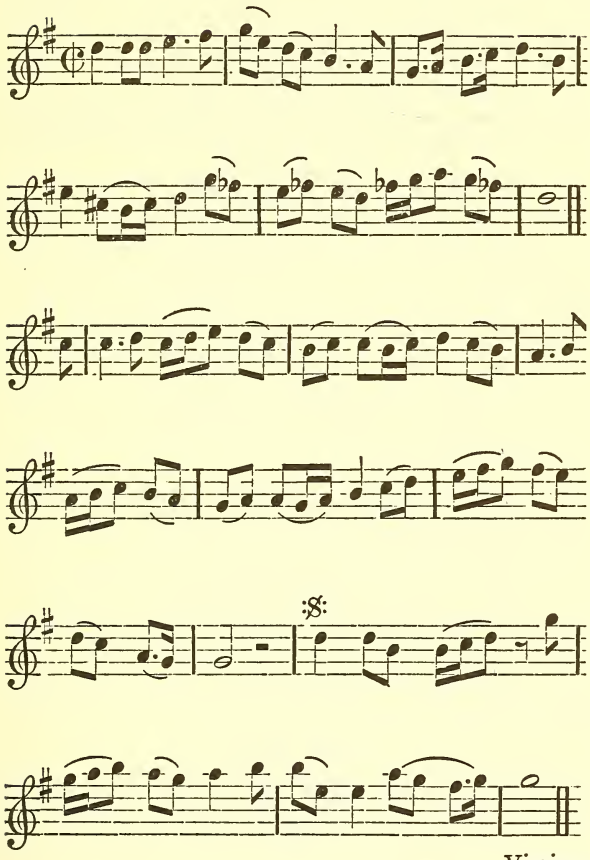
For woe is me, I should be warm,
Hey down, hey down,
Or any Comfort have,
As long as my dear *Chloris* lies
So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather Sticks, and make a Fire,
Hey down, hey down,
So warm her where she lies,
Of Myrtles, Cypress, and Sweet Bryer,
And then perhaps she'll rise.

To

To Young Virgins.

A SONG.



Virgins,

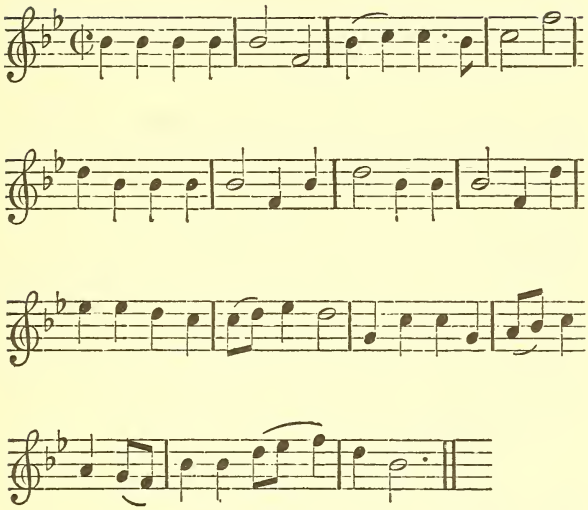
VIrgins, if e'er at length it prove,
My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate:
May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
And may a little decent Pride,
My Actions regulate.
♀ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate.

Such Stateliness I mean, as may
Keep nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But still oblige the Wise:
That may secure my Modesty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Passion does arise,
♀ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, *&c.*

When first a Lover I commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sence,
And learned Education:
May all his Courtship easy be,
Neither too formal nor too free,
But wisely show his Passion.
♀ Virgins, *&c.*

May his Estate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Design,
To bring us into Sorrow:
Grant me all this that I have said,
And willingly I'll live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.
♀ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate.

A SONG.



FOur and twenty Fidlers all in a Row,
And there was fiddle fiddle, and twice fiddle fiddle,
'Cause 'twas my Lady's Birth-day,
Therefore we kept Holiday,
And all went to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a Row,
And there was tantarra rara, tan, tantarra rara, rara, rara rar, there was rub, *&c.*

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipers all in a Row,
And there was whif and dub,
And tan tarra rara, *&c.*

Four

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle ;
And Whif and Dub, *&c.*

Four and twenty Singing Men all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la, ; Fa, la, la, la, la, la,
And there was Tittle, *&c.*

Four and twenty Fencing-Masters all in a row,
And this and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, *&c.*

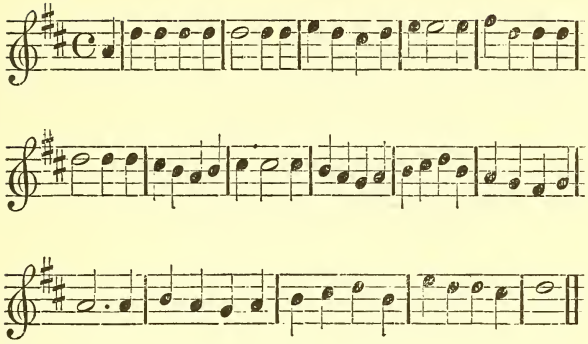
Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno sed Plus Damno Decorum*, and there was this and that, *&c.*

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White, I ne'er drunk
Worse in my life, and excellent good Canary drawn off
The Lees of Sherry, if you do not like it,
Omne Quod, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament Men all in a Row,
And there was Loyalty and Reason, without a word
Of Treason, and there was rare Claret, *&c.*

Four and twenty *Dutch* Men all in a row,
And there was *Alter Malter Van tor Dyken Skapen Kopen de Hogue, Van Rottyck, Van tonsick de Brille, Van Boerstyck Van Foerstick and Soatrag Van Hogan Herien-Van-Donck*,
Rare Claret and white, *&c.*

A SONG.



A Beggar got a Beadle,
A Beadle got a Yeoman;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
And a Prentice got a Freeman;
The Freeman got a Master,
The Master got a Lease,
The Lease made him a Gentleman,
And Justice of the Peace.

The Justice being Rich,
And Gallant in desire;
He marry'd with a Lady,
And so he got a Squire:
The Squire got a Knight
Of Courage bold and stout;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And so it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
His Country he forsook;
He travell'd into *Spain*,
And there he got a Duke:

The

The Duke he got a Prince,
The Prince a King of Hope:
The King he got an Emperor,
The Emperor got a Pope.

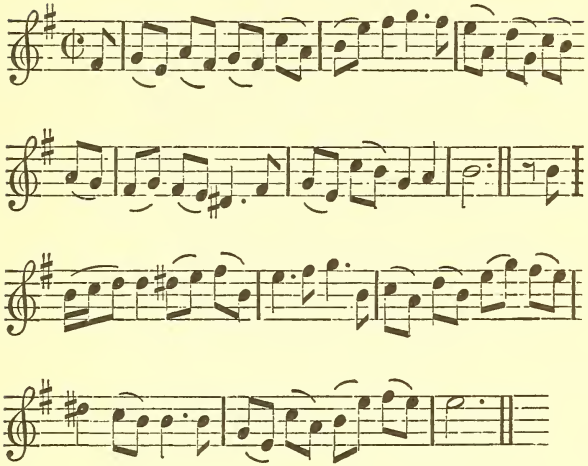
Thus as it was feigned,
The Pedigree did run;
The Pope he got a *Fryer*,
The Fryer he got a Nun:
The Nun by chance did stumble,
And on her Back she sunk,
The Fryer fell a top of her,
And so they got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
With whom he did inhabit,
Who when the Father died,
The Son became Lord Abbot:
Lord Abbot had a Maid,
And he catcht her in the Dark,
And something he did to her,
And so begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
The Sexton got a Digger;
The Digger got a Preband,
The Preband got a Vicar;
The Vicar got an Attorney,
The which he took in snuff;
The Attorney got a Barrister,
The Barrister got a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counsel,
Good Counsel got a Fee,
The Fee did get a Motion,
That it might Pleaded be;
The Motion got a Judgment,
And so it came to pass;
A Beggar's Bratt, a scolding Knave,
A Crafty Lawyer was.

A New BALLAD *upon a Wedding.*



THE Sleeping *Thames* one Morn I cross'd,
By two contending *Charons* tost;
I Landed and I found,
By one of *Neptune's* jugling Tricks,
Enchanted *Thames* was turn'd to *Styx*,
Lambeth th' Elysian Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of the Day,
To make himself more fresh and gay,
Had spent five Hours, and more;
Scarce had he Comb'd and Curl'd his Hair,
When out there comes a brighter Fair,
Eclips'd him o'er, and o'er.

The dazl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd,
But durst not, because he was hir'd,

To light the Purblind Skies;
But all on Earth, will Swear and say,
They saw no other Sun that Day,
Nor Heav'n, but in her Eyes.

Her starry Eyes, both warm and shine,
And her dark Brows, do them enshrine,
Like Love's Triumphal Arch;
Their Firmament is Red and White,
Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,
With *Indigo* and *Starch.*

Her Face a Civil War had bred,
Betwixt the White Rose and the Red,
Then Troops of Blushes came;
And charg'd the White with might and main,
But stoutly were repuls'd again,
Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight,
It lasted dubious until Night,
Which wou'd to the other yield;
At last the Armies both stood still,
And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, such Spoils! which to compare,
A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
And Scepters are but sticks;
The Crown it self, 'twere but a Bonnet,
If her Possession lay upon it,
What Prince wou'd not here fix.

Heaven's Master-piece, Divinest frame,
That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,
Rich Nature's utmost Stage;
The Harvest of all former years,
The past's Disgrace, the future's fears,
And glory of this Age.

Thus

Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,
And a slight Bargain there is made,
To make Him her Supreme;
The Angels pearch'd about her Light,
And Saints themselves had Appetite,
But I will not Blaspheme.

The Parson did his Conscience ask,
If he were fit for such a Task,
And cou'd perform his Duty;
Then straight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another thing,
When strength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modest Cloud her Face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,
While thus they mingle Hands;
And then she was oblig'd to say,
Those Bug-bear Words, *Love and Obey*,
But meant her own Commands.

The envious Maids lookt round about,
To see what One wou'd take them out,
To terminate their Pains;
For tho' they Covet, and are Cross,
Yet still they value more one Loss,
Than many Thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter, two were Call'd,
Knights of the Shoe-string, two install'd,
And all were bound by Oath;
No further than the Knee to pass,
But oh! the Squire of the Body was
A better place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,
For eating now, was but a Crime,

And all that interpos'd ;
For like two Duellists they stood,
Panting for one another's Blood,
And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,
And many a merry *Violin*,
That Life and Soul of Legs ;
Th' impatient Bridgroom would not stay,
Good Sir, cry they, what Man can play,
Till he's wound up his pegs.

But then he Dances till he reels,
For Love and Joy had Wing'd his Heels,
And puts the Hours to flight ;
He leapt and skipt, and seem'd to say,
Come Boys, I'll drive away the Day,
And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride, with Murd'ring Arts,
Walks round, and Brandishes her Darts,
To give the deeper Wound ;
Her Beauteous Fabrick, with such grace,
Ensnares a Heart, at every pace,
And Kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no Ground,
And slily draws her Nets around,
Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses ;
Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
That Arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
Daring of Larks over a Green,
His fierce occasion tarry ;
Dances about them as they fly,
And gives them sport before they Die,
Then stoops and Kills the Quarry.

Her Sweat, like Honey-drops did fall,
And Stings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
Her shape was so exact;
Of Wax she seemed fram'd alive,
But had her Gown too been a Hive,
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus envious Time prolong'd the Day,
And stretch'd the Prologue to the Play,
Long stopp'd the sluggish Watch;
At last a Voice came from above,
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To Consummate the Match.

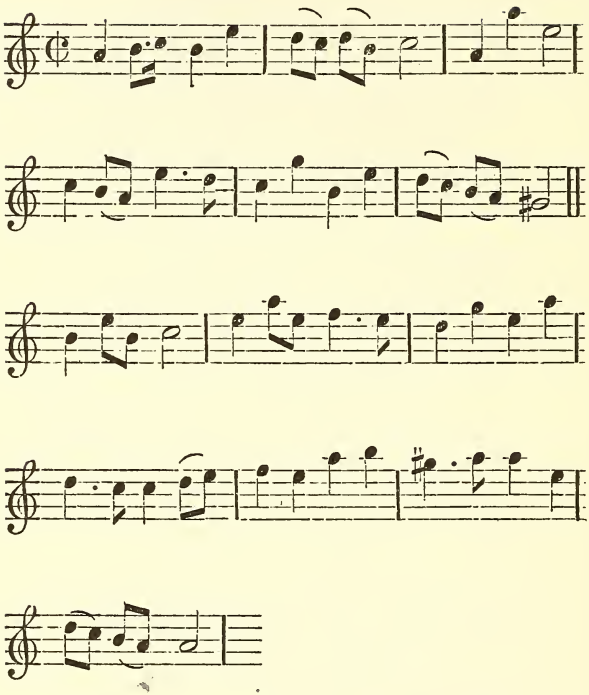
But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)
A Banquet comes, like the Night-Guard,
Which stay'd them half the Night;
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd,
The Train was laying to be fir'd,
He went his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
So glorious was her Face;
Amaz'd he stopt —— but then, quoth He,
Tho' 'tis an Angel, 'tis a She,
And leap'd into his Place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bless'd with a Thousand pleasing Charms,
In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and Sowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloys,
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, sure was no more,
Than that which had been done before,
When she her self was Made;
Something was lost, which none found out,
And He that had it cou'd not shew't,
Sure 'tis a Jugling Trade.

A SONG.



Phillis at first seem'd much afraid,
Much afraid, much afraid,
Yet when I Kiss'd, she soon repay'd;
Could you but see, could you but see,
What I did more, you'd Envy me,
What I did more, you'd Envy me,
You'd Envy me.

We

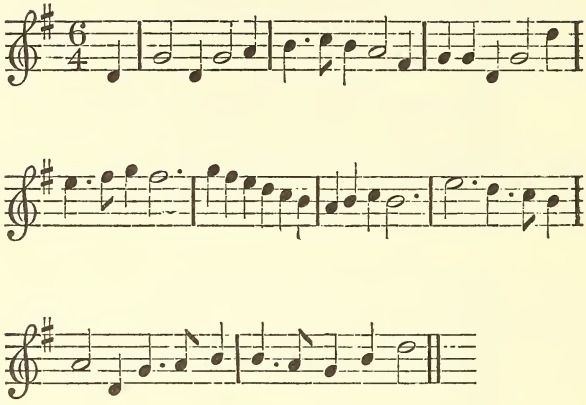
We then so sweetly were employ'd,
The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd;
Could you but see, could you but see,
You'd say so too, if you saw me,
You'd say so too, if you saw me,
If you saw me.

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,
None ever could more Happy be;
Could you but see, could you but see,
Where I was then, you'd wish to be,
Where I was then, you'd wish to be,
You'd wish to be.

All the Delights we did express,
Yet craving more still to possess;
Could you but see, could you but see,
You'd Curse, and say, why was't not me,
You'd Curse, and say, why was't not me,
Why was't not me.

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;
But cou'd you see, but cou'd you see,
You'd cry aloud, the next is me,
You'd cry aloud, the next is me,
The next is me.

A SONG.



FROM Twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicate bit;
I can Remember my Mother has said,
What a Delight she had to be Fed
With a Pudding.

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to taste,
What Nature or Art, could make it so sweet;
For many gay Lasses, about my Age,
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen, I often have seen,
Most Maids to admire it so;
That their Humour and Pride is to say,
O what a Delight they have for to play
With a Pudding.

When

When I am among, some Wives that are young,
Who think they shall never give it due praise;
It is sweet, It is good, It is pleasant still,
They cry, they think they shall ne'er have their fill
Of a Pudding.

The greater sort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their Tongues being tipp'd with Wine;
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended, and how they begun
With a Pudding.

Some Ancient Wives, who most of their Lives,
Have daily tasted of the like Food;
Now for want of Supplies, do Swear and Grumble,
That still they're able enough to Mumble
A Pudding.

Now, now I find, Cat will to kind,
Since all my Heart, and Blood is on fire;
I am resolv'd whatever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer shall suffer the want
Of a Pudding.

For I'll to *John*, who says he has one,
That's cramm'd as close as a Cracker or Squib;
Who ever is telling me when we do meet,
Of the wishing desires and sweetness they get
In a Pudding.

I thought at first, it never would burst,
It was as hard as Grissel or Bone;
But by the Rowling and Trowling about,
How kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out
Of his Pudding.

Well, since I ne'er was fed with such geer,
Until my *John* did prove so kind;
I made a request to prepare again,
That I might continue in Love with the strain
Of his Pudding.

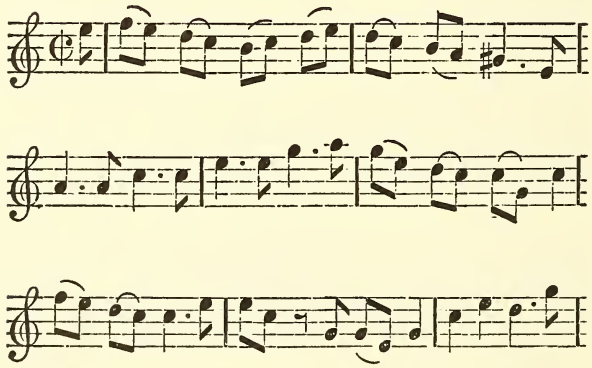
Then

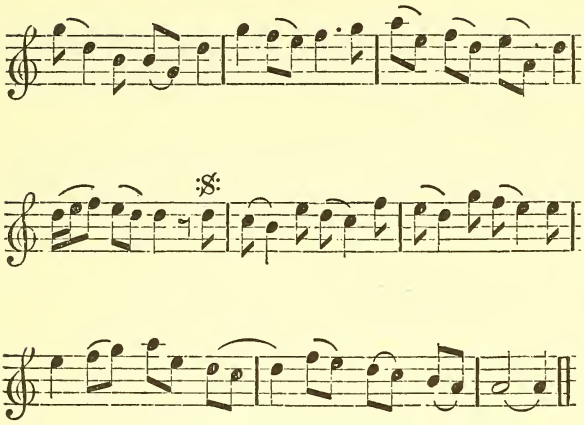
Then straight he brought, what I little thought,
Could ever have been in its former plight;
He Rumbl'd and Jumbl'd me o'er, and o'er,
Till I found he had almost wasted the store
Of his Pudding.

Then the other Mess, I begg'd him to dress,
Which by my Assistance was brought to pass;
But by his dulness and moving so slow,
I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low
In his Pudding.

Tho' he grew cold, my Stomach did hold,
With Vigour to relish the other bit;
But ail he could do, could not furnish again,
For he swore he had left little more than the Skin
Of his Pudding.

A SONG.

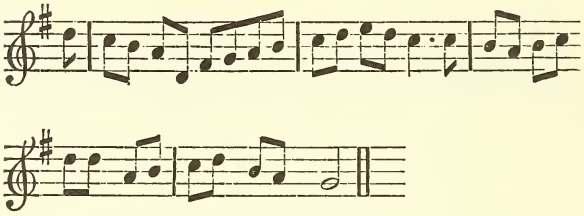




IF Musick be the Food of Love,
Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on,
Till I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy;
For then my listning Soul you move,
For then my listning Soul you move,
With Pleasures that can never cloy:
Your Eyes, your Mein, your Tongue declare,
That you are Musick ev'ry where.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,
So fierce the transports are, they Wound;
And all my Senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the Treat is only sound.
Sure I must Perish by your Charms,
Unless you save me in your Arms.

A New SONG, *upon the* Robin-red-breast's *attending Queen* Mary's *Hearse in* Westminster Abby.



ALL you that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now Dead lament Her fate;
And take a walk to *Westminster*,
To see Her lie in State.

Amongst all other glorious sights,
A Wonder you may see;
A Bird, or something like a Bird,
Attend Her Majesty.

Sometimes it Hops, sometimes it Flys,
Then Perches o'er the Hearse;
Then strains its Throat, and Sings a Note,
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The Tune is Solemn as if Set
To fit some doleful Ditty;
In Lamentation for the Queen,
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird, it seems to be,
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings;
Nor is their Feather'd Creatures else,
That Hops, and Flies, and Sings.

But

But what Bird 'twas not known, until,
One Wiser than the rest;
Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,
And prov'd it by his Breast.

I call it He, not She, because,
It Sings, and Cocks its Tail;
Which that no Female *Robin* doth,
I'll hold a Pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearse,
Most part of every Day;
Nor can you fail to hear him Sing,
Unless the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes, b'ing wider much,
Than *Robin-red-Breast's* Throat;
Their noise must needs be loud enough,
To drown one *Robin's* Note.

Some say this Bird an Angel is,
If so, we hope 'tis good;
But why an Angel? why forsooth,
They say, he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,
Is true, without dispute;
For tho' none ever saw him eat,
Enough have seen him Mute.

And that sometimes undecently,
Upon the Statue-Royal;
Which made some call him *Jacobite*,
Or otherwise Illoyal.

The *Papists* say, this Bird's a Fiend,
Which haunts Queen *MARY'S* Ghost;
And by its wrestless motion shews,
How her poor Soul is tost.

But

But why then is this pretty Bird,
So lively brisk and merry;
This rather proves the Queen at ease,
And safe from *Purgatory.*

An old Star-gazing * Taylor says,
This frolick Bird proclaims;
How glad all such as he would be,
To welcome home King *JAMES.*

* Gadbury *a Jacobite Almanack maker.*

And *Patridge*, who can make both Shoes,
And Almanacks to boot;
Says by this Bird assuredly,
Some Plot is still on Foot.

† Patridge *a Shoe-maker now makes Almanacks.*

For having like an Augur, watch'd,
Which way he took his flight;
The *Robin* flew on his left-hand,
And not upon the right.

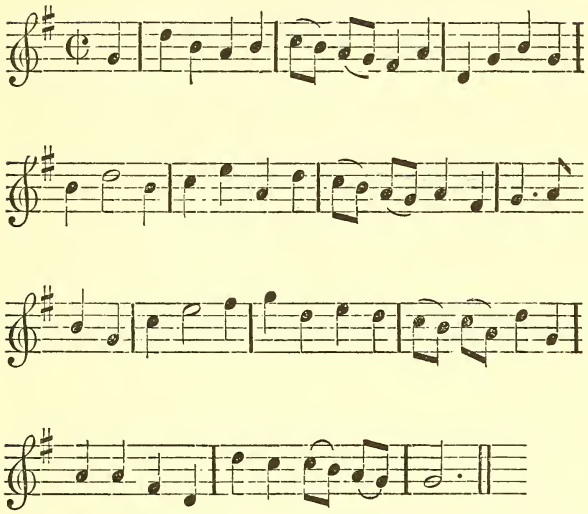
A Bird once in *Rome's* Capitol,
Said all ‖ things shall be well;
And why this harmless *Robin* should,
Bode ill I cannot tell.

‖ ἔ ϛαι πᾶντα καλῶϛ. Suetonius *in the Life of* Domitian.

All we can guess, is from this Bird's
Appearing still alone;
Which represents our King's Sole case,
Now his fair Queen is gone.

The *Robin* may have lost his Mate,
So hath King *William* his;
And that he may well match again,
Our hearty Prayer is.

A SONG. *New Set by Mr.* Church.



LEave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy Vow,
And fall again to Drinking ;
That Beauties that want Sack allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking :
Dry Love or small can never hold,
And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

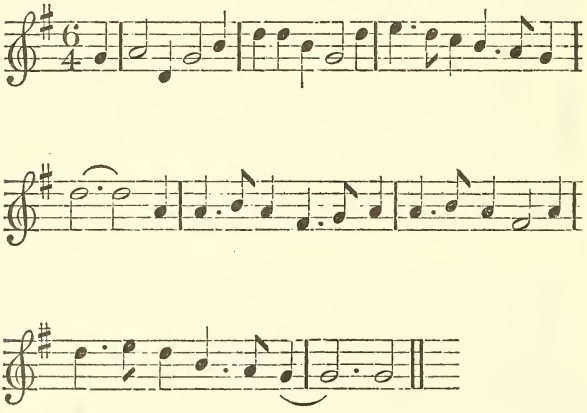
Dost think by turning Anchorite,
Or a dull *Small-Beer* sinner ;
Thy cold embraces can invite,
Or sprightly Courtship win her :
No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires,
'Tis *Sack* like Oyl, gives Flames to Am'rous fires.

This

This makes thee chant thy Mistress name,
And to the Heavens raise her ;
And range this Universal frame,
For Epithets to praise her :
Low Liquors render Brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to pity,

Then by thy self, and take thy Glass,
Leave off this dry Devotion ;
Thou must like *Neptune*, court thy Lass,
Wallowing in *Nectar's* Ocean :
Let's offer to each Ladies shrine,
A full crown'd Bowl, here's Health to thine.

A SONG. *New Set by Mr.* Church.



Ho

Pleasant and Divertive.

HO Boy, hey Boy,
Come, come away Boy,
And bring me my longing desire;
A Lass that is Neat, and can well do the Feat,
When lusty young Blood is on fire.

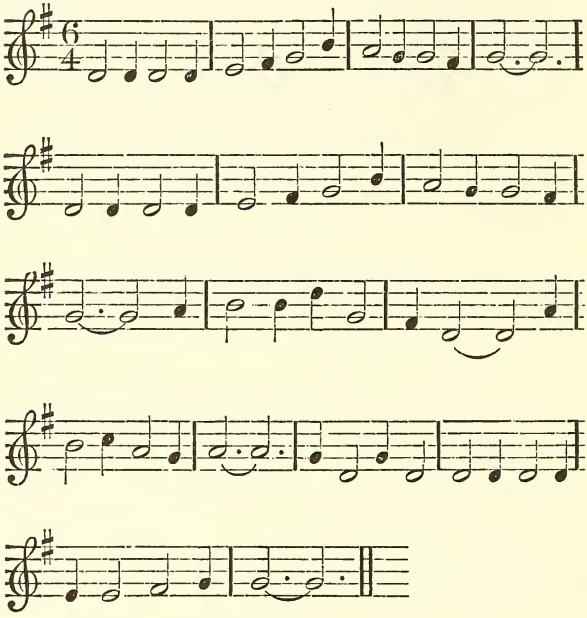
Let her Body be Tall,
And her Wast be Small,
And her age not above Eighteen;
Let her care for no Bed, but here let spread,
Her Mantle upon the Green.

Let her Face be fair,
And her Breasts be bare,
And a Voice let her have that can Warble
Let her Belly be Soft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her Bounding Buttocks be Marble.

Let her have a Cherry Lip,
Where I *Nectar* may sip,
Let her Eyes be as Black as a Sloe;
Dangling Locks I do love, so that those hang above,
Are the same with what grows Below.

Oh such a bonny Lass,
May bring wonders to pass,
And make me grow younger, and younger;
And whene'er we do part, she'll be Mad at the Heart,
That I'm able to tarry no longer.

The Devil's Progress on Earth, or Huggle Duggle, &c.



FRier *Bacon* walks again,
And Doctor *Forster* too,
Proserpine and *Pluto*,
And many a Goblin more:
With that a merry Devil
To make the Airidge vow'd;
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laugh'd aloud.

Why

Why think you that he laugh'd,
  Forsooth he came from Court ;
And there amongst the Gallants
  Had spy'd such pretty Sport :
There was such cunning Jugling,
  And Ladies gone so proud ;
  Huggle Duggle, &c.

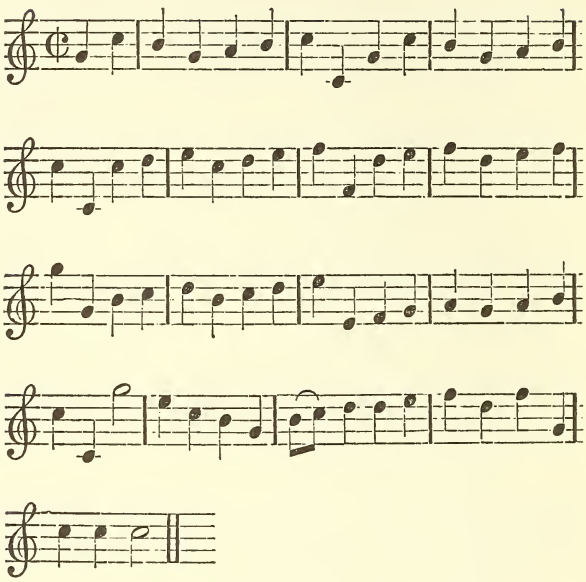
With that into the City
  Away the Devil went,
To view the Merchant's Dealings
  It was his full Intent,
And there along the brave Exchange
  He crept into the croud,
  Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
  To see all there was well ;
Their Scales were false, their Weights were light,
  Their Conscience fit for Hell :
And *Panders* chosen Magistrates,
  And *Puritans* allow'd,
  Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country
  Away the Devil goeth,
For there is all plain Dealing,
  For that the Devil knoweth :
But the Rich Man Reaps the Gains,
  For which the poor Man Plough'd ;
  Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in hast,
  Took post away to Hell ;
And call'd his Fellow Furies,
  And told them all on Earth was well :
That Falshood there did flourish,
  Plain Dealing was in a Cloud ;
Huggle Duggle Ha ! ha ! ha !
  The Devils laugh'd aloud.

A SONG, *New set by Mr.* Church.



LIke a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horse was never ridden,
Or a Feast, and no Guest bidden;
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Rose if no Man pluck it;
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worn, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,
The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
The Feast doth please, if Guest be bidden;

The

The Bucket draws the Water forth,
The Rose when pluckt is still more worth;
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight;
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the Day,
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best Fruit,
There's musick in the finger'd Lute,
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready;
The Freight doth make the Bark go steady:
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's useful in the Night:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Call with *Anon* Sir,
Or a Question, and no Answer:
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd:
Like a Wound without a Tent,
Or Silver Box without a Scent:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

Th' *Anon* Sir, doth obey the Call,
The civil Answer pleaseth all:
Who rigs a Ship, sails with the Wind,
Who digs a Mine doth Treasure find:
The Wound by wholsome Tent hath ease,
The Box perfum'd the Senses please:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

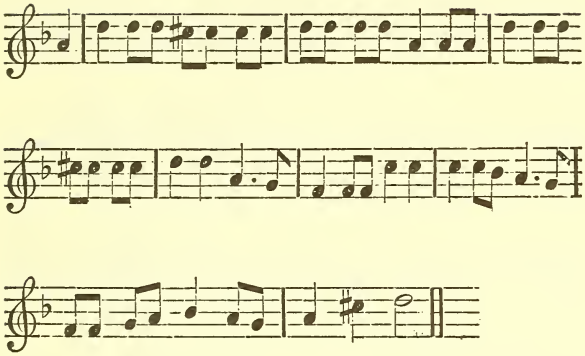
Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendation, and no Token :
Like a Fort, and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no Man in it;
Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher;
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
The Token doth adorn the Greet;
There's Triumph in the Fort being won,
The Man rides glorious in the Moon :
The School is by the Teacher still'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd :
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd :
Like the Gold was never tried,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed,
Or a Book was never pressed :
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due Season sweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd from Dross is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground mannur'd;
The House is by Possession graced,
The Book well press'd is most embraced :
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

A SONG.



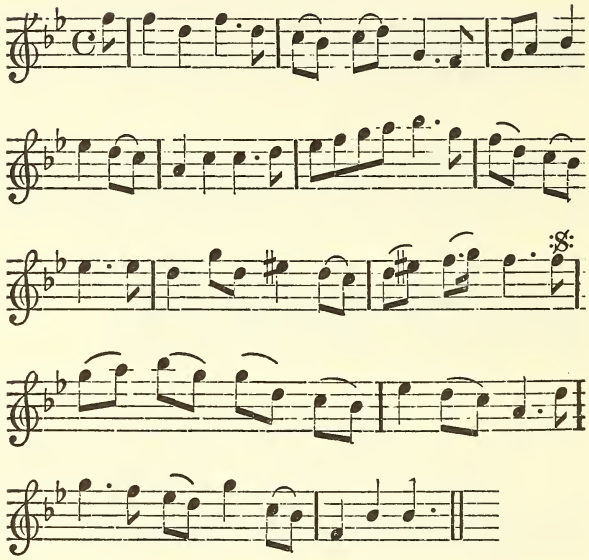
I Went to the Alehouse as an honest Woman shou'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
I'll tell you by and by how this Knave serv'd me.

I call'd for my Pot as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I went into my Bed, as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I proved with Child as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
And thus I have told you how this Knave serv'd me.

A Scotch SONG.



AS I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
A bonny Lad there passed by,
I kenn'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
Geud Feth he had a bonny Eye :
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
As he my Presence did draw near,
And round about my slender Waste
He clasp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd :
To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel.

My

My Milk white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
And said, there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
Those pleasing Words my Heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my Heart was Wounded sore;
That I my Love cou'd scarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

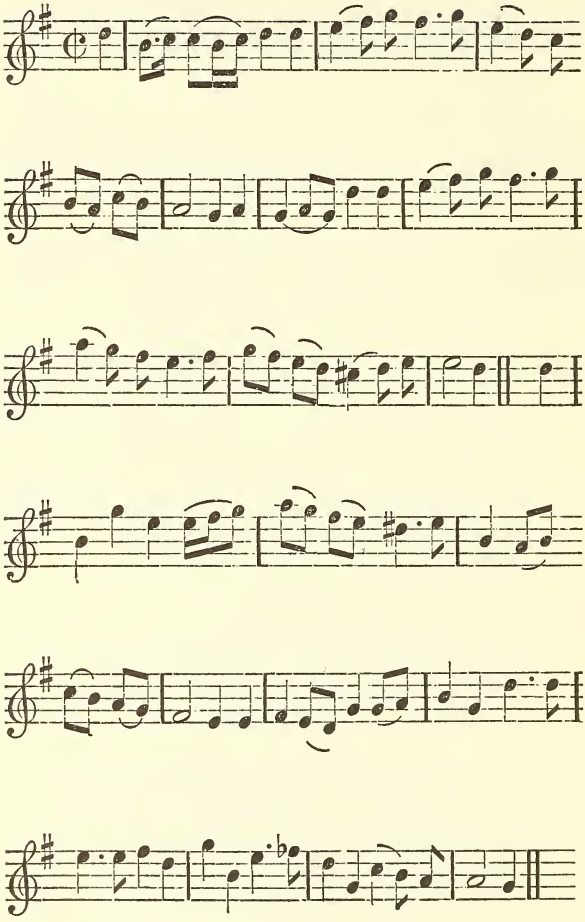
As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with Speed
And gang with him to yonder Mead:
My panting Heart strange Flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
Now speed the Wheel, my bonny Maid,
But if thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work I trow,
Geud Feth, I lik'd him passing weel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,
And sweetly kist my Lips so soft;
Yet still between each Honey Kiss,
He urg'd me on to farther Bliss:
'Till I resistless Fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
What Damsel ever could deny,
A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
It far surpast the Spinning-Wheel.

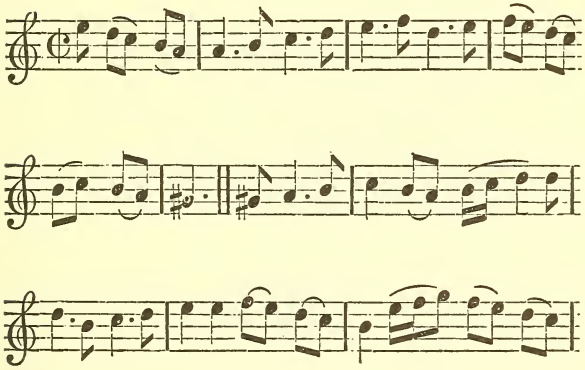
A SONG.

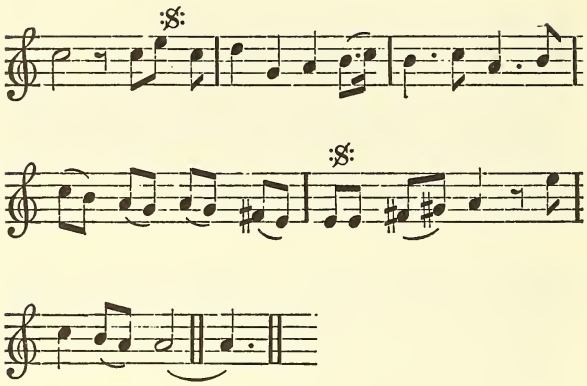


D*Amon* why will you die for Love,
Yet ne'er your flames discover;
Be wise and soon that pain remove,
Or tell the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
As in each of her fierce disdain,
So in Love's cruel Anguish:
He who wants Sense to beg for ease,
Deserves, (deserves in pain, in pain,
Deserves) in pain to Languish.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
Like her their minds they vary;
Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
With you the next She'll Marry:
Be sure be true if She is kind,
If cruel then forget her;
With little pains you soon will find,
A Nymph who'll use you better.

A SONG.

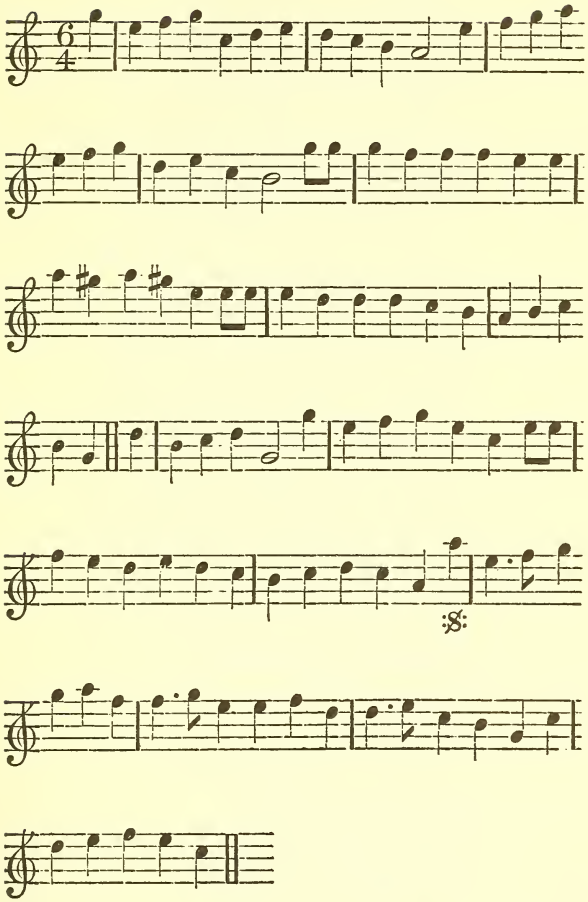




YOU understand no tender Vows,
Of fervent and eternal Love;
That Lover will his labour lose,
Who does with sighs and tears propose,
Your Heart to move:
But if he talk of settling Land,
A House in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
You understand, you understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fop you will submit,
The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Citt,
If rich they are,
Who Guineas can may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your ——
You understand, you understand.

A SONG.



SInce roving of late,
Is as fatal as War ;
And no Female sinner,
Will deal on the square ;
Since to keep's out of Fashion,
And drains the poor Cully ;
While his Miss at his cost,
Keeps some rascally Bully.

Since Mistresses fell,
And Wives buy the Pleasure ;
And to wed or be constant's
The same in some Measure ;
As soon as I can,
I will leave Fornication,
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modestly free,
Not too proud of her Means ;
And tho' she writes Woman,
Not out of her Teens,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whose Charms daily prompt me,
To Family Duty.

Who visits the Church,
Tho' custom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Cross Pew with a Lover:
Yet let her with care,
Sun a contrary evil,
Lest Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who to noose,
Some young *Bubble* bestows,
Her whole slender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloaths ;

Nor

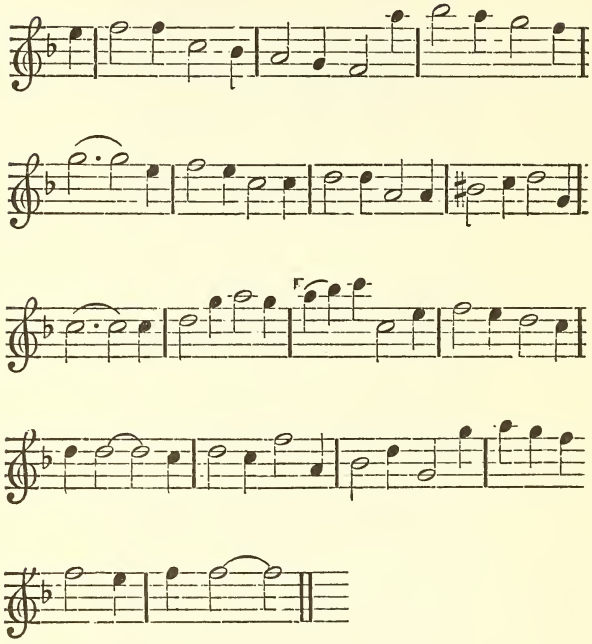
Nor an over-fond Dotard,
Who Palls ev'ey pleasure,
While for Bottle or Friend,
She would leave me no leisure.

Nor one kind and gay,
Like some before Wedlock,
Then a Slut and a Shrew,
When she holds me in Fetlock :
Nor will I in haste,
My dear liberty barter,
Lest, thinking to catch,
I am caught by a *Tartar*.

My Mistress much Sense,
And all Vertues admit,
And joyn to good humour,
Wealth, Beauty and Wit ;
With a fervent affection,
She always must love me,
And no Beauty but hers,
E'er be able to move me.

Oh ! such may she be,
Who shall tempt me to Marry ;
If there is no such she,
'Till there is, I must tarry :
And when she is found,
I'll no more be a Rover,
But wed her with speed,
And, what's strange, I'll Love her.

The surpriz'd Nymph. A SONG.



THe four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year;
A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,
Did privately appear:
Hard by a River side got she,
And did sing loud the rather;
Cause she was sure, she was secure,
And had intent to bathe her.

With

With glittering, glancing, jealous Eyes,
She slily looks about;
To see if any lurking Spies
Were hid to find her out:
And being well resolv'd that none,
Could see her Nakedness,
She pull'd her Robes off one by one,
And did her self undress.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
Her Ivory Hands unpinn'd;
It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
Or tempted a Saint to 'a sinn'd:
She turn'd about and look'd around,
Quoth she, I hope I'm safe;
Then her rosie Petticoat,
She presently put off.

The snow white Smock which she had on,
Transparently to deck her,
Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
Upon an Alablaster Picture:
Thro' which Array I did faintly spy
Her Belly and her Back;
Her Limbs were straight, and all was white,
But that which should be Black.

Into a fluent Stream she leapt,
She lookt like *Venus* Glass;
The Fishes from all Quarters crept,
To see what Angel 'twas:
She did so like a Vision look,
Or Fancy in a Dream;
'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forsook,
And dropt into the Stream.

Each Fish did wish himself a Man,
About her all was drawn,
And at the Sight of her began
To spread abroad their Spawn:

She turn'd to swim upon her Back,
And so display'd her Banner;
If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
He would have dropt upon her.

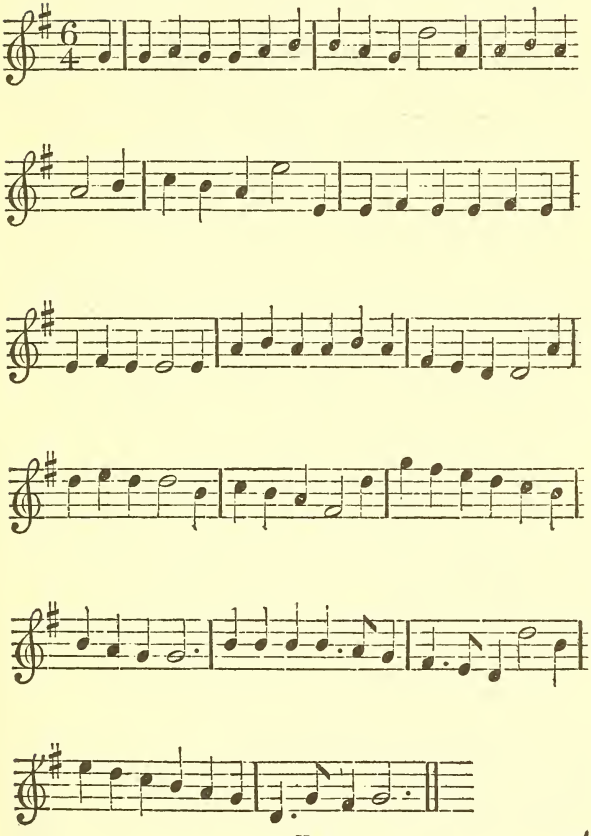
A Lad that long her Love had been,
And cou'd obtain no Grace,
For all her prying lay unseen,
Hid in a secret place:
Who had often been repuls'd,
When he did come to Wooe her;
Pull'd off his Cloaths, and furiously
Did run and leap into her.

She squeak'd, she cry'd, and down she div'd,
He brought her up again;
He brought o'er upon the Shore,
And then——and then——and then——
As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,
You may guess what I mean;
Because she all uncover'd lay,
He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes she pants and crys,
I'm utterly undone;
If you will not be wed to me,
E'er the next Morning Sun:
He answer'd her he ne'er would stir,
Out of her Sight till then;
We'll both clap Hands in Wedlock Bands,
Marry, and to't again.

A SONG,

New sett by Mr. Church.



A *Beggar*, a *Beggar*, a *Beggar* I'll be,
There's none leads a Life more jocund than he,
A *Beggar* I was, and a *Beggar* I am,
A *Beggar* I'll be, from a *Beggar* I came,
If as it begins our Tradings do fall,
We in the Conclusion shall *Beggars* be all,
Tradesmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,
And few Men are thriving, but Courtiers and Players.

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Uncle that car'd not for Pelf,
A Lifter my Aunt, and a *Beggar* my self;
In white wheaten Straw, when their Bellies were full,
Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
For there's none leads a Life more jocund than he.

When Boys do come to us, and that their Intent is
To follow our Calling, we ne'er bind 'em prentice;
Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua*, to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.
And he, or she, that a Beggar will be,
Without Indentures they shall be made free.

We beg for our Bread, yet sometimes it happens,
We feast it with a Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no Men-slayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
Butif when we beg, Men will not draw their Purses,
We charge, and give Fire with a Volley of Curses.
The Devil confound your good Worship, we cry,
And such a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.

We do things in Season, and have so much Reason,
We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,
We bill all our Mates at very low Rates,
Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the Gates,
With

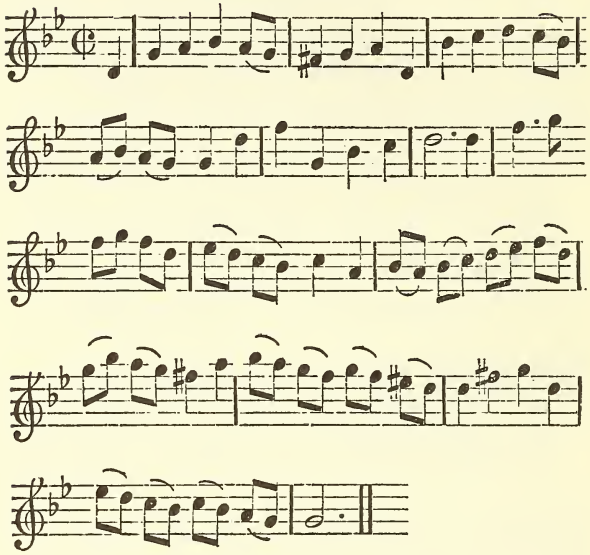
With *Shinkin* ap *Morgan*, with blue-cap or *Teague*,
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,
For none lives a Life more merry than he.

For such petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
But sometimes the Whip doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,
For when in a poor Bouzing-kan we do bib it,
We stand more in dread of the Stocks, than the Gibbet.
And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,
For when it is Night in the Barn tumbles he.

We throw down no Alter, nor never do falter,
So much as to change a Gold Chain for a Halter;
Tho' some Men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
We commonly bear forty Pieces about us,
But many good Fellows are fine, and look fiercer,
That owe for their Clothes to the Taylor and Mercer.
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my Feet,
I fear not the Compter, King's-Bench, nor the Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,
And when a Coach comes, I hop to my Game,
We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry,
By the Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
But *Simon* and *Susan*, like Birds of a Feather,
They Kiss, and they laugh, and so lie down together.
Like Piggs in the Pea-Straw, intangled they lie,
'Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

A SONG *on a Wedding. New set by Mr.* Clark.



NOW that Love's Holiday is come,
And *Madg* the Maid hath swept the Room,
And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muse and sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,
Clorinda broke out of her Bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her Pride,
Where all the Maiden Lights that were
Compris'd within our *Hemisphere*,
Attended at her side.

But

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dress'd the Bride from Top to Toe!
And brought her from her Chamber;
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long Day,
Or Stars inshrin'd in Amber.

The sparkling Bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
Beneath her Chrystal Brow;
To shew, like those strange Accidents,
Some sudden changeable Events,
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Presag'd the blustring Night,
With his encircling Arms and Shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And skreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, those Threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
Legions of Sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breasts, those melting *Alps* of Snow;
On whose fair Hills in open show,
The *God of Love* lay knapping;
Like swelling Butts of lively Wine,
Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her Waste, that tender Type of Man,
Was but a small and single Span,
Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in Fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I pass the Line,
Pray *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle;
The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* Flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle.*

When as the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
He star'd, as't had been half his Fees,
To gaze upon her Face:
And if the Spirit did not move,
His Countenance was far above
Each Sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their Hands,
And hamper'd them in Marriage Bands,
As fast as fast may be:
Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
That secret Sigh in every Ear,
Once Love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the Dishes in a train
Came smoaking, two and two:
With that they wip'd their Mouths and sate,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,
And *Valentine*, eke with *Sybill* so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet,
As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetched their Frees,
And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees
In Claret and good Cheer;
Then, then began the merry Din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But

But as Luck would have it, the *Parson* said Grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Lass by the Fist,
And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her, until
The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the Grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last Act of the Play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the Ground,
And in seeking the Garter much Pleasure was found;
'Twould have made a Man's Arm have stray'd.

This Clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half bedded, like the peeping Day,
Behind *Olympus* Cap;
VVhilst at her Head each twittering Girl,
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
All disappointed in the Bustle,
The Maidens had shav'd his Breeches:
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a Storm, I can you tell,
He sav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even just as if a Man had said,
Fair Lady have at all;
VVhere twisted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the sprightly Boy,
O! who wou'd fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's sweet Tapor fired,
And thousand balmy Kisses tired,
They could not wait the rest;
But out the Folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' Jest.

The

The Wife-Hater. To the foregoing Tune.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of Life,
He must be sure to lead ;
If she's a young and tender Heart,
Not documented in Love's Art,
Much Teaching she will need.

For where there is no Path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way ;
Nay, when he's at his Treasure :
The Gap perhaps will prove so strait,
That he for Entrance long may wait,
And make a toil of's Pleasure.

Or if one old and past her doing,
He will the Chambermaid be wooing,
To buy her Ware the cheaper ;
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when these Things are neatly drest,
They'll entertain each wanton Guest,
Nor for your Honour care ;
If any give their Pride a Fall,
They've learn'd a Trick to bear withal,
So you their Charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your Game,
With a dull, fat, gross, and heavy Dame,
Your Riches to increase,
Alas, she will but jeer you for't,
Bid you to find out better Sport,
Lie with a Pot of Grease.

If meager—— be thy delight,
She'll conquer in veneral Fight,
And waste thee to the Bones;
Such kind of Girls, like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or else they'll grind the Stones.

If black, 'tis Odds, she's dev'lish proud;
If short, *Zantippe* like to loud,
If long, she'll lazy be:
Foolish (the Proverb says) if fair;
If wise and comely, Danger's there,
Lest she do Cuckold thee.

If she bring store of Money, such
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs. no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the House with scolding Thunder,
What's worse than such a Life.

But if their Dowry only be
Beauty, farewel Felicity,
Thy Fortune's cast away;
Thou must be sure to satisfy her,
In Belly, and in Back desire,
To labour Night and Day.

And rather than her Pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon'd* be;
Whilst like *Acteon*, thou may'st weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
All such as devour thee.

If being Noble thou dost wed,
A servile Creature basely bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear to exalt a Court-like Horn,
Thy low Descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a Wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning Honour,
To scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future Fortune;
But if departed they're this Life,
You must be Parent to your Wife,
And Father all be certain.

If bravely Drest, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say nay;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have Terms, she knows not why,
But still to keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country Ware,
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
But stupid Honesty;
May teach her how to Sleep all Night,
And take a great deal more Delight,
To Milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their Blood agree,
Too near, where's Consanguinity,
Then let no Kin be chosen;
He loseth one part of his Treasure,
Who thus confineth all his Pleasure,
To th' Arms of a first Couzen.

He'll never have her at Command,
Who takes a Wife at Second hand,
Than chuse no Widow'd Mother;
The First Cut of that Bit you love,
If others had, why mayn't you prove,
But Taster to another.

Besides

Besides if She bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
But prove a Barren Doe;
Or if by them She ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for weak Back go.

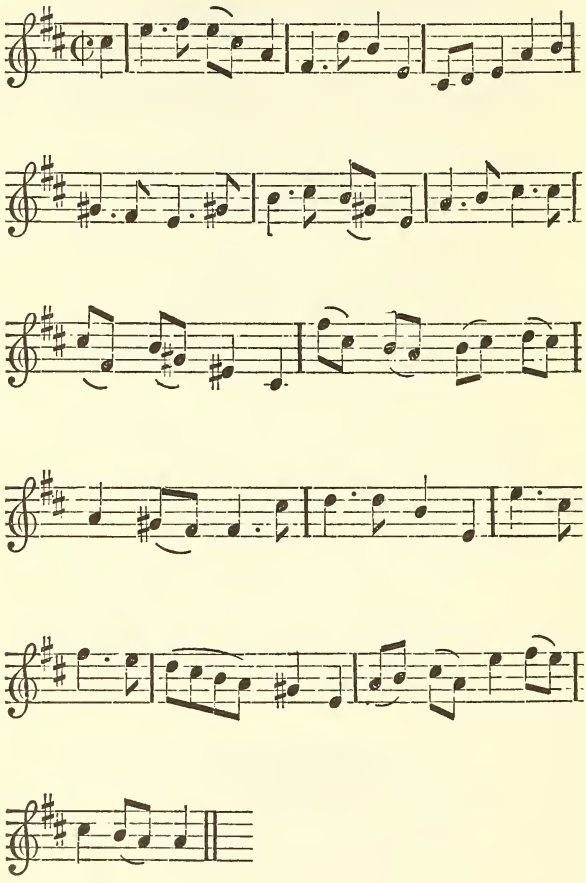
For there where other Gardners have been Sowing
Their Seed, but never could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
And where the *Terra Incognita*
So's Plow'd, you must it Fallow lay,
And still for weak Back go.

Then trust not a Maiden Face,
Nor confidence in Widows place,
Those weaker Vessels may
Spring Leak, or Split against a Rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a Smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she Fair, Foul, Short, or Tall,
You for a time may Love them all,
Call them your Soul, your Life;
And one by one, them undermine,
As Courtezan, or Concubine,
But never as a Married Wife.

He who considers this, may end the strife.
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.

A SONG. *New Set by Mr.* Church.



In

IN Faith 'tis true, I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrow.

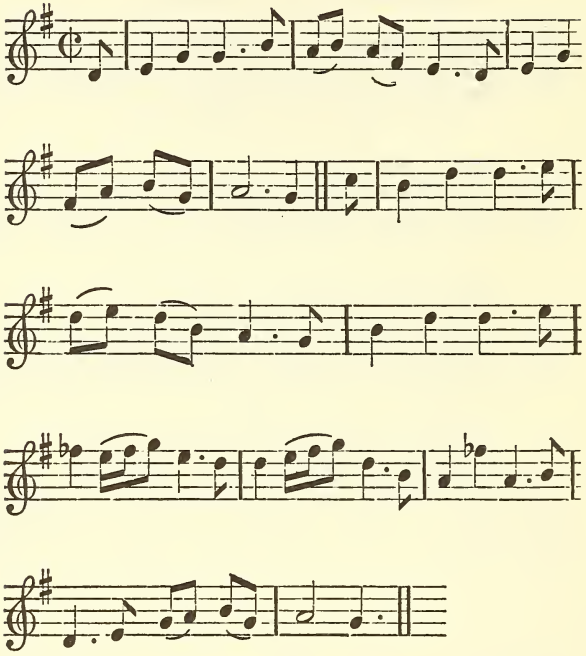
Those glowing Char-coals set on fire,
A Heart that former flames did shun;
Who as *Heretick* unto desire,
Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom.*

But Beauty, Since it is thy Fate,
At distance thus to Wound so sure;
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if Distance prove a Cure.

Then farewel Mistress, farewel Love,
Those lately entertain'd desires;
Wise Men can from that Plague remove,
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel Fires.

If ever I my Heart acquit,
Of those dull Flames, I'll bid a Pox
On all black Eyes, and swear they're fit
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

A SONG.



TOM and *Will* were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together;
When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
Alas! why came she thither;
For tho' they fed two several Flocks,
They had but one desire;
Pastora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
Set both their Hearts on Fire.

Tom

Tom came of Honest gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother;
And *Will* was noble, but alass!
He was a younger Brother:
Tom was toysome, *Will* was sad,
He Huntsman, nor no Fowler;
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.

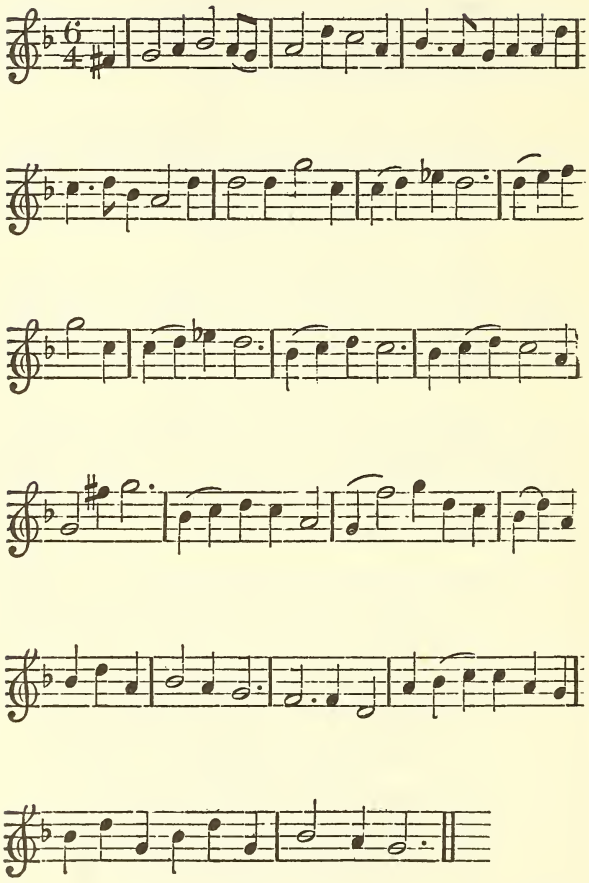
Tom would drink her Health, and Swear,
The Nation could not want her;
Will could take her by the Ear,
And with his Voice Inchant her:
Tom kept always in her sight,
And ne'er forgot his Duty;
Will was Witty, and could write,
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.

Thus did she exercise her Skill,
When both did Dote upon her;
She graciously did use them still,
And still preserv'd her Honour:
So Cunning and so Fair a She,
And of so sweet Behaviour;
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefly in her Favour.

Which of these two she loved most,
Or whether she loved either;
'Tis thought they'll find it to their cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither:
For to the Court, *Pastora's* gone,
T' had been no Court without her;
The Queen amongst all her Train had none
Was half so fair, about Her.

Tom Hung his Dog, and threw away
His Sheep-crook and his Wallet;
Will burst his Pipes, and Curst the day,
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.



Quoth

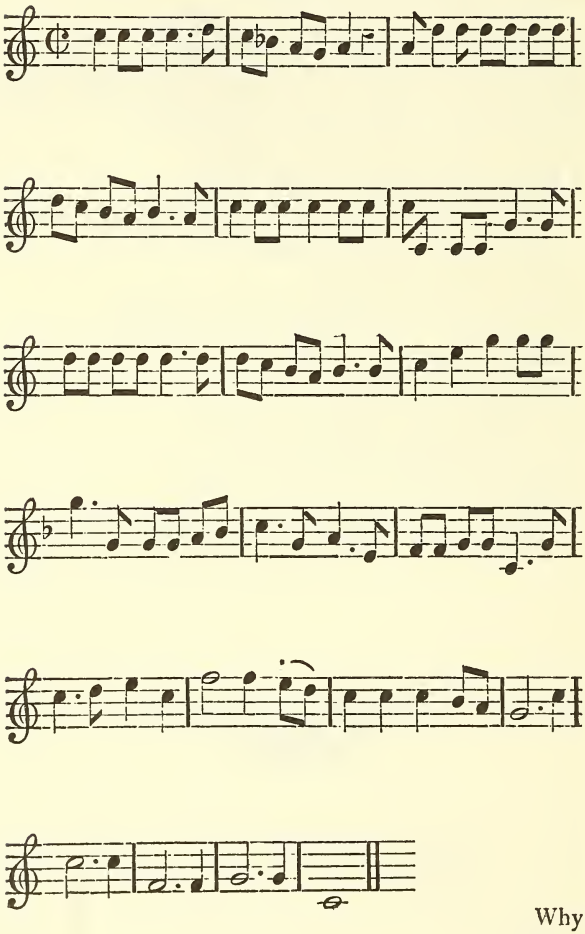
QUoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
I Prithee now wilt, and Ise Marry with thee;
My Cow, my Cow, my House and Rents,
Aw my Lands and Tenements:
Say my Joan, *say my* Joaney, *will that not do?*
I cannot, cannot come every day Wooe.

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
And three fat Hogs penn'd up in the Sty;
I have a Mare and she's coal Black,
I Rid on her Tail, to save her Back:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

I have a Cheese upon the shelf,
I cannot Eat it all my self;
I have three good Marks that like in a Rag,
In the nook of the Chimney instead of a Bag:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

To Marry I would have thy consent,
But faith I never could Compliment;
I can say nought but Hoy gee ho,
Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:
Say my Joan, *say my* Joaney, *will that not do!*
I cannot, cannot come every day to Wooe.

St. GEORGE *for* England.



Why

WHY should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
We know how many Men have perform'd fights;
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Tristam du Leon*, that fought for the Ladies sake:
Read old Stories, and there you'll see
How St. *George*, St. *George*, did make the Dragon flee.
St. *George*, he was for *England*, St. *Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y pense.*

To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excell;
Hannibal and *Scipio*, they many a Field did Fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight:
Romulus and *Remus*, were those that *Rome* did Build,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath Kill'd.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Jeptha and *Gideon*, they led their Men to Fight,
The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight;
Hercules's Labour was in the Vale of Brass,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand, with the Jaw-bone of an Ass:
And when he was Blind, pull'd the Temple to the ground,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon did confound.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Valentine and *Orson*, they came of *Pipin's* Blood,
Alfred and *Alarecus*, they were brave Knights and good;
The four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Sir *Hugh de Burdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bolaigne:*
These were all *French* Knights, the *Pagans* did Convert,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragon's heart.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Henry the Fifth he Conquered all *France*,
He quarter'd their Arms, His Honour to advance;

He

He Raised their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And garnish'd his Head with a double Tripple Crown ;
He thumped the *French*, and after home He came,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. George *he was*, &c.

St. *David*, you know loves Leeks, and toasted Cheese,
And *Jason* was the Man, brought home the *Golden-Fleece ;*
St. *Patrick* you know he was St. *George's* Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him away :
For which Knavish act, a Slave he doth remain,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he hath the Dragon slain.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperor, in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town ;
Scanderberg Magnanimous, *Mahomet's Bashaws* dread,
Whose Victorious Bones, were worn when he was dead :
His *Beglerbeys*, he scorns like dregs, *George Castriot* was he call'd,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar*, he came of *Persia's* Race,
The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of Cloves and Mace :
The *Grecian* Youth, *Bucephalus* he Manly did bestride,
But those with all their Worthies Nine, St. *George* did them deride :
Gustavus Adolphus, was *Sweedland's* Warlike King,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons sting,
St. George *he was*, &c.

Pendragon and *Cadwalladar* of *British* Blood do boast,
Tho' *John* of *Gaunt* his Foes did daunt, St. *George* shall rule the roast ;
Agamemnon, and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon*, did Feats,
But compared to our Champion, they were but meerly cheats :

Brave

Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* fights, their brandisht
Swords outdrew,
But St. *George*, met the Dragon, and ran him thro' and
thro'.
St. George *he was for* England, *St.* Dennis *for* France,
Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y pense.*

Bidea the Amazon, *Proteus* overthrew,
As fierce, as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen* or *Jew;*
The Potent *Holophernes*, as he lay on his Bed,
In came Wise *Judith*, and subtilly stole away his
Head:
Brave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, although he
show'rd down Thunder,
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a
wonder.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrant you, play'd feats with *Egypt's*
Queen,
Sir *Eglamore* that Valiant Knight, the like was never
seen;
Grim *Gorgons* might was known in Fight, old *Bevis*
most Men Frighted,
The *Myrmidons*, and *Prestor Johns*, why were not
these Men Knighted:
Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Nassau* did it recover,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he turn'd the Dragon over
and over.
St. George *he was for* England, *St.* Dennis *was for*
France.
Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y pense.*

Old England *turn'd New.*

To the Tune of the Blacksmith. Pag. 28.

YOU talk of *New England*, I truly believe,
Old England is grown New, and doth us deceive,
I'll ask you a Question or two by your leave,
And is not Old England *grown New.*

Where are your old Soldiers with Slashes and Scars,
They never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
Nor shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars,
And is not Old England, &c.

New Captains are made that never did Fight,
But with Pots in the Day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care, is to keep their Swords bright,
And is not Old, &c.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills and your Bows?
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd Blows?
They are turn'd to Stillettoes, with other fair Shows,
And is not Old, &c.

Where are your old Courtiers that used to Ride
With forty Blue-Coats, and Footmen beside?
They are turn'd to six Horses, a Coach with a Guide,
And is not Old, &c.

And what is become of your old *English* Cloaths?
Your long sleev'd Doublet, and your trunk Hose?
They are turn'd to *French* fashions and other gewgaws,
And is not Old, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor, some half year together,
To fit a New Suit, to a New Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or Leather.
And is not Old, &c.

We have new fashion'd Beards, and new fashion'd Locks,
And new fashion'd Hats, for your new Pated Blocks,
And more New Diseases, besides the *French* POX,
And is not Old England *grown New.*

New

New Houses are built, and Old ones pull'd down,
Until the new Houses, fell all the Old Ground,
And the Houses stand like a Horse in the Pound.
And is not Old England *grown New.*

New fashions in House. New fashions at Table,
Old Servants discharg'd, and New not so able,
And all good Old custom, is now but a Fable,
And is not Old England, &c.

New Trickings, new Goings, new Measures, new Paces,
New Heads for Men, for your Women new Faces,
And twenty New Tricks to mend their bad Cases.
And is not Old, &c.

New tricks in the Law, New tricks in the Rolls,
New Bodies they have, they look for New Souls,
When the Money is paid for Building old *Pauls*,
And is not Old, &c.

Then talk no more of *New England*,
New England is where *Old England* did stand,
New Furnish'd, New Fashion'd, New Woman'd, New Man'd
And is not Old England *grown New.*

A Song. *To the same Tune.*

I'LL tell you a Story if it be true,
But look you to that, I am sure it is New,
And only in *Salisbury* known to a few,
Which no Body can deny.

Some Sages have written as we do find,
The Spirits departed are monstrous kind,
To Friend and Relations left behind,
Which no Body can deny.

That

That this is no Tale, I shall you tell,
A Lady there Died, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well,
Which no Body can deny.

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a Thicket he heard a sound of much Woe,
Which no Body, &c.

It was a Lady that Wept, and her Weeping
Made *Satan* go from listning to peeping,
Quoth he, what Slave hath this Lady in keeping?
Which no Body, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she, if of Woman you came,
Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same,
Quoth the Devil, be quick in your story fair Dame,
Which no Body, &c.

Quoth she, I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but Appear, I shou'd change his mind,
Which no Body, &c.

Fair Dame, quoth the Devil, are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints,
Which no Body, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweet-hearts she had,
How many was good, and how many was bad,
The Devil began to think her Stark-mad,
Which no Body, &c.

And so she went on with the cause of the Squabble,
Belzebub Scratch'd, and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two Hours Bubble,
Which no Body, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
She caught him fast by the Lilly black Fist,
Nay, then quoth the Devil, even do what you list,
Which no Body can deny.

Now

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
And came with a Vengeance, to give her her due,
Then snap went the Lock, and the Candles burnt blue,
Which no Body can deny.

Quoth she, will you give my Children their Land!
Her Husband did Sweat, you must understand,
For he did not think her so near at hand,
Which no Body, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of grace,
Quoth he, you Jade come again in this place,
And *Faustus* his Chamber-pot flies in your Face,
Which no Body, &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
She sought other ways his Mind to controul,
So she went to a Maid, a very good Soul,
Which no Body, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
Most Gracious Madam, what would you have done?
I'll do it altho' you'd have me a Nun,
Which no Body, &c.

Then go to my Husband and bid him do right,
Unto my two Children, or else by this light,
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night,
Which no Body, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reasons,
I'll sit on his Bed, and Read him such Lessons,
As never were heard at Mr. *Mompessons*,
Which no Body, &c.

So away went the Virgin, and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
At which I replyed, I care not a T——
Which no Body, &c.

For when she was Incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er she could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea,
Which no Body can deny.

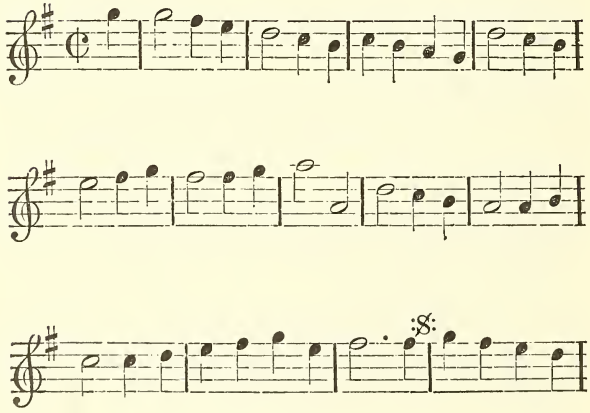
Good

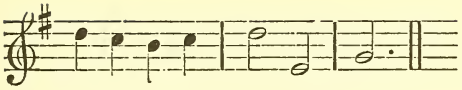
Good Sir, quoth she, consider my plight,
I am not able to keep outright,
Three waking Ministers every Night,
Which no Body can deny.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty so sad,
Compassion straight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd,
Which no Body, &c.

When the Land as I said, was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
And away went the Spirit with a Tuneable Voice,
Which no Body can deny.

A SONG.





HOW Happy's the Mortal,
That lives by his Mill;
That depends on his own,
Not on Fortune's Wheel:
By the slight of his hand,
And the strength of his Back;
How merrily, how merrily,
His Mill goes *Clack, clack, clack,*
How merrily, how merrily,
His Mill goes Clack.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
As too often 'tis seen;
For she may be a Scold,
Sing God bless the Queen:
With his hand to the Mill,
And his Shoulder to the Sack;
He drowns all the discord,
In his Musical *Clack, clack, clack,*
He drowns, &c.

O'er your Wives, and your Daughters,
He often prevails;
By sticking a Cog, of a Foot,
In their Tails;
Whilst the Hoyden so willingly,
He lays upon her Back;
And all the while he sticks it in,
The Stones cry *Clack, clack, clack,*
And all the while he sticks it in,
The stones cry Clack.

The Angler's SONG.

To the Tune my Father was born before me.
Page 45.

OF all the Recreations which
Attend on Humane Nature;
There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
Or is of such a Stature:
As is the subtle Angler's Life,
In all Mens approbation;
For Angler's tricks, do daily mix,
In every Corporation.

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love,
And had no cause of Jangling;
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to Angling:
He baits his Hook, with Godlike look,
Thought he this will entangle her;
By this all ye may plainly see,
That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are almost neat entanglers;
And he that looks fine, will in fine,
That most of them are Anglers:
Whilst grave Divines do Fish for Souls,
Physicians like Curmudgeons;
They bait with Health, we Fish for Wealth,
And Lawyers Fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neat entangler;
'Mongst Merchant-Men, there's not one in ten,
But what is a cunning Angler:
For like the Fishes in the Brook,
Brother doth swallow Brother;
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
And they Fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,
He's a formal Man in Black, Sir;
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
And cry's, what is't you lack, Sir;
Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
But if a Courtier prove th' entangler
My Citizen he must look to't then,
Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

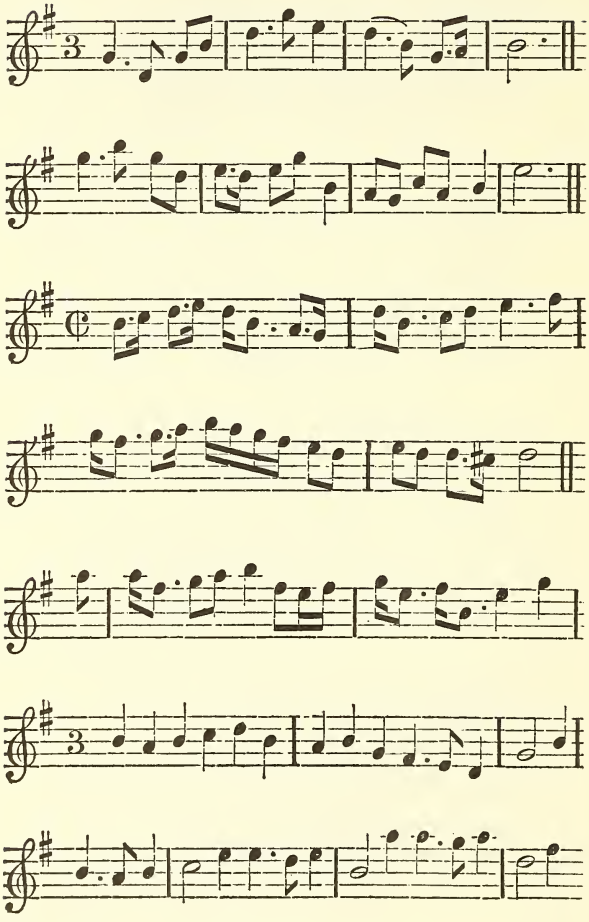
But there's no such Angling as a Wench,
Stark naked in the Water;
She'll make you leave both Trout, and Tench,
And throw your self in after:
Your Hook and Line she will confine,
Thus tangled is the Entangler;
And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear,
Of many a Jovial Angler.

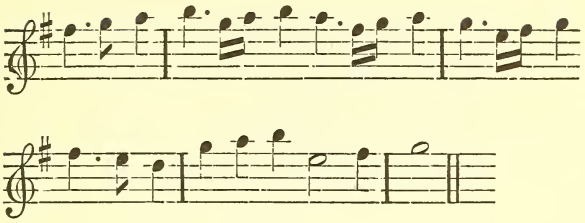
But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
Cast in a Rich young Gallant;
To take a Courtier by the Pole,
Throw in a Golden Tallant:
But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er,
Compound for half the charge on't;
But if you'll catch the Devil at stretch,
You must bait him with a Searjeant.

Thus I have made my Anglers Trade,
To stand above defiance;
For like the Mathematick Art,
It runs through every Science:
If with my Angling Song I can,
To Mirth and Pleasure seize you;
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
And Angle still to please you.

The

The Cavaliers SONG.





HE that is a cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His Substance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

Fortune is a Lass
Will embrace,
And soon destroy;
Free born,
In Libertine,
We'll ever be,
Singing *Vive le Roy*.

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
And *Fortune* is a Whore;
There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
Or her Power implore.

He that is trusty *Roger*,
And hath serv'd his King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd Souldier,
Yet he will skip and Sing:
Whilst he that fights for Love,
May in the way of Honour prove,
And they that make sport of us,
May come short of us,

Fate will Flatter them,
And will scatter them,
Whilst the Royalty,
Looks upon Loyalty,
We that live peaceably,
May be successfully,
Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real Honest Man,
May be utterly undone,
To show his Allegiance,
His love and Obedience,
But that will raise him up,
Virtue weighs him up,
Honour stays him up,
And we'll praise him;
Whilst the fine Courtier Dine,
With his full bowls of Wine,
Honour will make him fast.

Freely let's be then,
Honest Men,
And kick at Fate.
We
May live to see
Our Loyalty,
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a Word, or a Sword,
'Gainst the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate,
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own,

CHORUS.

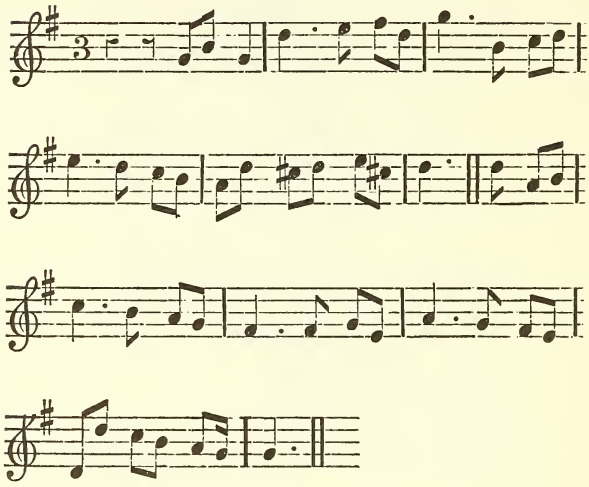
What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the prosperous Men;
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
When we come to't agen:

Treachery

Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And Leachery lin'd with Furr ;
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis Fortune *de la gar :*
But what is that to us Boys,
That now are Honest Men ;
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the Drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers ;
Dub, a dub, dub,
Have at old *Belzebub*,
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy must down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town :
We'll rally, and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,
This is the Life of an honest poor Cavalier.

A Parley, between two West Countrymen *on sight of a* Wedding.



I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O things beyond compare;
Such sights again cannot be found,
In any place on *English* ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Chairing Cross*, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
There is a House with Stairs;
And their did I see coming down,
Such Voulks as are not in our Town,
Vorty at least in pairs.

A-

Amongst the rest one Pestilent fine,
(His Beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walkt on before the rest;
Our Landlord lookt like nothing to him,
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-Park without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Tho' lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what, the Youth was going,
To make an end of his own Wooing,
The Parson for him stay'd;
Yet by his leave (for all his hast)
He did not so much Wish all past,
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
For such a Maid no *Whitson* Ale,
Could ever yet produce;
No Grape that's kindly ripe could be,
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Fingers was so small, the Ring,
Would not stay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide a Peck;
And to say Truth, (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Coller (just)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light;
But *Dick*, she Dances such away,
No Sun upon a *Easter day*,
Is half to fine a sight.

He

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not she was so nice,
She would not do it in Sight;
And then she lookt, as who would say,
I will do what I list to Day,
And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes Comparison,
(Who sees them is undone,)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
The side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin;
(Some Bee had stung it newly:)
But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any Sin,
The Parson himself had guilty been,
She lookt that Day so purely,
And did the Youth so oft the Feat,
At Night, as some did in Conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's *that* that would be thought upon,
(I trow) besides the Bride:
The Business of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that Man should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just

Just in the Nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey,
Each Serving-man with Dish in Hand
March'd boldly up, like our train'd Band,
Presented, and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife, or Teeth was able
To stay to be intreated;
And this very reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The Company was seated.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the House,
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by Stealth;
And who could help it *Dick?*

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance,
Then sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again and kiss;
Thus sev'ral ways the Time did pass,
Whilst every Woman wish'd her Place,
And every Man wish'd his.

By this Time all was stol'n aside,
To counsel and undress the Bride
But that he must not know:
But 'twas thought he guest her Mind,
And did not mean to stay behind,
Above an Hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,
Like new fall'n Snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon he gave, as who would say
Good B'w'y! with all my Heart.

But

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,
The Bridegroom eat in spight;
For had he left the Women to't,
It would have cost two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done they do;
What that is, you can tell;
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I have done before,
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

Of the Downfal of one part of the Mitre-*Tavern in* Cambridge, *or the sinking thereof into the Cellar. By Mr.* Tho. Randolph. *To the Tune of* My Father was born before me, *Pag.* 45.

LAment, lament you Scholars all,
Each wear his blackest Gown,
The *Mitre* that held up your Wits,
Is now itself fallen down:
The dismal Fire on *London-bridge*,
Could move no Heart of Mine,
For that but o'er the Water stood,
But this stood o'er the Wine.

It needs must melt each Christian Heart,
That this sad News but hears;
To see how the poor Hogsheads wept,
Good Sack and Claret Tears:
The zealous Students of that place,
Change of Religion fear,
Lest this Mischance bring in
The Heresie of Beer.

Un-

Unhappy *Mitre*, I would know
The Cause of thy sad Hap;
Came it by making Legs too low,
To *Pembrook's* Cardinal Cap?
Hence know thy self! and cringe no more,
Since *Popery* went down,
The Cap should veil to thee, for now
The *Mitre's* next the Crown.

Or was't because our Company
Did not frequent thy Cell,
As we were wont to drown those Cares,
Thou fox'd thy self and fell?
No sure, the Devil was a dry,
And caus'd that fatal Blow,
'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
That he might drink below.

And some do say the Devil did it,
'Cause he would drink up all;
But I rather think the Pope was drunk,
And let the *Mitre* fall:
But *Rose* now whither, *Faulcon* mew,
Whilst *Sam* enjoys his Wishes;
The *Dolphin* too must cast her Crown,
Wine was not made for Fishes.

That Sign a Tavern best becomes,
That shews who loves Wine best;
The *Mitre's* then the only Sign,
For 'tis the Scholar's Crest,
Then drink Sack *Sam*, and cheer thy Heart,
Be not dismay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Tho' our selves do catch a Fall.

We'll be thy Workmen Day and Night,
In spite of Bug-bear Proctors;
We drank like fresh Men all before,
But now we'll drink like Doctors.

A SONG.

To the Tune of the Blacksmith, Pag. 20.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you beforehand you'll find nothing in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a Pin if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and Men
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things shall turn into nothing agen.
'Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,
As when Fools amongst wise Men do silently sit,
A Fool that says *nothing* may pass for a Wit.

What one Man loves is another Man's loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,
And both do in the Conclusion love *nothing*.
Your Lad that makes Love to a delicate smooth thing,
And thinking with Sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a Maid.
Your slashing, and clashing, and flashing of Wit,
Doth start out of *nothing* but Fancy and Fit,
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.
That Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Tho' made our three Kingdoms & Churches lie waste,
Their Project and all came to *nothing* at last.

They

They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy Branches Root,
They thunder'd, and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,
The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers Cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had wrap'd us in sanctify'd Cloathing,
Perjur'd the People by faithing and trothing,
At last he was catcht, and all came to *nothing*.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
I'll lay all to *nothing* that *nothing* wins all.

When War and Rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant Man is the freest from Foes,
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.
Brave Cæsar and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follow Gander,
Nothing can say to an Action of Slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Tho' he conquer'd the World,& gave Mankind the rout,
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.
Old *Noll* that arose to High-thing from Low-thing,
By brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In seven Years Space was both all things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Oliver's* Heir) that pitiful slow thing,
Who once was invested with Purple Cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*;
If King-killers bold are excluded from Bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the Reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewson* that lately did crawl,
To lofty Degree from a low Coblers Stall,
Did bring all to *nothing*, when All came to All.
Your Gallant that rants it in delicate cloathing,
Tho' lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *Nothing*.

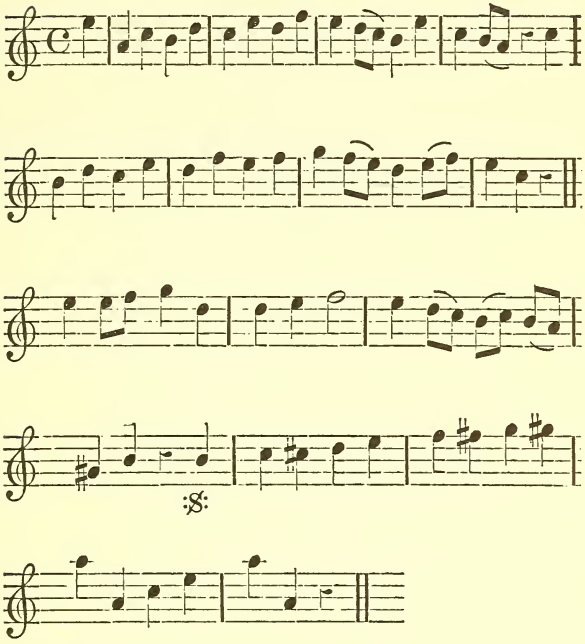
The

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his Pay,
When Death doth arrest him and bear him away,
At the General Barr will have nothing to say.
Whores that in Silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a Rabble of Prentices lately were chas'd,
Thus courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any Man tax me with Weakness of Wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ;
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*
Yet let his Discretion be never so tall,
This very Word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every Man give the Poet his due,
Cause then 'twas with him, as now it's with you,
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.
This very Word *nothing*, if took the right way,
May prove advantageous for what would you say,
If the Vintner should cry there's *nothing* to pay.

The Scolding Wife: New Sett by Mr. Akeroyd.



SOme Men they do delight in Hounds,
And some in Hawks take Pleasure;
Others joy in War and Wounds,
And thereby gain great Treasure;
Some they do love on Sea to sail,
Others rejoyce in Riding:
But all their Judgments do them fail,
There's no such Joy as *Chiding.*

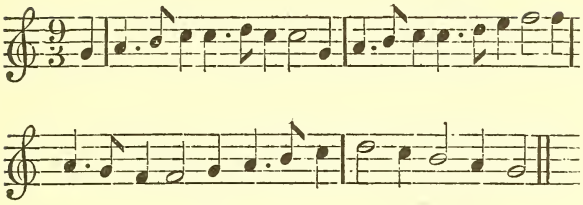
When

When soon as Day I open mine Eyes,
To entertain the Morning;
Before my Husband he can rise,
I *Chide* and proudly scorn him:
When at the Board I take my place,
Whatever be the Feasting;
I first do *Chide*, and then say Grace,
If so dispos'd to tasting.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too Cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too Old,
I always am disdaining:
Let it be Fowl, or Flesh, or Fish,
Tho' I am my own Taster;
Yet I'll find fault with Meat or Dish,
With Maid or with the Master.

But when to Bed I go at Night,
I surely fall a weeping;
For then I leave my great Delight,
How can I chide when sleeping:
Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
And must asswage my Sorrow:
Altho' to Night be too late,
I'll early *Chide* to Morrow.

Old Simon *the King.*



IN a humour I was late,
As many good fellows be;
To think of no matters of State,
But seek for good Company:
That best contented me.
I travell'd up and down;
No Company I could find;
Till I came to the sight of the Crown:
My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at ease,
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
They were all of one disease,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

Considering in my mind,
And thus I began to think;
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
And if his drink will not down,
He may hang himself for shame;
So may the Tapster at the Crown,
Whereupon this reason I frame;
Drink will make a Man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a Man dry;
Dry will make a Man sick
And sick will make a Man Die.
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If

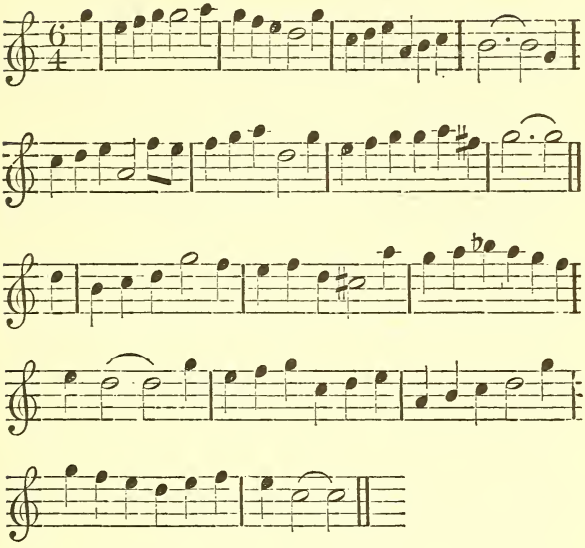
If a Man should be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow:
Will you or any man say,
That he died of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this Tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg:
But when that he was spy'd,
What did he swear or rail;
No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be drunk,
Of frailty it is a sin,
Or for to keep a punk,
Or play at In and In;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In spite of the Physician:
Who so fears every Grass,
Must never piss in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Lass,
Must never cry oh! my head oh!
Says Old *Simon* the King.

The

The Cautious Drinker: New set by Mr. Akeroyd.



MY Masters and Friends, who ever intends,
To trouble this Room with Discourse;
You that sit by are as guilty as I,
Be your talk the better or worse:
Now lest you should prate of Matters of State,
Or any thing else that might hurt us;
We rather will drink off our Cups to the brink,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,
That's not a Pin here or there;
Yet take this Advice, be both merry and wise,
Ye know not what Creatures be near;

Or suppose that some sot, should lurk in this pot,
To scatter out words that might hurt us;
To free that same doubt, we'll see all the pot out,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If any man here be in bodily fear,
Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of proof, shall keep her a loofe,
Here's Liquor will make a man speak:
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
And then he shall speak to the purpose.

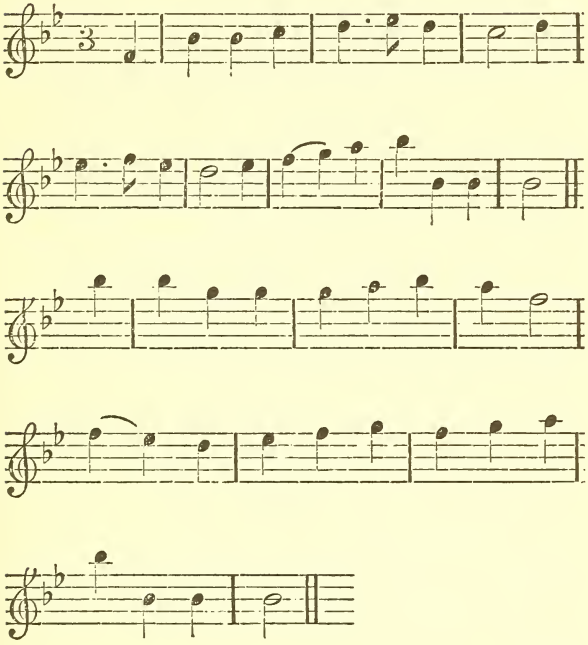
He that rails at the times, in Prose or in Rhimes,
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
Sings, Prophesies strange, and threatens some change,
And hangs them upon the Queens Tomb:
He is but a Rayler, or Prophecying Taylor,
To scatter out words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing Catches,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a Man to reveal,
His secret thoughts when he bouses;
He is but a Widgeon, that talks of Religion,
In Taverns or in tipling houses:
It is not for us, such things to discourse,
Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
But let's begin a new health to our King,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Amidst of our bliss 'twill not be a miss,
To talk of our going home late;
If Constable Kite or a Pis-pot at night,
Should chance to be split on our pate:
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
'Twere better to trudge home, to honest kind *Joan*,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

The

The Gelding of the Devil *by* Dick *the Baker of* Mansfield *Town.*



NOW listen a while, and I will tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And *Dick* the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
To *Manchester* Market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
This *Baker* rid on with a merry Cheer:
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the *Baker*, and by my fay,
Because his Stones were cut away:
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be:
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree,
And with thy Knife come and geld me;
The *Baker* had a Knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell,
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of Stones:
The *Baker* being lighted from his Horse,
Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil, beshrow thy Heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same Day seven-night.
The *Baker* hearing the Words he said,
Within his Heart was sore afraid,
He hied him to the next Market Town,
To sell his Bread both white and brown.

And when the Market was done that Day,
The *Baker* went home another way,
Unto his Wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Nay, a wondrous Word I heard him say,
He would geld me the next Market Day;
Therefore Wife I stand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth she, thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
Than for to lose any manner of Stone,
For why, 'twill be a loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding.

Thus

Thus they continu'd both in Fear,
Until the next Market Day drew near;
Well, quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,
And I like a Man to the Market will go;
Then up she got her all in hast,
With all her Bread upon her Beast:
And when she came to the Hill side,
There she saw two Devils abide,
A little Devil and another,
Lay playing under the Hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil, without any fain,
Yonder comes the Baker again;
Beest thou well *Baker*, or beest thou woe,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go:
These were the Words the Woman did say,
Good Sir, I was gelded but Yesterday;
Oh! quoth the Devil, that I will see,
And he pluckt her Cloaths above her Knee.

And looking upwards from the Ground,
There he spied a grievous Wound:
Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
For he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut away the Stones clean,
He should have sowed up the Hole again;
He called the little Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that same Man.

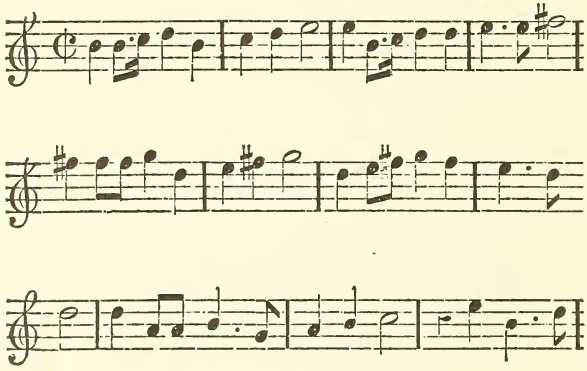
Whilst he went into some private place,
To fetch some Salve in a little space;
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her Belly there crept a Flea:
The little Devil he soon espy'd that,
He up with his Paw and gave her a pat:
With that the Woman began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible Fart.

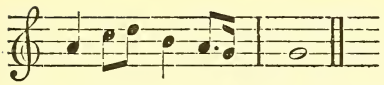
Whoop!

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,
For here's another hole broke, by my fay;
The great Devil he came running in hast,
VVherein his Heart was sore aghast:
Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not sound,
Thou stinkest so sore above the Ground,
Thy Life Days sure cannot be long,
Thy Breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.

The Hole is cut so near the Bone,
There is no Salve can stick thereon,
And therefore, *Baker*, I stand in doubt,
That all thy Bowels will fall out;
Therefore *Baker*, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

To a Friend, who desir'd no more than to admire the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.





THO' *Sylvia's* Eyes a Flame could raise,
More fit for Wonder than for Praise;
And tho' her Wit were clear and high,
That 'twere resistless as her Eye:
Yet without Love, she still shall find,
I'm deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove,
A Cause sufficient for their Love,
I wish they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their Sore:
'Tis such the Sex so high have set,
They take it not for Gift, but Debt.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The God of it would not be blind;
Nor would the Pleasure of it be,
So often in Obscurity:
No, to know Joys each Sense hath right,
Equal at least to that of Sight.

The Gods, who knew the noblest part
In Love, sought not the Mind, but Heart;
And when hurt by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd they did enjoy;
Knowing a Kindness Love could prove,
The Hope, Reward, and Cure of Love.

I'll rather my Affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in Sleep,
Than cast away an Hour of Care
On any, 'cause she's only fair:
Nay, Sleep more pleasing Dreams do move,
Than are your waking ones of Love.

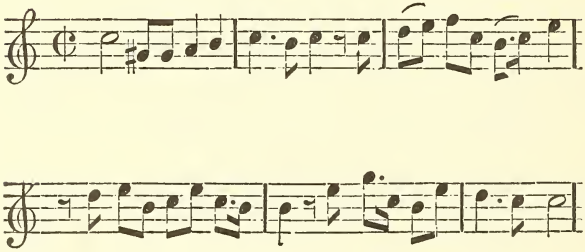
The

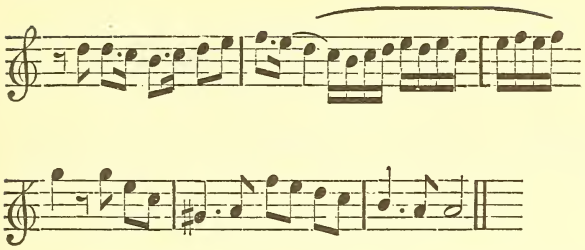
The Frenzy's less Love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure ;
Yet do both, aiming no higher
Than for to see, and to admire :
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

Had there in *Sylvia* nothing shin'd,
But the unseen Charms of her Mind ;
You would have had the like Esteem
For her, that I have still for them :
If Flesh and Blood your Flame inspire,
Then make those only your Desire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove,
'Tis not her Mind alone you love ;
Let her 'twixt us her self impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart :
As little Cause then you will find
As I do now, to love her Mind.

Cælia's *Complaint.*



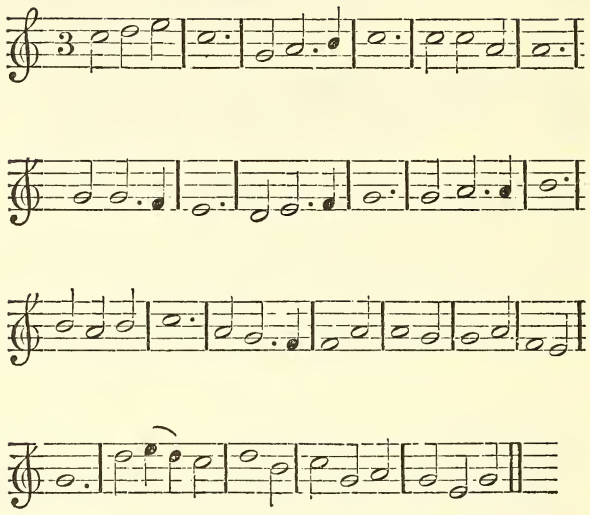


POor *Cælia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheek would make you mad;
Upon her Lips, did all the Graces play,
And on her Breast ten Thousand (Thousand) *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From Seventeen to Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty Flame,
But she forsooth affected none:
One was not handsom, the other was not fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th' other Day it was my Fate,
To walk along that way alone,
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her Door I heard her Mone;
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

AMYNTOR's *Welladay.*



CHloris now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's sheep are gone astray;
And all the joy he took to see,
His pretty Lambs run after thee,
Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay).

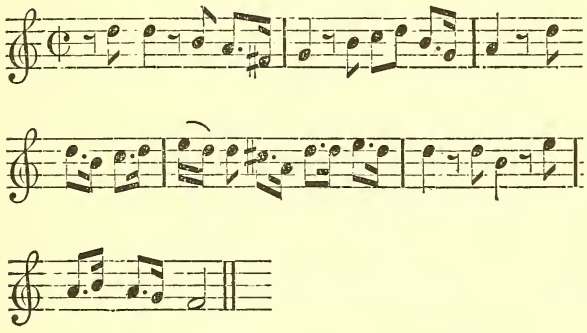
His Oaten Pipe that in thy praise,
Was wont to play such round delays:
Is thrown away, and not a Swain,
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
'Tis death for any one to say,
One word to him, but welladay.

The

The May-pole where thy little feet,
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no Content,
Comes near *Amyntor* since you went,
All that I ever heard him say,
Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head;
And whisper'd there such pining woe;
As not a blade of Grass will grow:
O Chloris! Chloris! come away,
And hear *Amyntor's* Welladay.

A Lady to a Young Courtier.



LOve thee! good Sooth, Not I,
I've something else to do;
Alas! you must go Learn to talk,
Before you Learn to woo;
Nay fie, stand, off, go too, go too.

Because

Because you're in the fashion,
And newly come to Court;
D'ye think your Cloaths are Orators,
T' invite unto the sport?
Ha! ha! who will not jeer thee for't!

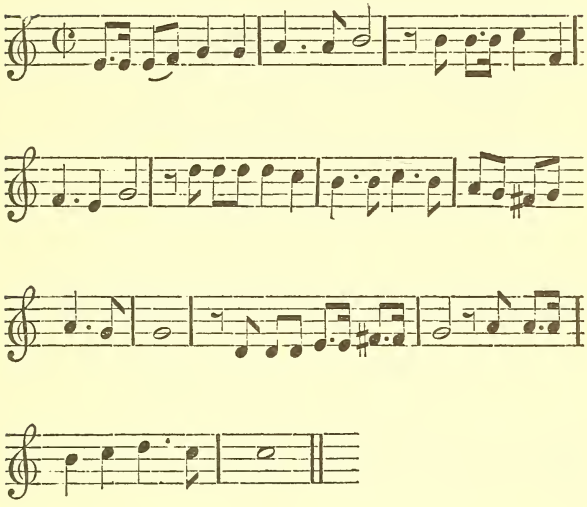
Ne'er look so sweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band;
We know you trim your borrow'd Curls,
To shew your pretty hand:
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practice how to jeer,
And think each word a Jest,
That's the Court Wit: Alas! you're out,
To think when finely drest,
You please me or the Ladies:

And why so confident,
Because that lately we,
Have brought another lofty word,
Unto our Pedigree?
Your inside seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;
Ay marry, there's a Wit,
Who cares not what he says or swears,
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny such blades a bit?

A Description of CHLORIS.



HAve you e'er seen the Morning Sun,
From fair *Aurora's* bosom run?
Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed,
The Essences of white and red?
Then you may boast, for you have seen,
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

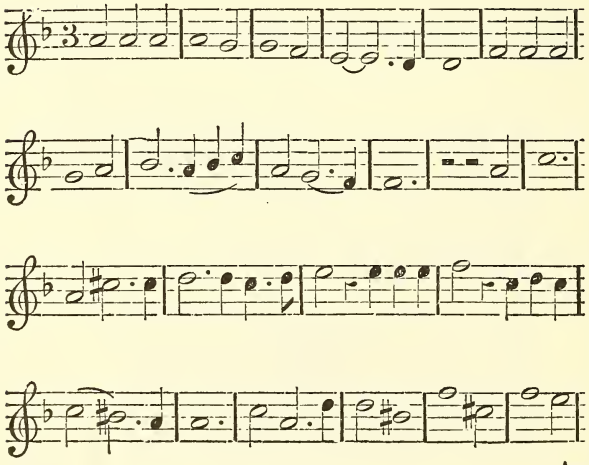
Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears,
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er hear'd the Syrens sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voice.

Have

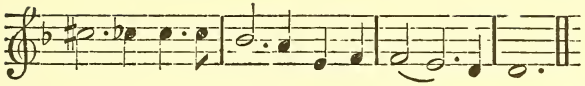
Have you e'er smelt what Chymick Skill,
From Rose or Amber doth distill?
Have you been near that sacrifice
The Phœnix makes before she dies?
Then you can tell (I do presume)
My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee,
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taste that meat,
Which Poets say that Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

AMYNTOR'S *Dream*.



As



AS sad *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,
Slumbring upon a bed of new made Hay,
A Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his Eyes,
Whereat he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* crys;
Chloris, where art thou *Chloris?* Oh, she's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

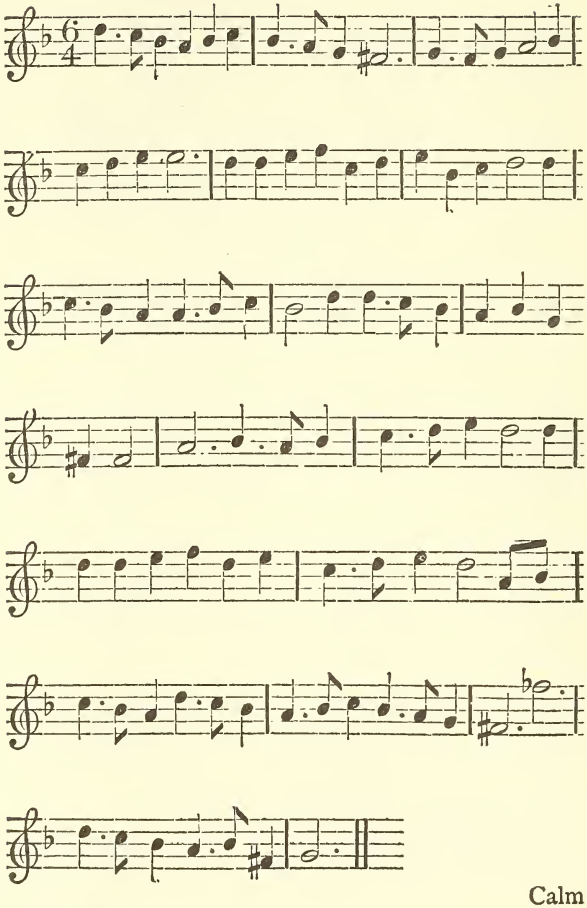
Hark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain,
To stop her course, and beat her back again:
Hark how the Heavens chide her in her way,
For robbing poor *Amyntor* of his joy:
And yet she comes not *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Come, *Chloris*, come, see where *Amyntor* lies,
Just as you left him, but with sadder eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou hast stolen from me,
That Lovers may record thy constancy:
O! no she will not, *Chloris?* O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

O! lend me (Love) thy wings that I may fly,
Into her Bosom, take my leave and die;
What Comfort have I now i'th' World since she,
That was my World of joy is gone from me:
My Love, my *Chloris? Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Awake *Amyntor* from this Dream for she,
Hath too much goodness to be false to thee;
Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
And those will quickly satisfie thy Fears:
No, no *Amyntor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return unto thy longing Bed.

A SONG.



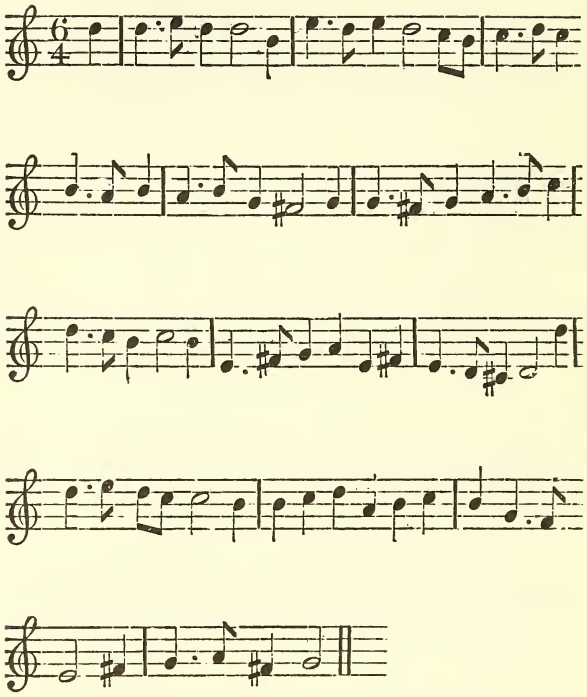
Calm

CAlm was the Ev'ning, and clear was the Sky,
And the sweet budding Flowers did spring;
When all alone went *Amyntor*, and I,
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
I sate, and he laid him down by me
And scarcely his breath he could draw:
But when with a fear, he began to come near,
He was dash'd with a *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire:
But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire,
Ah, *Sylvia!* said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest, with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

I knew it was his Passion that caused his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his case;
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his face:
But as we grow bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw:
And straight as our bliss, began with a kiss,
He laught out with a *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

A SONG.



THUS all our lives long we're Frolick and gay,
And instead of Court Revels we merrily Play
At Trap, and Kettles, and Barley-break run,
At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
These innocent Sports, we Laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

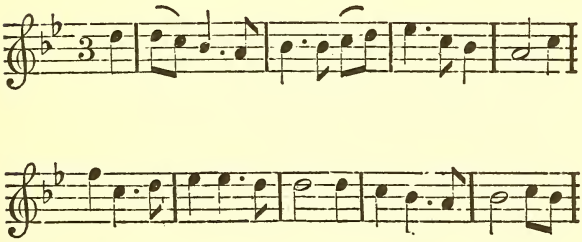
We

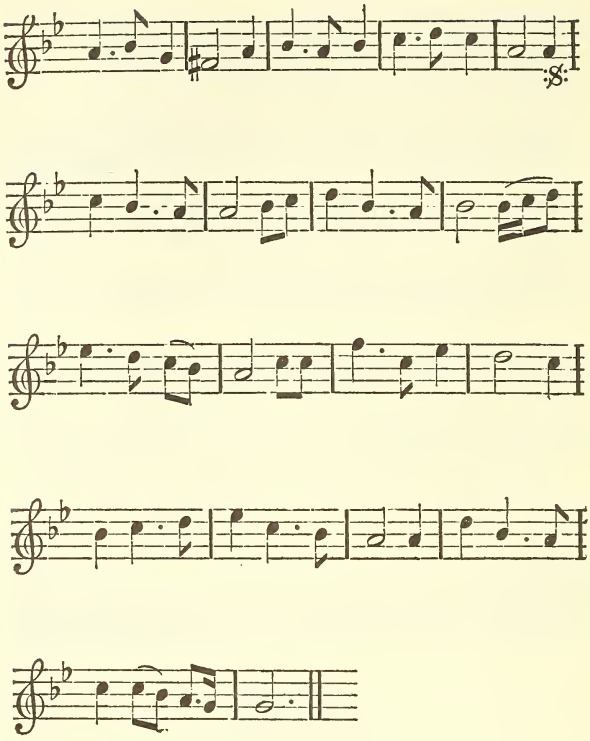
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Patridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry,
The nimble Squirrels, with Cudgel we chase,
And the little pretty Lark, betray with a glass:
And when we have done, we Laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

About the May-pole we Dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd;
Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
To the gay Lad, and bright Lady o'th' *May:*
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we Kiss and we Toy,
What others but Dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally, so long till we find,
Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done, we Laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a green Gown.

A SONG.





WHere ever I am, or whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my Mind;
When Angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My Feet of themselves the way find:
Unknown to my self, I am just at her Door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
Then *Phillis*, too fair and Unkind:
Then *Phillis*, too fair and Unkind.

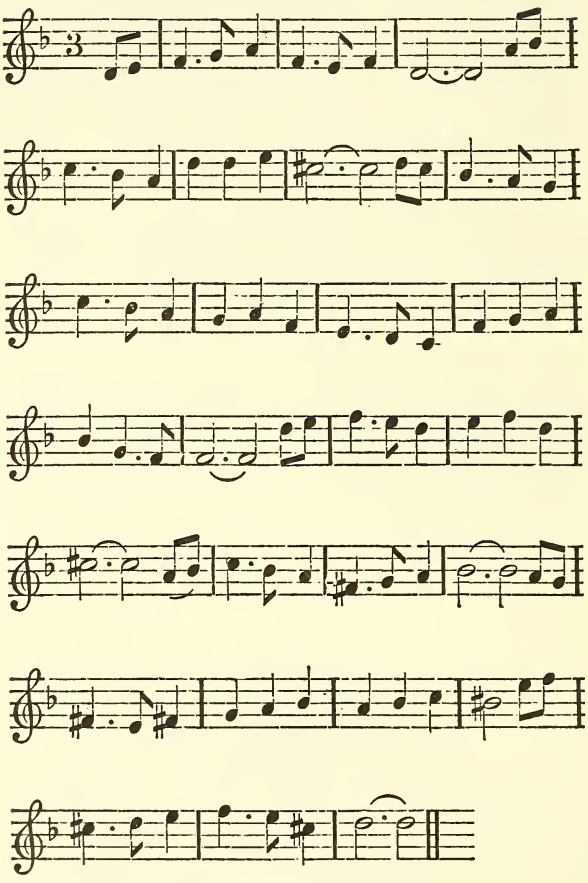
When

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my Breast,
And the Love I would stifle is shown;
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone:
Sometimes a sweet Dream doth delude my sad Mind,
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone!
Then I sigh to my self all alone!

Should a King be my Rival, in her I adore,
He should offer his Treasure in vain;
O let me alone to be Happy and Poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Desart, with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign:
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas! I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own Pow'r;
She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow Jealous each Hour:
But let her each Minute Torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r:
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

A SONG.



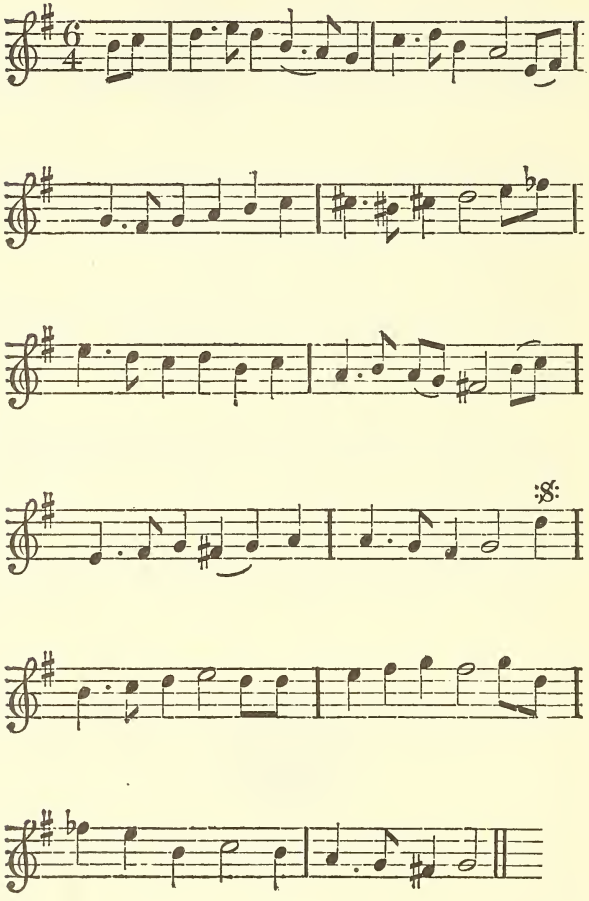
HOW

HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain ;
All my hopes of Delight, are another Man's right,
Who is Happy, whilst I am in Pain :
Since her Honour affords no relief,
But to pity the Pains which you bear ;
'Tis the best of your Fate, in a hopeless estate,
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain,
Yet I Wish what I hope not to win ;
For without my desire has no Food to its fire
But it burns and consumes me within :
Yet at least, 'tis a Comfort to know,
That you are not unhappy alone ;
For the Nymph you adore, is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your suff'rings her own.

O you Pow'rs ! let me suffer for both,
At the Feet of my *Phillis* I'll lie ;
I'll resign up my Breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I Dye :
What her Honour deny'd you in Life,
In her Death she will give to her Love ;
Such a flame as is true, after Fate will renew,
When the Souls do meet closer above.

A SONG.



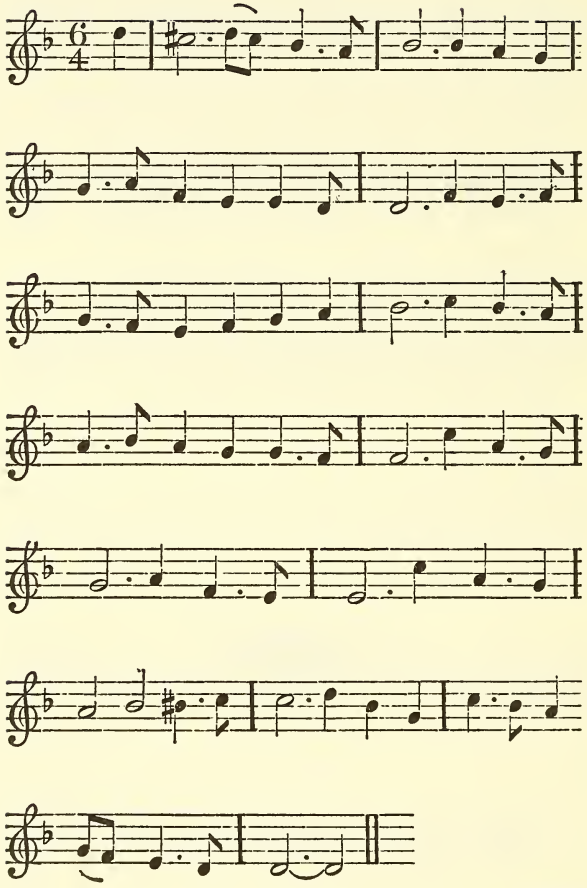
As

AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A Lass was deploring her hapless Estate;
In a Languishing posture, poor Maid she appears,
All swell'd with her sighs, and blubber'd with her Tears:
She Cry'd and she Sobb'd, and I found it was all,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,
Will not Youth come succour a languishing Maid?
With what he with ease and pleasure may give,
Without which alass, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and Call,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

At first when I saw a young Man in the place,
My Colour would fade, and then flush in my Face;
My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
My Breast never Popp'd up and down so before:
I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

A SONG.



Be-

BEneath a Mirtle shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the Object of my waking thought:
Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.

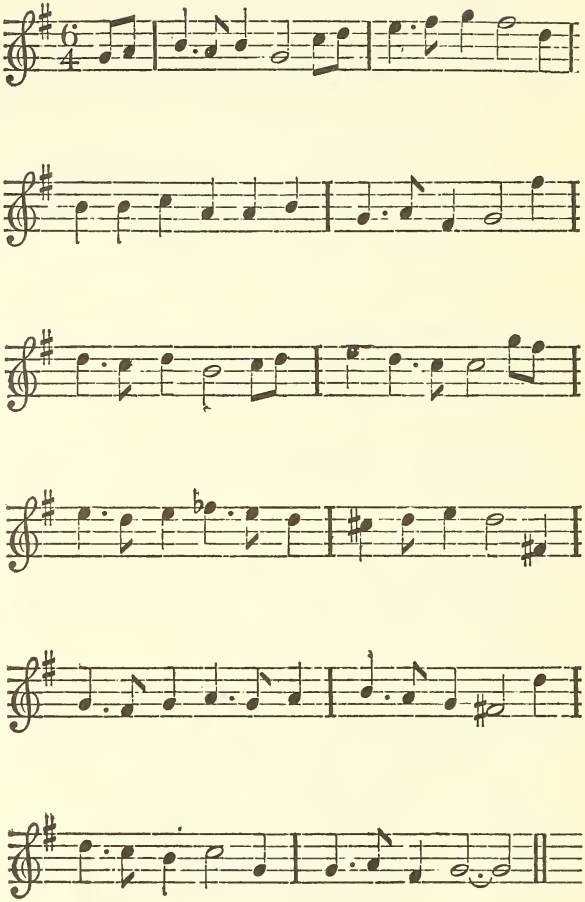
From the bright Vision's head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples, fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too Brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace, my Heart did fire,
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with desire.

Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you, my Bliss and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade,
Was for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me,
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me Dye, she said,
Rather than lose the Spotless name of Maid;
Faintly she spoke me-thought for all the while,
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:
Then dye said I, she still deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? and so she Dy'd.

I Wak'd, and straight I knew,
I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do:
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can Dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep, or waking you must ease my pain.

A SONG.



Me-

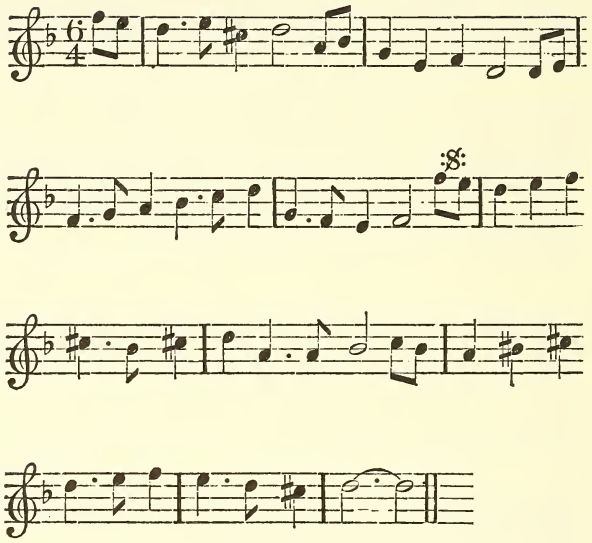
METhinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By Fools who at once, can both Love and Dispair,
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair:
VVhich justly provokes me in Rhime to express,
The truth that I know of my Bonny black *Bess*.

This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her VVaste,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the Best.

The Plow-man, and Squire, the Erranter Clown.
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown,
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit:
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord —s Drums;

But to those who have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to soften her Charms
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to Lisp, and trip in her pace:
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if she would Dye.

A SONG.



O The time that is past,
When she held me so fast,
And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last;
When no light but her languishing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,
With such Trembling and hast,
As if she had long'd to be closer Imbrac'd;
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my Mind was in search of hid Treasure imploy'd.

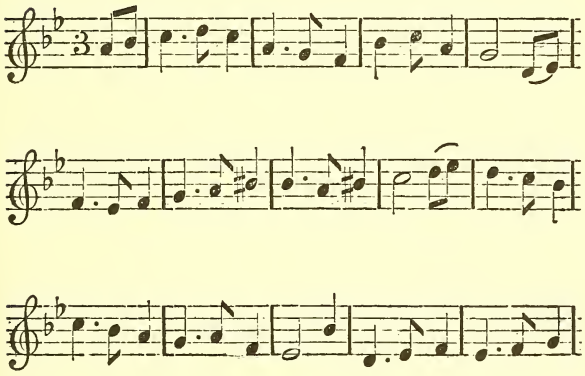
My

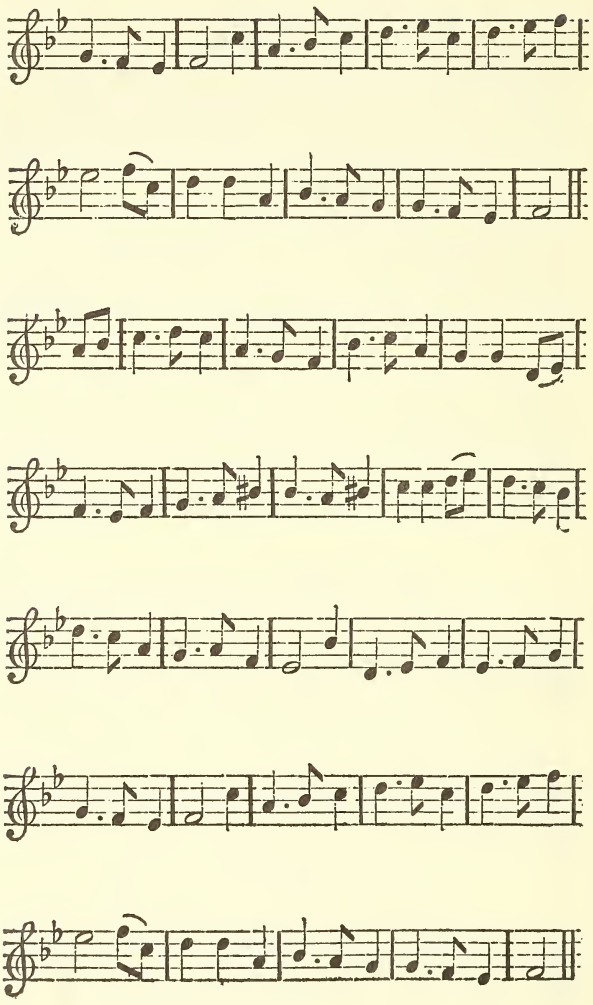
My Heart set on fire,
With the flames of desire,
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require ;
But she cry'd for pity-sake, change your ill Mind,
Pray *Amyntas* be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear *Amyntas* she crys,
Then casts down her Eyes,
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denys ;
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
Till her free Consent had more sweetned the Prey.

But too late I begun,
For her Passion was done,
Now *Amyntas* she crys, I will never be won ;
Your Tears and your Courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the Critical minute of Love.

The TOWN *Gallant.*





LET us drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, & Rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;
The changeable World to our Joy is unjust,
All Treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust:
In Frolicks dispose your Pounds Shillings and Pence,
For we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kiss and be free with *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oysters and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly,
Fish Dinners will make a Lass spring like a Flea,
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea:
With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the sence,
For we shall be past it a Hundred years hence.

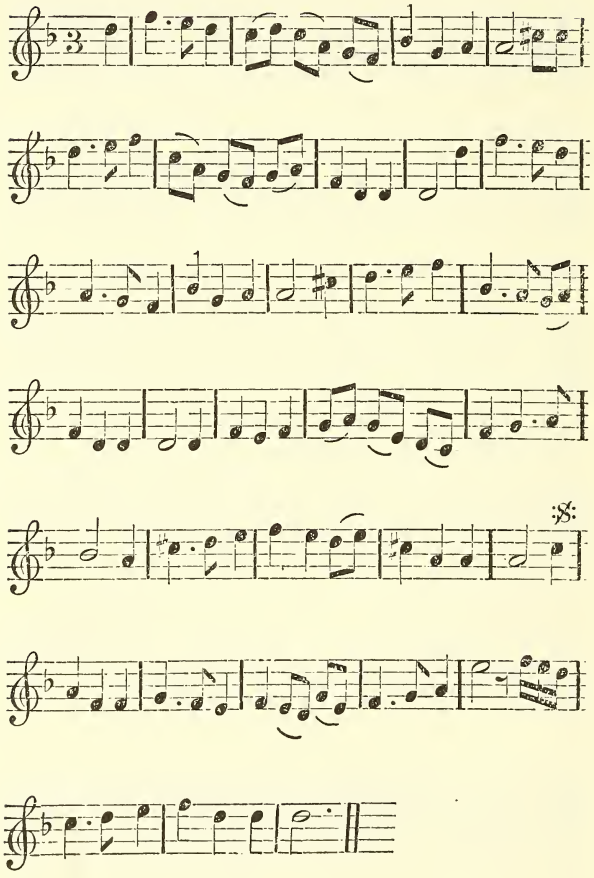
Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sells for a Hogo of Honour;
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendor,
That none but the stars, are thought fit to attend her:
Tho' now she be pleasant and sweet to the sence,
Will be damnable Mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Usurer that in the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,
Lays up for a Season which he shall ne'er see,
The Year One thousand eight hundred and three:
His Wit, and his Wealth, his Learning, and Sence,
Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who subtilty thrives,
In spinning our Suits to the length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in Slavery,
Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knav'ry:
May boast of Subtilty in th' Present Tense,
But *Non est Inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoile in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears;
Let's eat, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain *post mortem nulla Voluptas:*
Let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence,
Have Broods to succeed us a Hundred years hence.

DORINDA *Lamenting the loss of her* AMYNTAS.

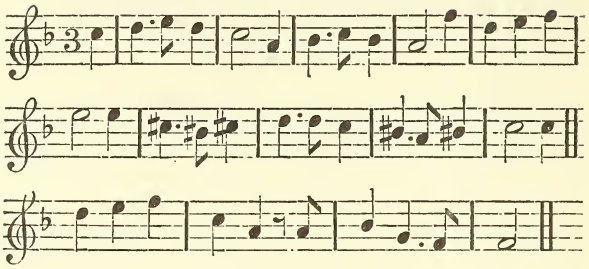


A Dieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love,
For a Passion more noble my fancy does move ;
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In sorrowful Notes my *Amyntas* his Name :
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain,
Thou never shalt see thy *Amyntas* again ;
For Death has befriended him,
Fate has defended him,
None, none alive is so happy a Swain.

You Shepherds & Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,
Come help me to Sing forth *Amyntas* his Praise ;
No Swain for the Garland, durst with him dispute,
So sweet were his Notes, while he sang to his Lute :
Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,
To Weave him a Garland, with Cypress and Yew ;
For Life hath forsaken him,
Death hath o'ertaken him,
No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late ;
You Ecchoes, and Fountains, my witnesses prove,
How deeply I Sigh for the loss of my Love :
And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
This favour I never will cease to Implore ;
That now I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love,
Then, then I never will part with him more.

A SONG.



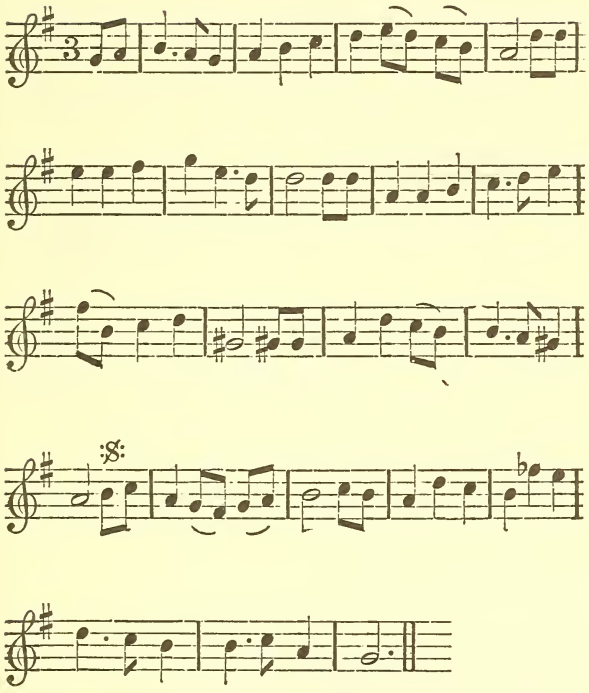
LET's Love and lets Laugh,
Let's Dance and let's Sing;
While shrill Ecchoes ring;
Our Wishes agree,
And from Care we are free,
Then who is so Happy, so happy as we?

We'll press the soft Grass,
Each Swain with his Lass,
And follow the Chase;
When weary we be,
We'll sleep under a Tree,
Then who is so Happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud,
No Shepherds betray'd,[i]
Or Cheats the fond Ma d;
No false subtle Knee,
To deceive us we see,
Then who is so Happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor,
That wish for no more;
Some Richer may be,
And of higher degree,
And none are so Happy, so happy as we.

A SONG.



LET the daring Advent'rers be toss'd on the Main,
And for Riches no Danger decline ;
Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
They can bring us no Treasure like Wine ;
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
They can bring us no Treasure like Wine.

Enough

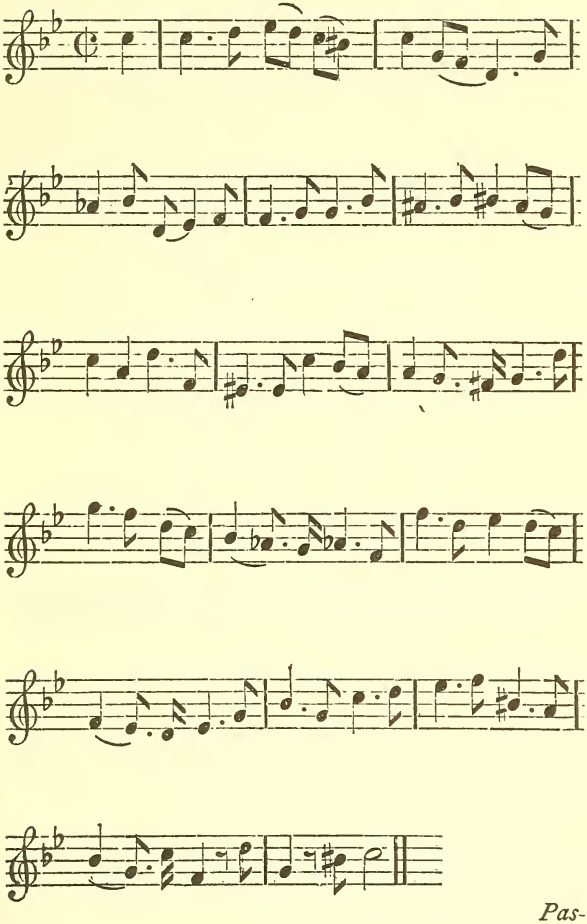
Enough of such Wealth would a *Beggar* enrich,
And supply great wants in a King ;
'Twould smooth off the Griefs in a comfortless Wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
'Twould smooth, &c.

There's none that groans under a burthensome Life,
If this Sovereign Balsom he gains,
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, &c.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind :
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine ;
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich ;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.

A SONG.



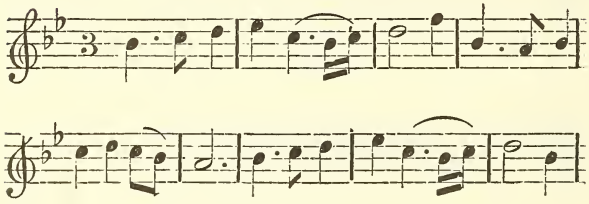
Pas-

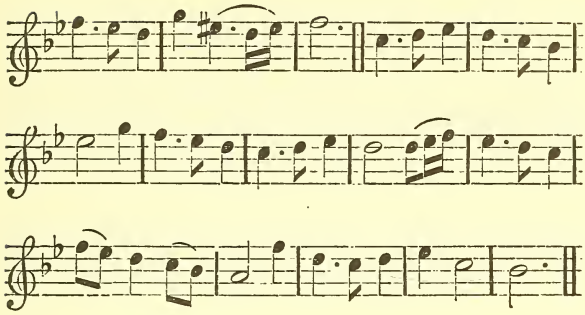
PAstora's Beauties when unblown,
E'er yet the tender Budd did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Power I did perceive :
How often in the dead of Night,
When all the World lay hush'd in Sleep ;
Have I thought this my chief Delight,
To sigh for you, for you to weep.

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white,
No Letter yet did ever stain :
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The Fair *Pastora* here must Reign :
Her Eyes, those darling Suns shall prove
Thy Love to be of noblest Race ;
Which took its Flight so far above,
All Humane things on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise,
A Love that was infus'd by you ;
You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
And all its Griefs that did ensue :
The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
How long shall I of that complain ;
Now shew the Power you have to heal,
And take away the tott'ring Pain.

A SONG.





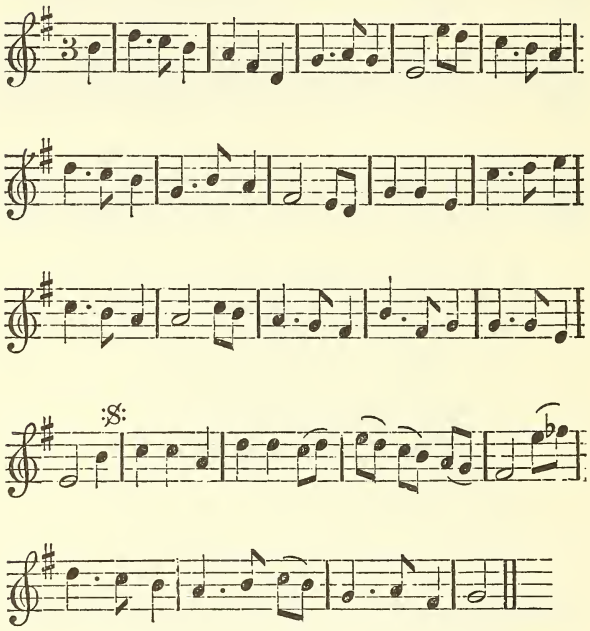
HAil to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Vertue all Freedom yields,
Beauty here opens her Arms,
To soften the languishing Mind;
And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms:
Ah *Phillis!* ah! why so kind?

Phillis, the Soul of Love,
The Joy of Neighbouring Swains:
Phillis that crowns the Groves,
And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the Skill,
To paint, or to patch, or to be fine;
Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis, whose charming Tongue,
Makes Labour and Pain a Delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And shortens the live-long Night:
Phillis, whose Lips like *May*,
Still laugh at the Sweets they bring,
Where Love never knew Decay,
But sets with eternal Spring.

The

The Claret *Bottle.*



A Pox of the fooling and plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions and Fears;
Let 'em scuffle and jarr till they go by the Ears:
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at Quiet.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?

At

At Old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to drink and their
King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
H'as no room for Treason that's top full of Wine.

I mind not the Menders and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em sit or prorogue as his Majesty pleases;
Let 'em damn us to Woolen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when Dead, so alive I have Wine:
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To curse 'em for making my Claret so dear.

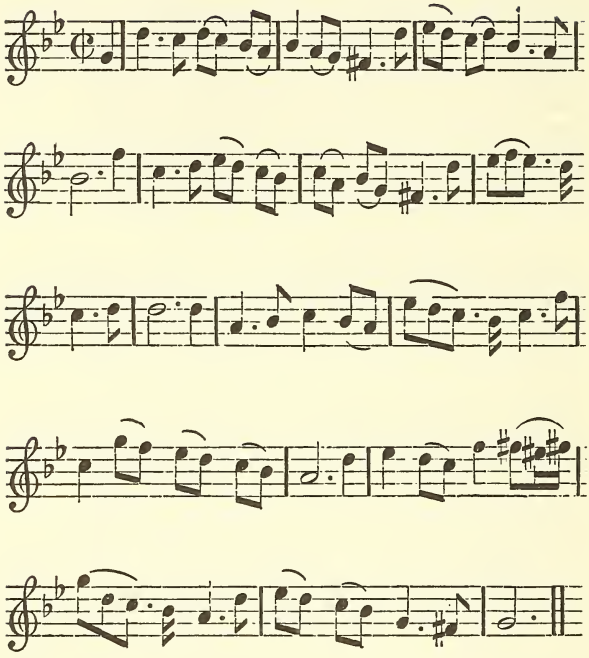
I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate,
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his Head with who shall come after.
Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and Mounsieur *d'Avaux;*
What concerns it my Drinking if *Cassal* be sold,
If the Conqueror takes it by storming or Gold.
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches &
treat,
To afford News-mongers, and Coffee-House that,
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat,
No, I swear Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that:
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.

A SONG.



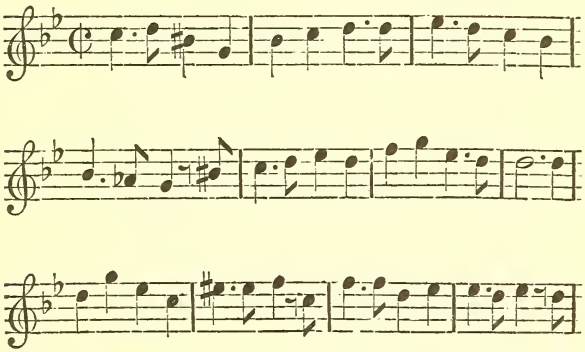
RAnging the Plain one Summers night,
To pass a vacant hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light,
On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r,
The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,
In expectation sate,
To meet those Joys in *Strephon's* Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.

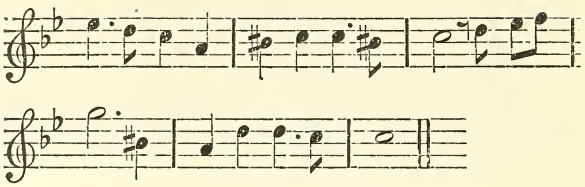
Up-

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
  Her breast did gently rise ;
That e'ry Lover might have read,
  Her Wishes in her Eyes :
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
  She suddenly would start ;
A cold on all her Body seiz'd,
  A trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she Lov'd,
  Beyond his hour had stay'd ;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd,
  The melancholly Maid :
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,
  He would be here by One ;
But now alas ! 'tis Six and more,
  And yet he is not come.

On *MARRIAGE.*





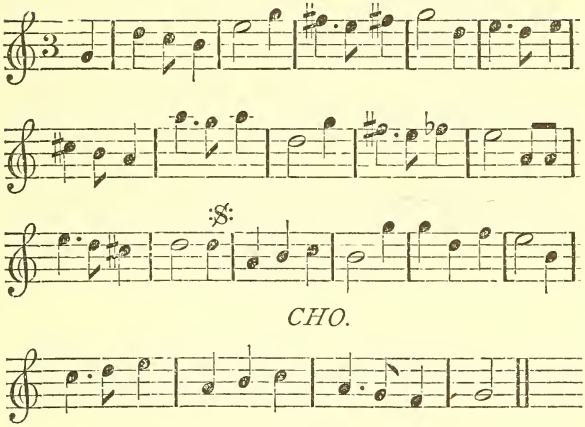
HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
And be by the Nose by Woman led,
Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;
For that lew'd Instrument, a Wife,
If that she be enclin'd to strife,
Will find a Man shrill Musick all his life,
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we see,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Solescims connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belyed,
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a sight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
His Pennance shall be well encreast,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast;
And when's Confession he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing else to do but say *Amen*.
He has nothing, &c.

A Song.



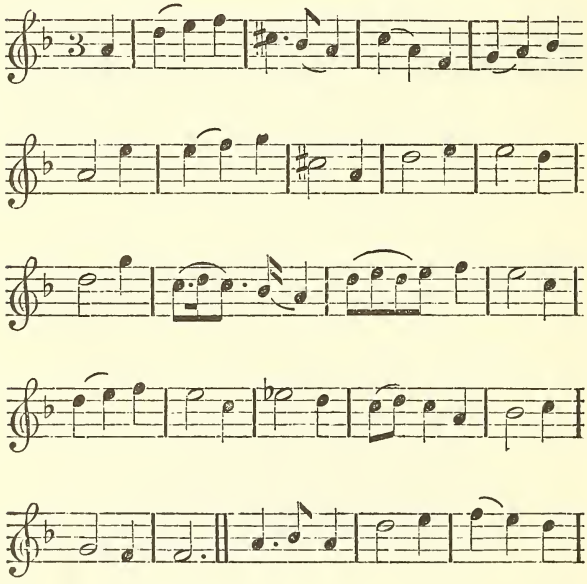
A Curse on all Cares,
And popular Fears,
Come let's to the *Bell*,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take of our Glass,
Nay it shall not one pass:
Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good store.

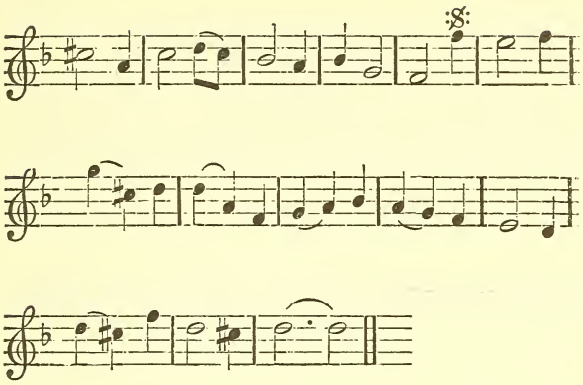
Come fill up your Wine,
Look, fill it like mine,
Here Boys, I begin,
A good Health to the King;
Jack, see it go round,
Whilst with Mirth we abound:
Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good store.

Nay

Nay, don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave ?
The Glass is not big,
What-a-pox, you're no Whig ;
Come drink up the rest,
Or be merry at least :
Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good store.

A SONG.

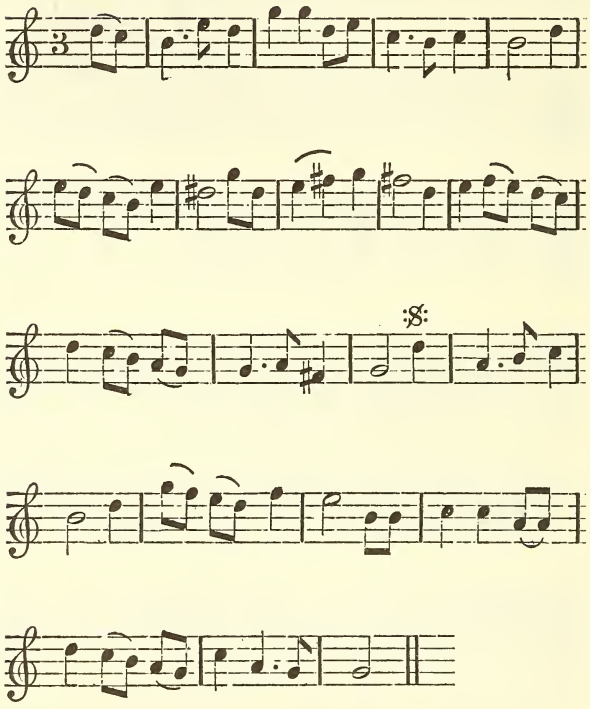




BElieve me *Fenny*, for I tell you true,
These Sighs, these Sobs, these tears, are all for you;
Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?
It's not enough, you cruel Fair,
To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?
At least, that ridged Sentence spare;
Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not Dissimulation, baser Art,
Stifle the busie Passion of your Heart:
Yet, let the Candor of your Mind,
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,
The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A SONG.



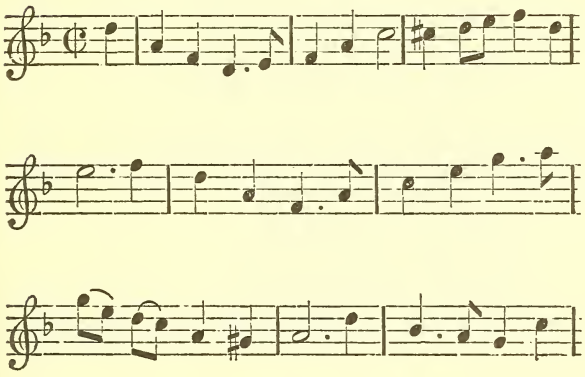
A Pox of dull mortals of the grave and precise,
Who past the Delight,
We enjoy each Night,
Give Counsel, instruct us, to be counted more wise:
When Nature excites,
And Beauty invites,
Let us follow, let us follow, our own appetites.

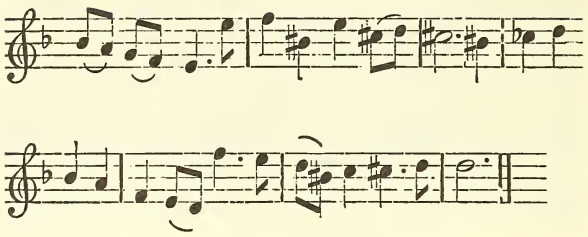
The

The brisk vigour of youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
The force of Desires,
Which kind Love inspires,
Are too powerful Motives, and can't be withstood:
If Love be a Crime,
We're yet in our Prime;
Let's never grow wise, and repent e'er our time.

Then we'll boldly go on, whilst we're lusty and strong,
Whilst fit for the Task,
Of a Vizard Mask,
And still be as happy as still we are young;
Whilst the impotent Sot,
Rails, curses his Lot,
And being past his Pleasures, would have 'em forgot.

A SONG.



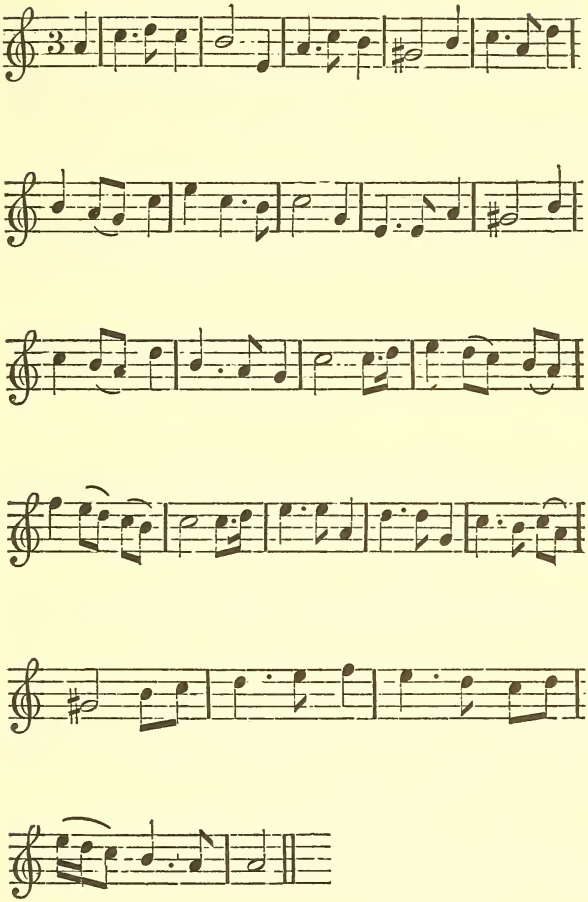


YE happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,
Teach me the Art of Love:
That I the like success may find,
My Shepherdess to move:
Long have I strove to win her Heart,
But yet alas! in vain;
For she still acts one cruel part,
Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure,
Consumes my Life away;
Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
Languishing night and day:
Yet she regardless of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
I'm punish'd so severe;
Tell me, that I may expiate;
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have resolv'd, that I,
No mercy shall obtain;
Let her persist in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.

A SONG.

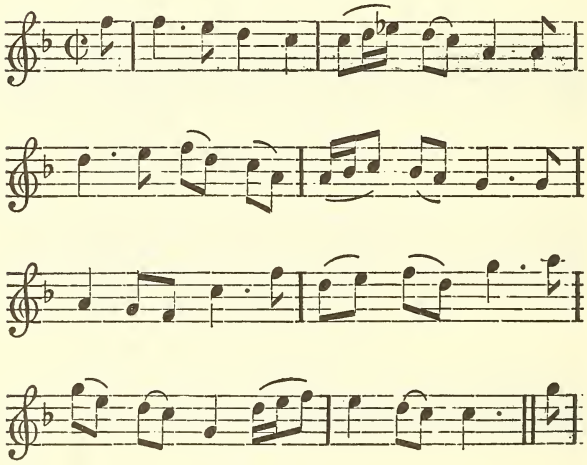


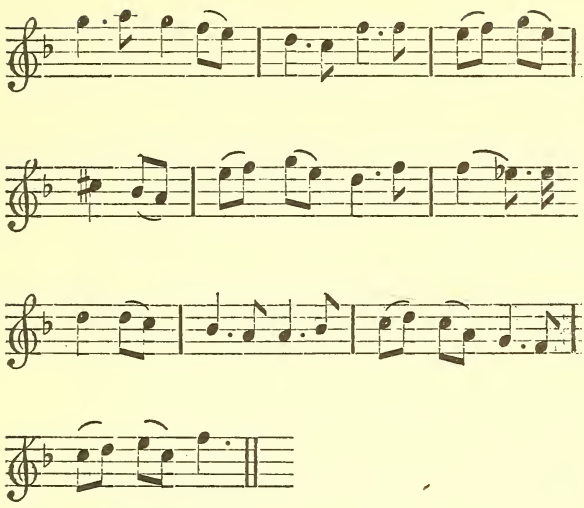
My

MY Life and my Death, are both in your pow'r,
I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour;
Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
But alas! that's too kind for me ever to prove:
Could you guess with what pain my poor Heart is oppprest,
I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
Thus sighing and musing 'tis all for my Love;
No place can I find that does yield me Relief,
My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
But when my kind Stars let me see him, (oh then!)
I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

A SONG.

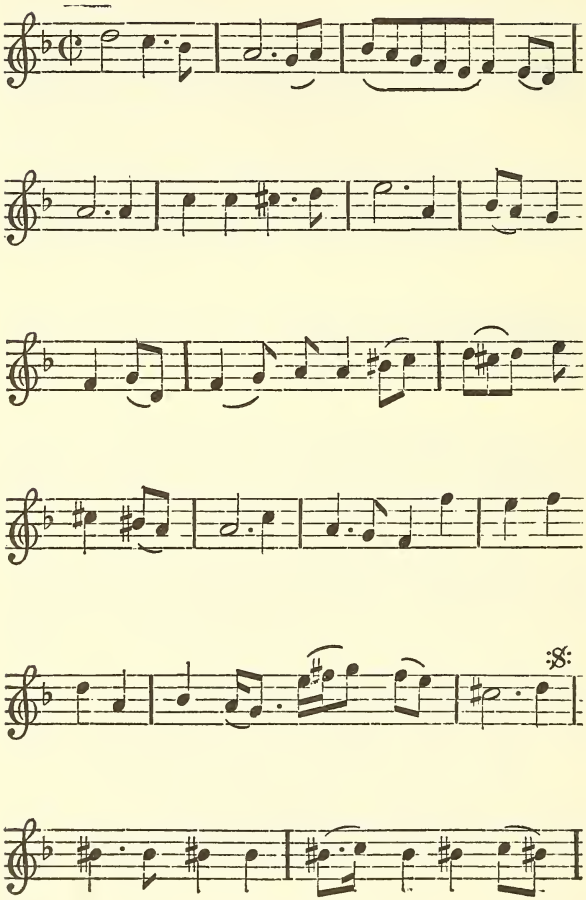


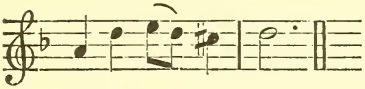


AS *May* in all her youthful Dress,
My Love so gay did once appear;
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
And Roses did inhabit there:
Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each night new Pleasures did create;
Harmonious words dropp'd from her Tongue,
And *Cupid* on her Fore-head sate.

But as the Sun to West declines,
The Eastern Sky does colder grow;
And all its blushing Looks resigns,
To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
My *Cloe* then was kind and gay;
But when by time I lost the Charm,
Her smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

A SONG.



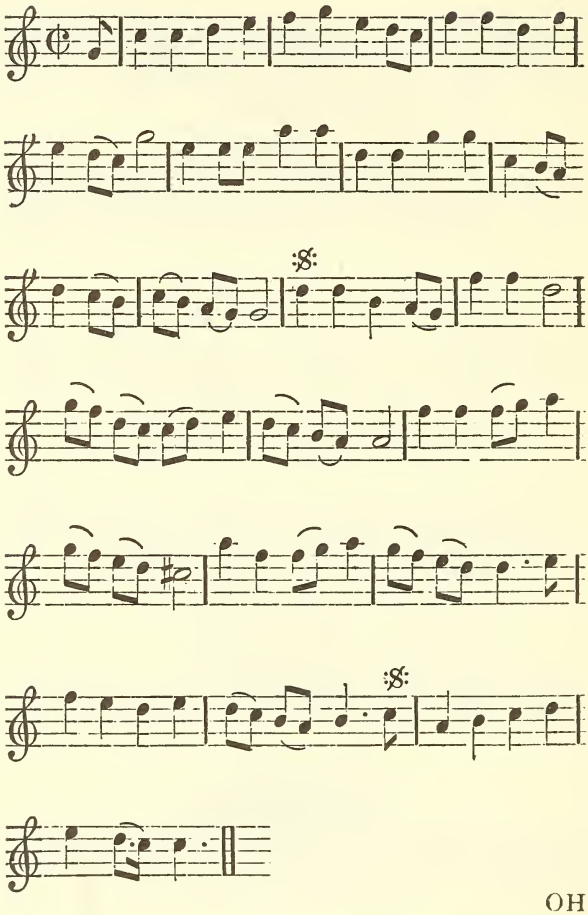


WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For *Strephon's* now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, see upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddess stripp'd appears;
They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born;
Had sworn by *Styx* to show his Power,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn:
For *Strephon's* Breast he aim'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and shot him thro' the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella's* Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes;
He cry'd, Remember when I am Dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, you Love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he Loves not you.

A SONG.



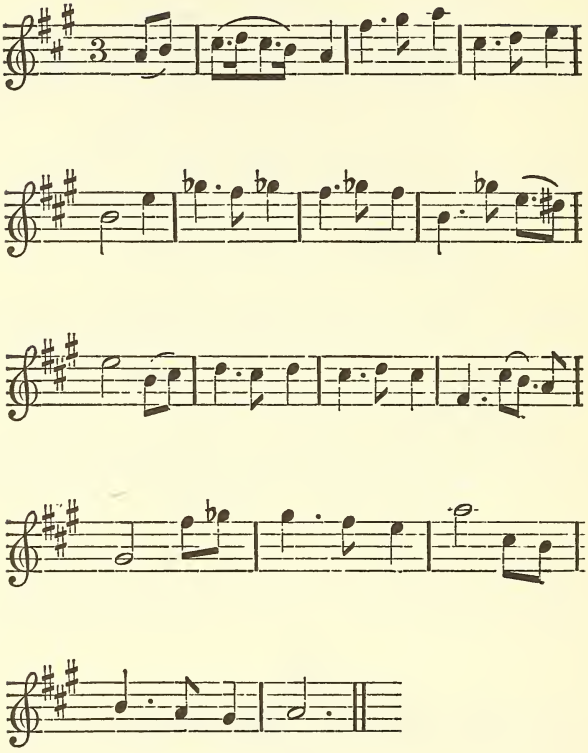
OH

OH Mother, *Roger* with his Kisses
Almost stops my Breath, I vow;
Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
And yet he says he loves me too?
Tell me, Mother, pray now do!
Pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger *means when he does so?*
For never stir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beside it,
Something in my Mouth he put;
I call'd him Beast, and try'd to Bite it,
But for my Life I cannot do't;
Tell me Mother, pray now do, &c.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours,
Pray tell me Mother what is that?
Tell me Mother what is that?
For never stir I long to know.

A SONG.



YOur Gamester, provok'd by his Loss may forswear,
And rayl against Play, yet can never forbear;
Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,
In Passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

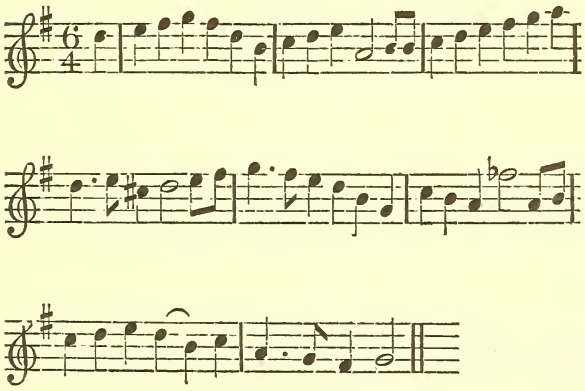
So

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain,
Of those fatal Wounds, which Love gets by disdain;
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers agen.

Clarissa, I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;
In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your forces in Arms to destroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,
To make me a saver for all my Life past;
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

A SONG.



How

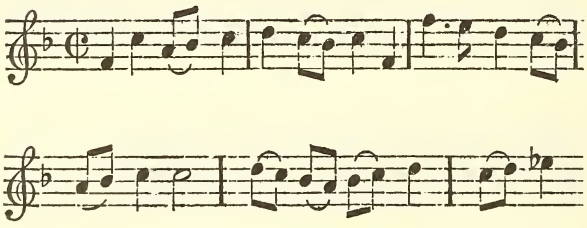
HOW lovely's a Woman before she's Enjoy'd,
When the spirits are strong, & the Fancy not cloy'd!
We admire every Part, tho' never so plain,
Which when throughly possest, we quickly disdain.

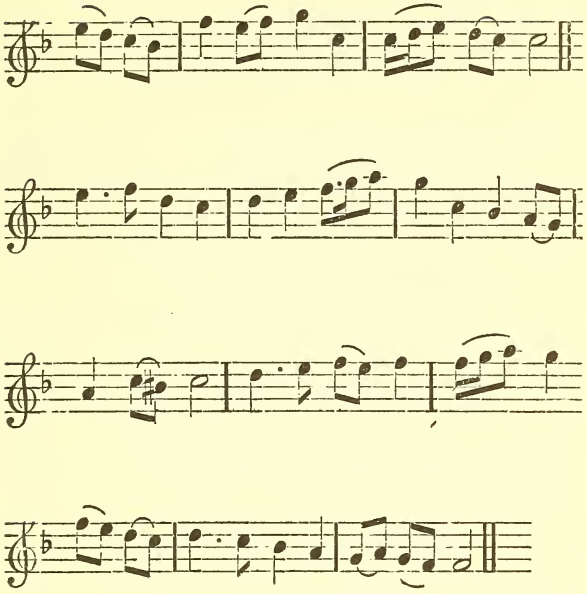
So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
For when we are at it we Foolishly prate;
What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit,
But next Morning's Pains, our Pleasure do quit.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,
'Tis Pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon;
'Tis Charming at Night, to sing Catches in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;
Therefore by consent, we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Music for you, and the Woman for me.

A SONG.





FAirest Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without dissembling Art;
Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart:
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no sullen Clouds appear;
Graces there are less adorning,
Than below, when *Cælia's* there.

Ev'ry tuneful Breast confesses,
Sounds by you improve their Power;
Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses,
Humbly tells us his Amour:

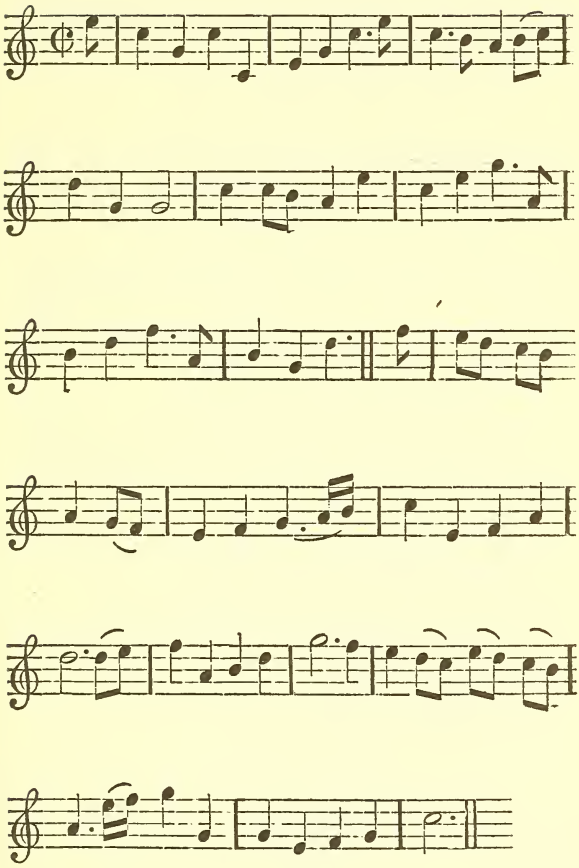
Such

Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
Faithful *Strephon* ne'er denies;
Such a Treasure in possessing,
All the Bills of Love supplies.

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
Feeble Hopes my flames pursue;
Ever finding a Denyal,
Where my softest Love was true:
But my Heart knows no retreating,
No decay can ease my Pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
Tho' the Prize is sought in vain.

For if e're my *Cælia's* Treasure,
Must her Virgin sweets resign;
Love shall flow with equal Measure,
And I'll boldly call her mine:
'Till her Panting Wedding Lover,
Grown uneasy by my Claim;
Leaves me freely to discover
Golden Coasts without a Name.

A SONG.



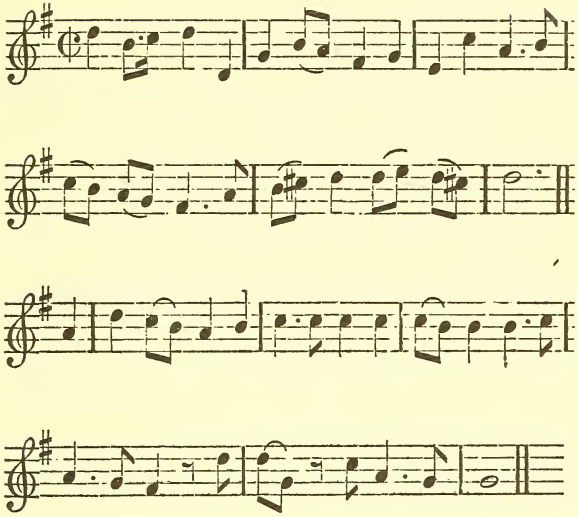
SAbina in the dead of Night,
In restless Slumbers wishing lay,
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
To loose Desires did lead the way:
I step'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
And sure *Sabina* saw,
And sure *Sabina* saw,
And sure *Sabina* saw,
I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did sleep;
I call'd *Sabina* softly in her Ear,
And sure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all
Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy),
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
To search for hidden Treasury:
So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel,
And sure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
And she without a Blush receives;
As by dissembling most are coy,
She by Dissembling freely gives:
For you may safely say, nay swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel,
She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.

A SONG.



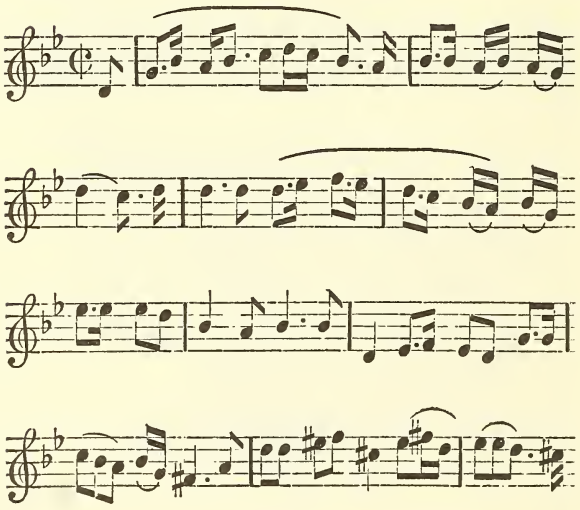
WHY is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possest,
Of what I dare not name.

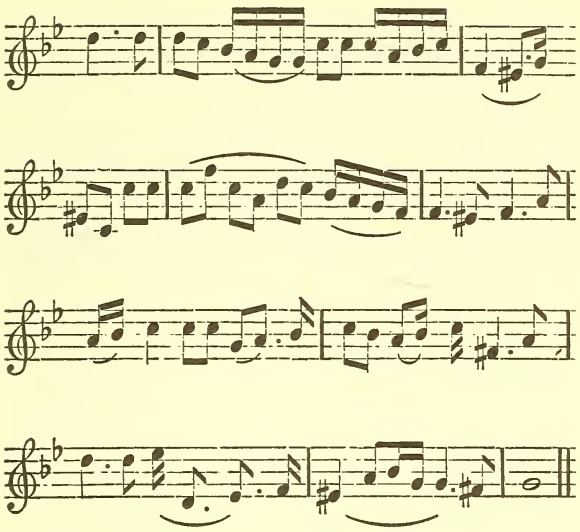
Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will suffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give,
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
  Fanning my raging Flame ;
That Shape so made to be imbrac't,
What would I give I might but taste,
  Of what I dare not name !

In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
  And that vain Breath call'd Fame ;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I would obtain,
  'Tis that I dare not name.

A SONG.





A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,
Was gliding o'er the Coast of *Sicily;*
When lull'd with soft Repose, a prostrate Maid,
Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:
Her Soul was all tranquile and smooth with Rest,
Like the harmonious Slumbers of the Blest.
Wrapp'd up in Silence, innocent she lay,
And press'd the Flow'rs with Touch as soft as they.

My thoughts in gentless Sounds she did impart,
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;
And as I sung, I grasped her yielding Thighs,
'Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs:
I kiss'd and wish'd, and forag'd all her store,
Yet wallowing in the Pleasure, I was poor;
No kind Relief my Agonies could ease,
I groan'd, and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The

The trembling Nymph all o'er Confusion lay,
Her melting Looks in sweet Disorder play;
Her Colour varys, and her Breath's oppress'd,
And all her Faculties are dispossess'd,
At last impetuously her Pulses move,
She gives a mighty Loose to stifled Love;
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,
Alas! and thus in soft Convulsions dies.

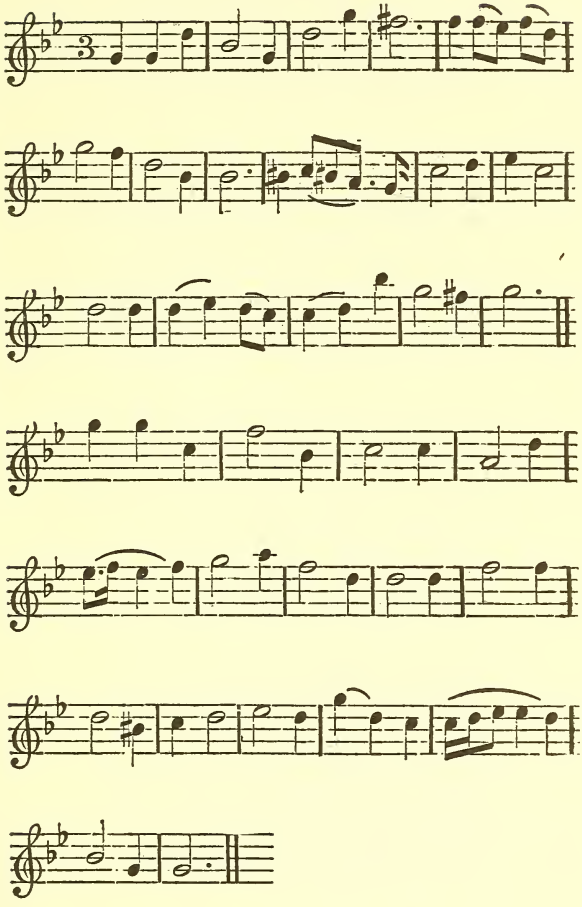
A SONG.

WHen Money has done whate'er it can,
And round about run to pleasure a Man,
Whose Life's but a Span;
With worldly Joys, and the glittering Toys,
Which do make such a Noise;
As confound all Advice that's given by the Wise,
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miseries,
And there to leave him.

Then the World which before,
For his store did adore him,
Strait seems afraid of one decay'd,
And him upbraid of the Wealth,
Which each by's Trade did before deceive him;
But when the Mortal sees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going.

Then he sighs and moans,
And then he pines and groans;
At last he Craves, his Friends 'deny,
At which he raves, and swears he'll die;
And thus he cries,
He ne'er was wise,
Until in Misery he dies;
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

A SONG.



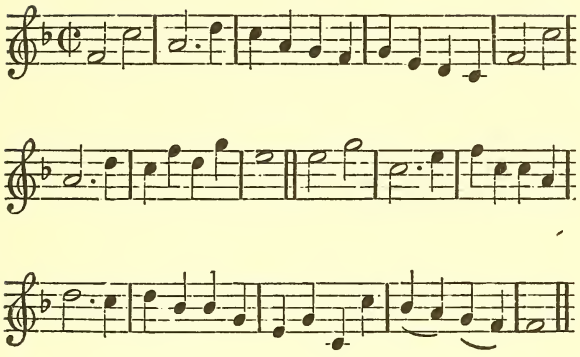
PRetty *Armida* will be kind,
When at her Feet you prostrate lie;
No cruel Looks was e'er design'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye:
Gaze on her Face, and every Part,
That is exposed to your View;
You'll presently conclude her Heart
To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
You may not think that without Pain,
And some Attendance on her Will,
So rich a Prize you shall obtain:
Wooers like Angling-men, must wait,
Womens Time, and give them play,
'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
And you read Yielding in her Eyes;
Yet you alas! may quickly find,
Those Charms do nought but tantalize:
Her Heart may not so easy be
As you imagine, but may prove
As hard as Adamant to thee,
And Proof against the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
Make Trial of, Sir, if you please;
Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
And beg of her Relief and Ease:
But she'll not hear you, for she spies,
That underneath your gilded Bait,
A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
So from your Angle she'll retreat.

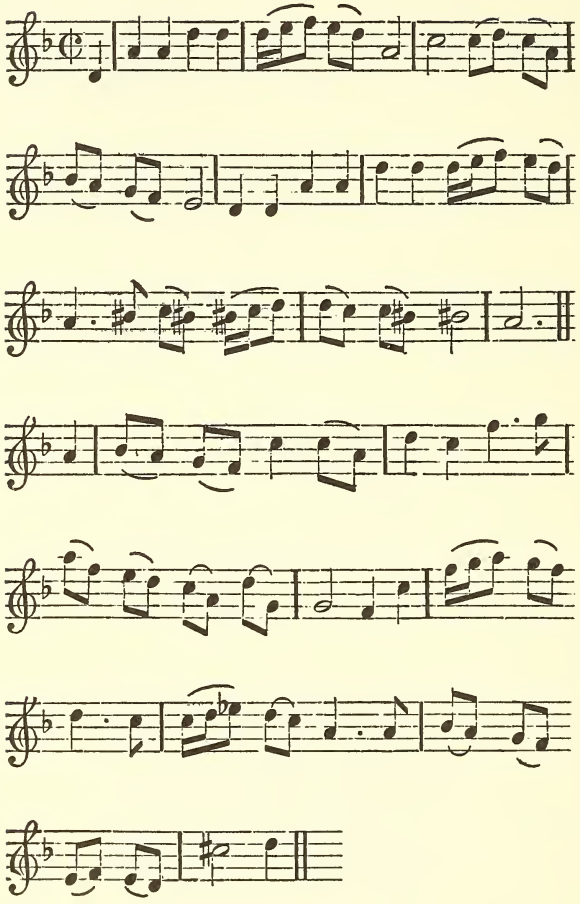
A SONG.



COme Sweet Lass,
This bonny Weather,
Lets together:
Come Sweet Lass,
Let's trip it on the Grass:
Ev'ry where,
Poor *Jockey* seeks his Dear,
And unless you appear,
He sees no Beauty here.

On our Green,
The Loons are Sporting,
Piping Courting;
On our Green,
The Blithest Lads are seen:
There all day,
Our Lasses Dance and play,
And ev'ry one is gay,
But I, when you're away.

A SONG.



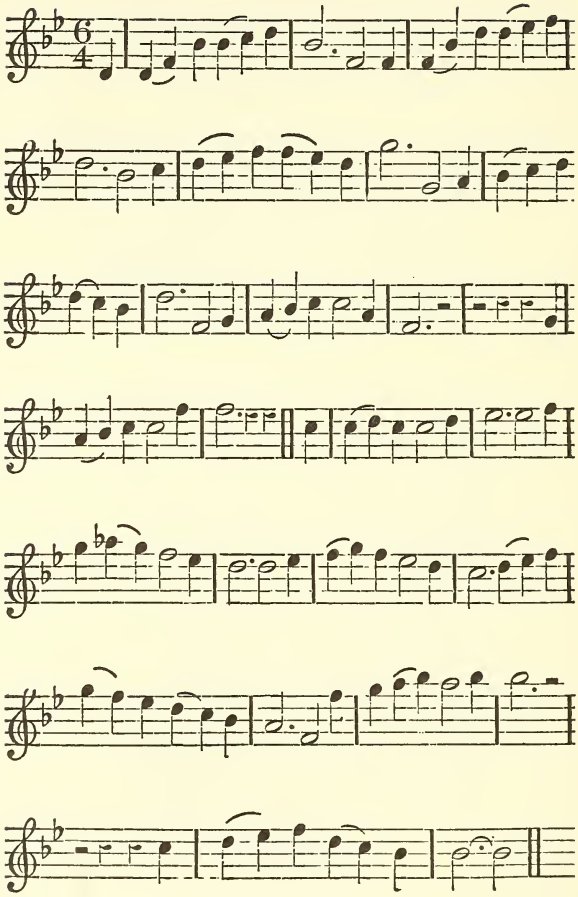
I Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd,
Long sighing and complaining,
While me she shunn'd and disapprov'd,
Another entertaining:
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No Favour she refus'd him;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
While she so kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby press'd;
A Bliss worth Kings desiring;
Ten thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,
The snowy Mounts admiring;
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such Passion mov'd him;
She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
To shew she well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
And swell'd my Heart with Passion;
Which like my Love could not be tam'd,
Nor had Consideration:
I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,
On my hard Fate complaining;
That plung'd me into deep Despair,
Because of her Disdaining.

Ah, cruel *Moggy!* then I cry'd,
Will not my Sorrows move you?
Or if my Love must be deny'd,
Yet give me leave to love you:
And then frown on, and still be coy,
Your constant Swain despising;
For 'tis but just you should destroy,
What is not worth your Prizing.

A SONG.

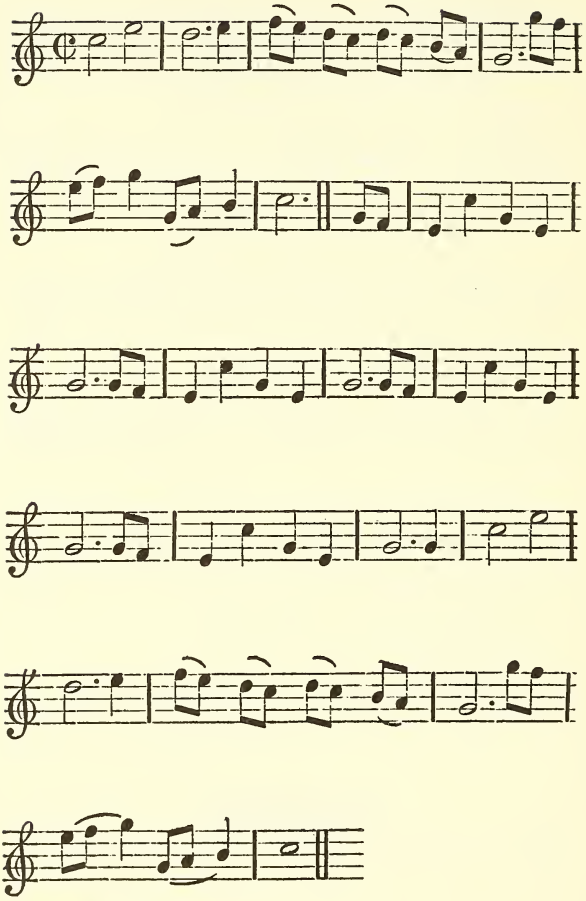


A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whose Name was Buxome *Joan*,
Whose Name was Buxome *Joan:*
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended
To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie a Nights alone,
And lie a Nights alone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her sake:
The Taylor thought to please her,
With offering her his Measure;
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor slily waiting;
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they shou'd all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his part;
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A SONG.

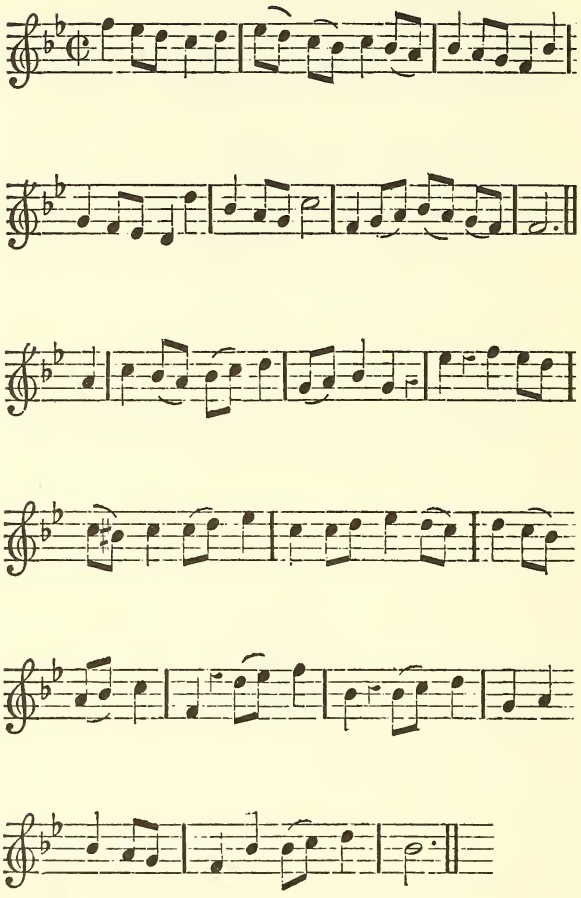


MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter's to be sway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

Be she Widow, Wife or Maid,
Be she wanton, be she stay'd,
Be she well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

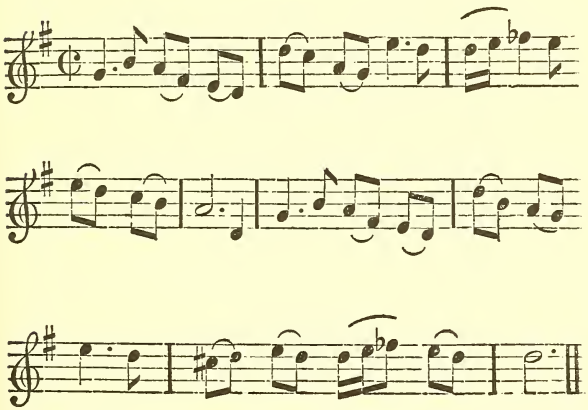
A SONG.

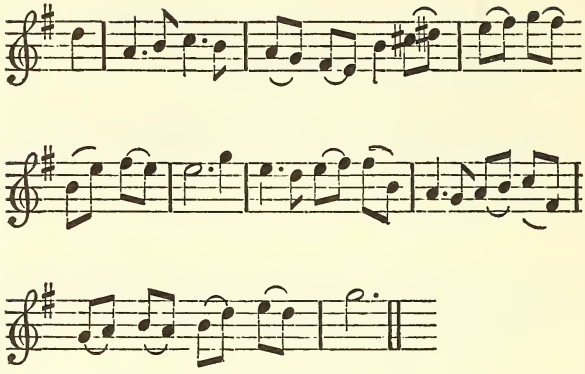


TAke not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your comfort still,
This be your comfort still,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' she that's foolish does Deny,
She, she that is Wiser will comply,
And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
What care I, what care I,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to swear untrue,
And Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Wooe,
As all our simple Coxcombs do;
All Women love it, and tho' this,
Does sullenly forbid the Bliss,
Try but the next you cannot miss.

A SONG.

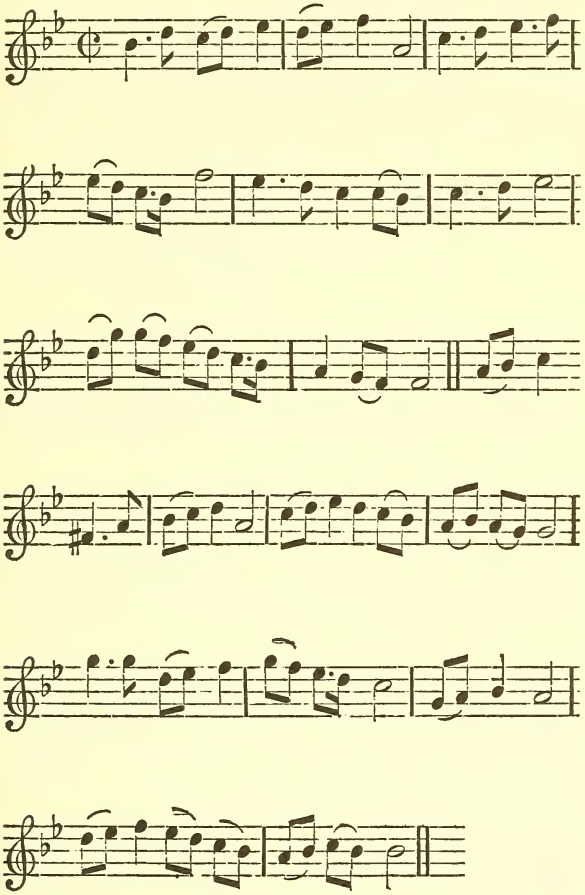




Sawney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,
But *Sawney* Kenns it well;
And *Sawney* might a Boon have had,
But *Sawney* loves to tell:
He Weens that I mun love him soon,
Gin Lovers now are rare;
But I'de as lif have none,
As one whom twanty, twanty share.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! *Sawney* were you true;
What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne'er could gang from you;
Yet still my Tongue do what I can,
With muckle woe denies;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
It boots not to be wise.

A SONG.

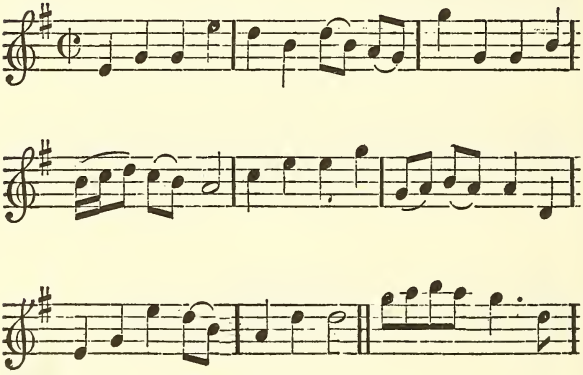


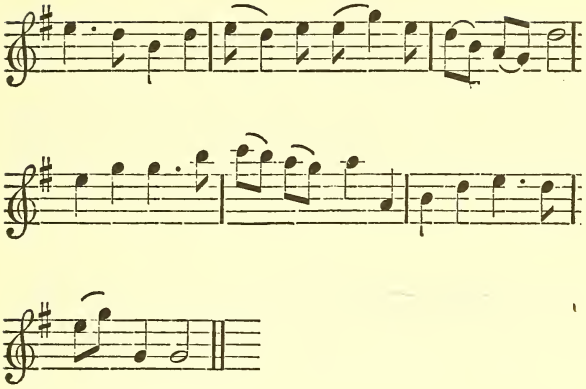
Young

YOung I am and unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield;
How to keep or how to gain,
When to Love and when to Feign:
Take me take me some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E're I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breast, (heave my Breast,) and rowl my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that loves me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest:
Cou'd I find a Blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *Jantee* Meen,
I shou'd long, (I shou'd long) to be Fifteen.

A SONG.



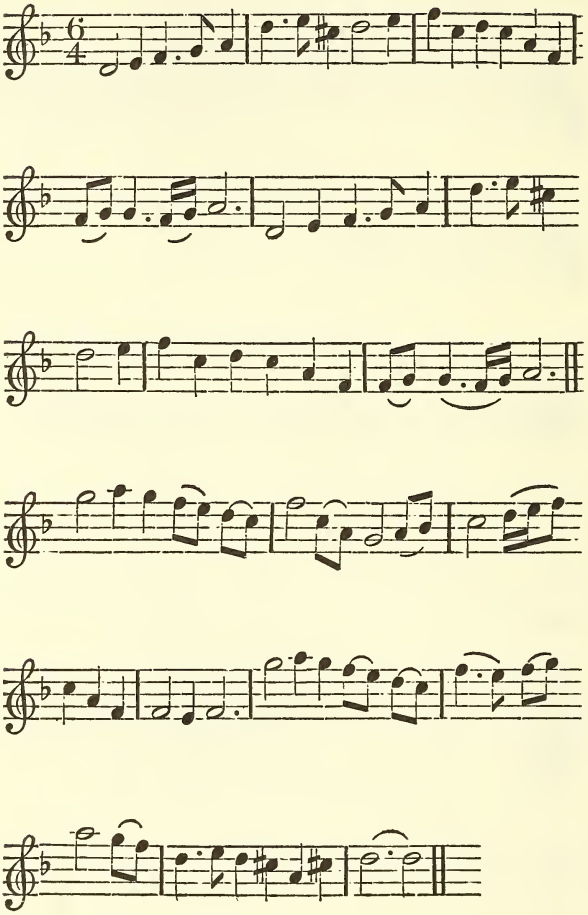


(Pish *must be only utter'd, not sung.*

Focky. FAirest *Jenny!* thou mun love me,
Jenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do:
Focky. Gin thou say'st, thou dost approve me,
Dearest thou mun kiss me too:
Jenny. Take a kiss or twa, or twa gude *Focky*,
But I dare give nean I trow:
Fye! nay! * *Pish* be not unlucky!
VVed me first, and aw will do.

Focky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
Ize not yield thus to be bound;
Jenny. Nor I Lig by thee without it,
For twa Hundred Thousand Pound:
Focky. Thou wilt die if I forsake thee,
Jenny. Better die, than be undone;
Focky. Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tauk thee,
'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

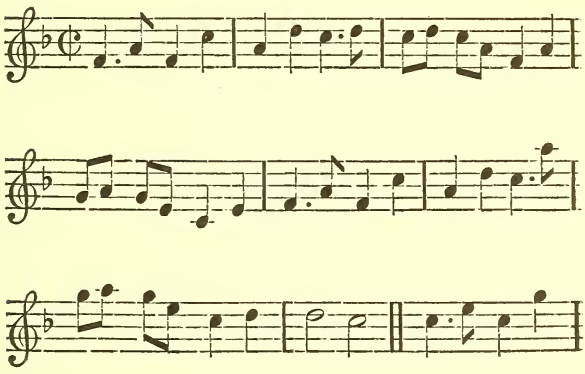
A SONG.

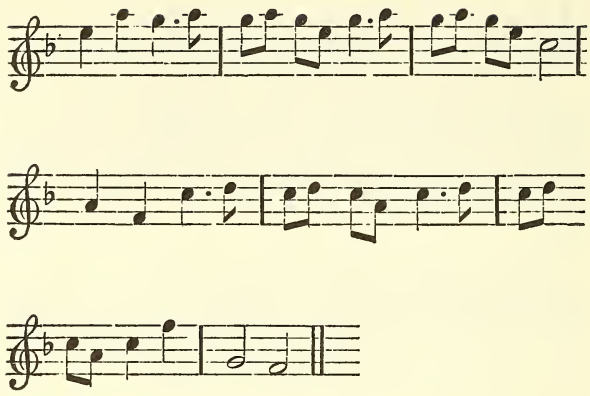


BOnny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have no pow'r,
Whilst my Joy, my dear *Peggy* is gone,
And wedded quite from me, will love no more:
My Geud Friends that do ken my Grief,
With Song and Story a Cure would find;
But alas! they bring no Relief,
For *Peggy* still runs in my Mind.

When I visit the Park or Play,
They aw without *Peggy* a Desart seem;
She's before my Eyes aw the Day,
And aw the long Night too she haunts my Dream:
Sometimes fancying a Heav'n of Charms,
I wake, and robb'd of my dear Delight,
Find she ligs in another's Arms,
Ah! then 'tis she kills me outright.

A Song.

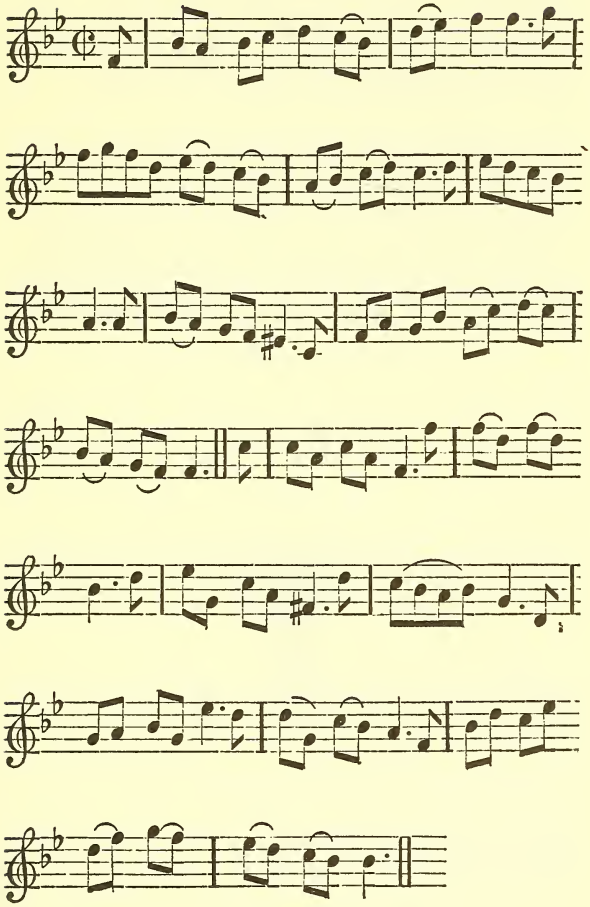




WHY does *Willy* shun his dear?
Why is he never here,
My tender Heart to Chear?
Why, why does *Willy* shun his Dear,
And leave his own poor *Jenny* Weeping?
Shall I never see him more,
But live in Mickle Care,
In Sorrow and Despair,
Shall I never, never see him more,
But in my Dream when I am Sleeping?

Once he ne'er could gang away,
But here the Lad wou'd stay;
Still Bonny, Blythe and gay,
Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
But all the Day he wou'd be Sueing:
But when he had got a Boon,
Oh! then the Naughty Loon,
In mickle haste was gone;
But when he, when he had got a Boon,
There was an end of *Willey's* Wooing.

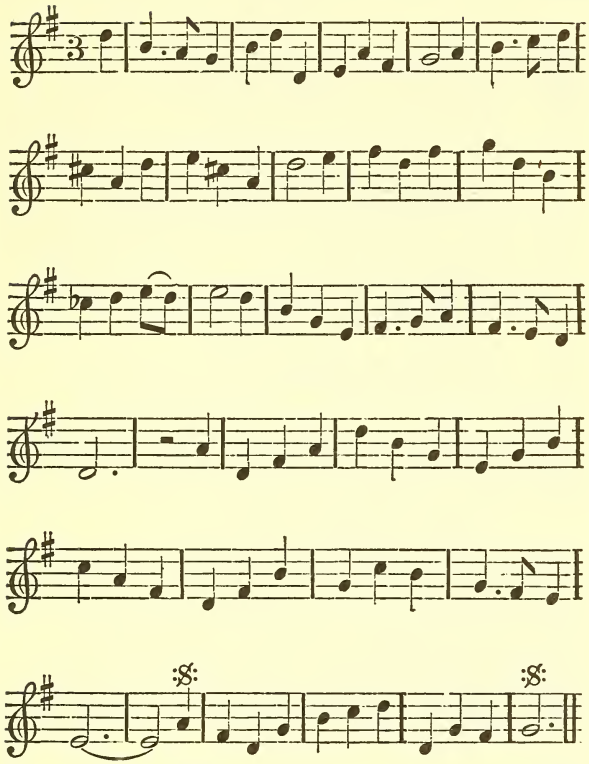
A SONG.



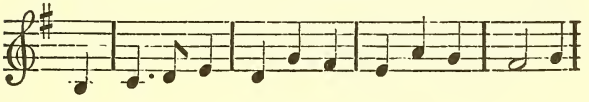
THE Bonny grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,
When *Jockey* rowz'd with Love came blithly on;
And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,
Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that slow did run:
But muckle were my joys when in my view,
I from my Window spy'd my only dear;
I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my Heav'n was there.

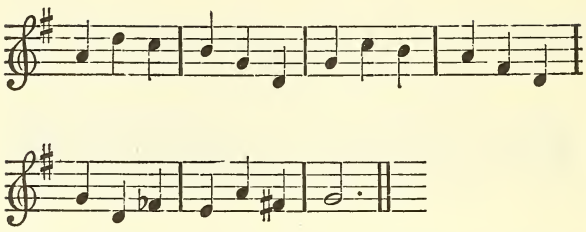
Upon my Bosom *Jockey* laid his Head,
And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
Did flutter up and down and strangely move:
He sigh'd, he Kissed my Hand, he vow'd and swore,
That I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain'd;
Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
Which he, alass! too soon, too soon obtain'd.

A SONG.



This to be Sung only at end of the first and last Verse.





THE Sun was just Setting, the Reaping was done,
And over the Common I tript it alone;
Then whom should I meet, but young *Dick* of our Town,
Who swore e'er I went I shou'd have a Green-gown:
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

These 4 *lines are only sung at the end of the* 1. *and last Verse.*

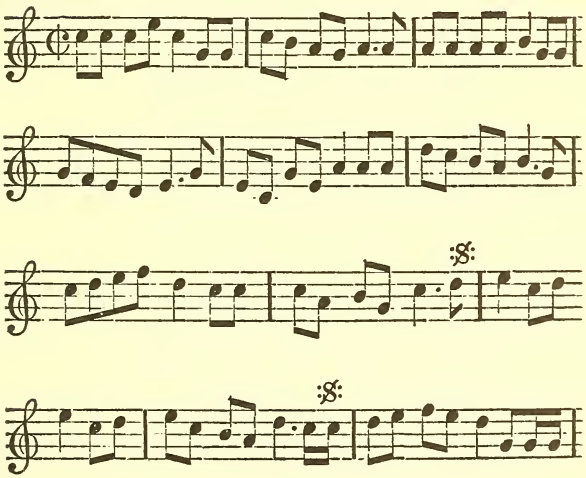
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rumpl'd.
Worse Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

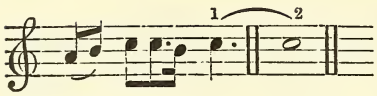
Before an old Justice I Summon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he.
He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to Wish I would Kiss him instead of the Book,
He whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.
He prest me, &c.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,
He look'd like a *Bacchus*, but Preach'd like a Saint;
He said we shou'd soberly Nature refresh,
Then Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Flesh.
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rumpl'd,
Worse Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

A Song, *on* Bartholomew *Fair.*





BOnny Lads and Damsels,
Your welcome to our Booth ;
We're now come here on purpose,
Your fancies for to sooth :
No heavy *Dutch* Performers,
Amongst us you shall find ;
We'll make you Lads good humour'd,
And Lasses very kind :
Your Damsons, and Filberds,
You're welcome here to Crack ;
But a Glass of merry Sack, Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

You may Range about the Fair,
New Tricks and Sights to see ;
And when your Legs are weary,
Pray come again to me :
There's Thread-bear *Holophernes*,
Whom *Judith* long hath Slain ;
With *Guy* of *Warwick*, St. *George*,
And *Rosamond's* fair Dame :
You'll find some pretty Puppets too,
With many a Nickey Nack ;
But a Glass of Jolly Sack, Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

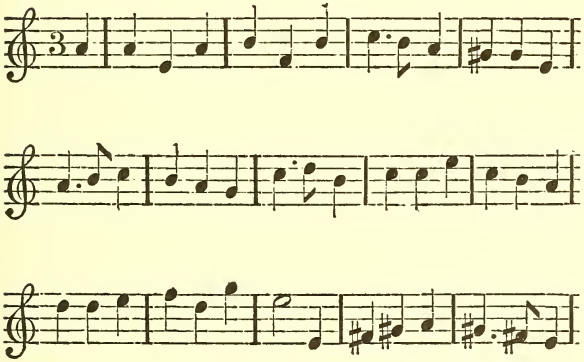
The Houses being low too,
Some Players hither come ;
But if my Stars deceive me not,
They soon will know their doom :
There's other pretty Strowlers,
That crowd upon us here ;
That may have Booths to let too,
Before their time I fear.

All

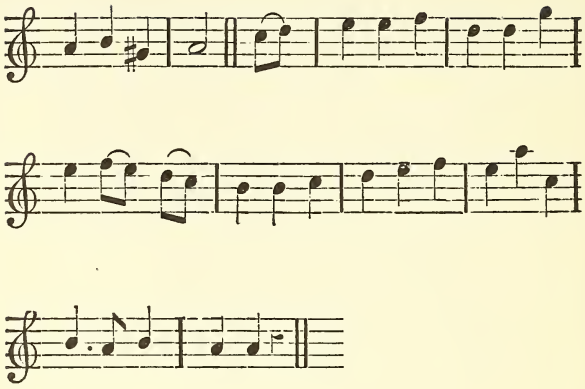
All these may Prate, and Talk much,
Show Tricks, and Bounce, and Crack;
But here's a Glass of Sack, Boys,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
Old *England* let's remember,
(May Peace, and Plenty spring.)
Let War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes soon will end;
The Souldiers all Disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend:
Be Merry then Carouse Boys,
See Drawer what tis' they lack;
And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,
That's Cordial for the Back.

A SONG *on* Bacchus.



CHO.



SInce there's so small difference 'twixt drowning and drinking,
We'll tipple and Pray too, like Mariners Sinking;
Whilst they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in Wine,
And pay our Devotion at *Bacchus's* Shrine:
Oh! Bacchus, *great* Bacchus, *for ever defend us*,
And plentiful store of good Burgundy *send us.*

From censuring the State, and what passes above,
From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-suits and Love;
From medling with Swords and such dangerous things,
And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

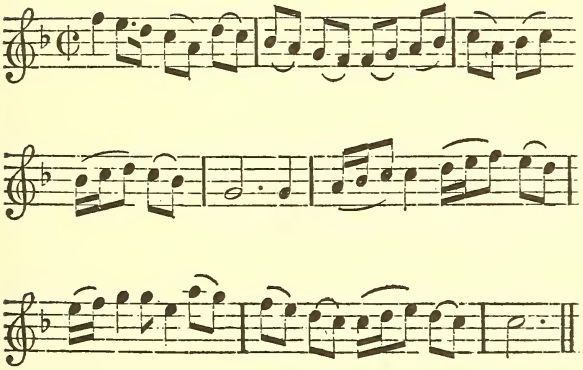
From Riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,
Or ending a Journey with loss of much Leather;
From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air:
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

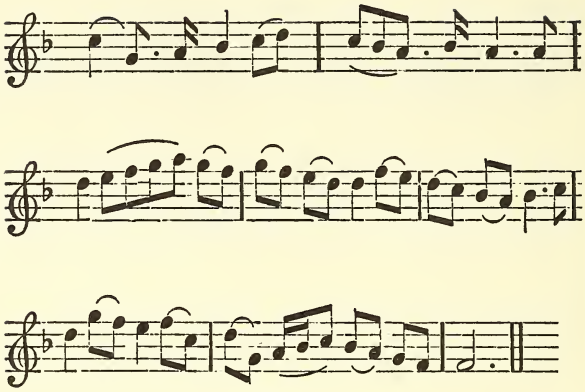
From a Usurer's gripe, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can;
From the Scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
And wandering over wild *Irish* Boggs.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From Hunger and Thirst, Empty Bottles and Glasses,
From those whose Religion consists in Grimaces;
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,
From humouring old Men, and reasoning with Boys:
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From those little troublesome Insects and Flyes,
That think themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise;
From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,
As long as a *Ratisbon* Consultation.
Oh! Bacchus, *great* Bacchus, *for ever defend us,*
And plentiful Store of good Burgundy *send us.*

A SONG.

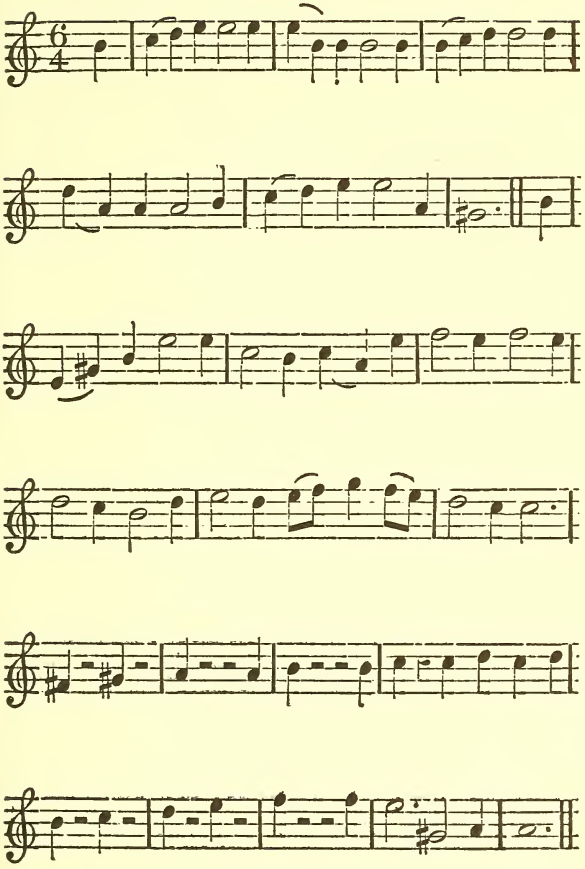




HOW long must Woman wish in vain,
A constant Love to find ;
No Art can Fickle Man retain,
Or fix a Roving mind :
Thus fondly we our selves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue ;
Tho' false to others we believe,
They will to us prove true.

But oh ! the Torments to discern,
A perjured Lover gone ;
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still Love on :
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
VVho tread the Maze of Love ;
VVhen most desirous to Retreat,
VVe know not how to move.

A SONG.



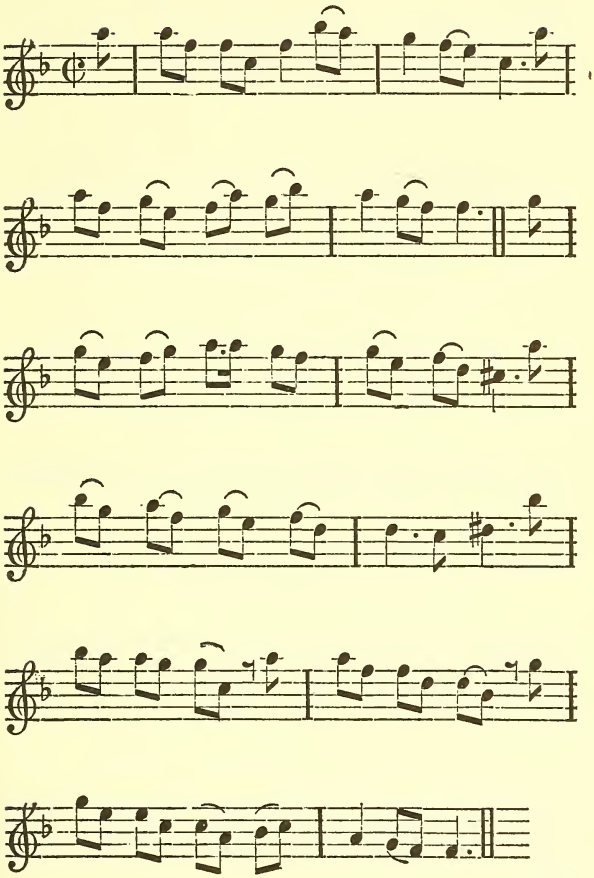
Oh

OH Fie ! what mean I Foolish Maid,
In this Remote and Silent shade,
To meet with you alone ;
My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
And both are more your Friends than mine :
Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall, I shall be undone,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,
Or shou'd I meet with Villains here ;
I to some Cave wou'd run :
But such inchanting Art you show,
I cannot strive, I cannot go ;
Oh ! I shall be undone.

Ah ! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more,
What must we yet Fool on ?
Ah ! now I yield, ah ! now I fall,
Ah ! now I have no Breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone.

A SONG.

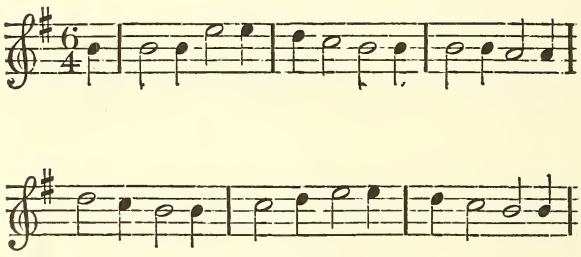


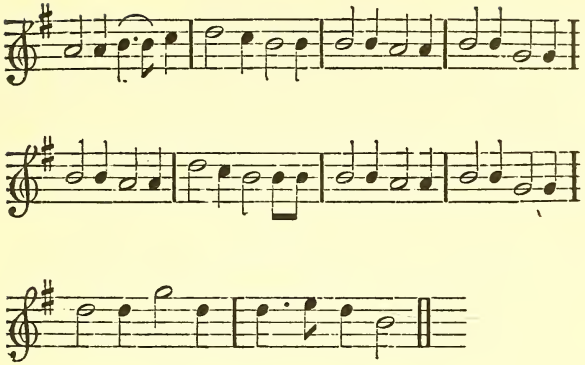
Tho'

THo' *Jockey* Su'd me long, he met disdain,
His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain;
Give o'er said I give o'er,
Your silly fond Amour,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er comply;
At last he forc'd a Kiss,
Which I took not amiss,
And since I've known the bliss,
I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Lass that's Coy,
Who hears your Love, yet seems to shun its Joy;
If you press her to do so,
Ne'er mind her no, no, no,
But trust her Eyes:
For Coyness gives denyal,
When she wishes for the Tryal,
Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,
I'm sure she lies.

The Leather Bottle.





NOW God above that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein;
The Ships upon the Seas to Swim,
To keep Foes out they come not in:
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the use and praise of Man;
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

Now what do you say to the Canns of Wood?
Faith, they are nought, they cannot be good;
When a Man for Beer he doth therein send,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
The bearer stumbleth by the way,
And on the Ground his Liquor doth lay;
Then straight the Man begins to Ban,
And Swears it 'twas long of the wooden Cann:
But had it been in a Leathern Bottle,
Although he stumbled all had been well;
So safe therein it would remain,
Until the Man got up again:
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now

Now for the Pots with handles three,
Faith they shall have no praise of me;
When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,
As many I fear have done in their Life:
They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
And break the same though they were loth;
Which they shall answer another day,
For casting their Liquor so vainly away:
But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
The one might have tugg'd, the other have held;
They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did ake,
And yet no harm the Bottle would take:
And I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
When a Noble-man he doth them send,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
And never is seen again after that day;
Oh, then his Lord begins to Ban,
And Swears he hath lost both Flagon and Man:
But it ne'er was known that Page, or Groom,
But with a *Leathern Bottle* again would come;
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?
Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
When Friends are at a Table set,
And by them several sorts of Meat:
The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,
Among them all remove a Dish;
Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
The Glass is broke, no Wine left in:
Then be your Table-Cloth ne'er so fine,
There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine;
And doubtless for so small abuse,
A young Man may his Service lose:
And I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

Now

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold;
Out of the side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shoe when worn out:
Or hang the other side on a Pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in;
As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners need such things.
I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first Invented the Leathern Bottle.

The Black JACK:

To the foregoing Tune.

'TIS a pitiful thing that now adays, Sirs,
Our Poets turn *Leathern* Bottle praisers;
But if a Leathern Theam they did lack,
They might better have chosen the bonny *Black-Jack:*
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
For the *Jack*, than the *Bottle*, much more may be said;
And I wish his Soul much good may partake,
That first devis'd the bonny Black Jack.

And now I will begin to declare,
What the Conveniencies of the *Jack* are;
First, when a gang of good Fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair, or a Wake, you shall see't:
They resolve to have some merry Carouses,
And yet to get home in good time to their Houses;
Then the *Bottle* it runs as slow as my Rhime,
With *Jack*, they might have all been Drunk in good time:
And I wish his Soul in Peace may dwell,
That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.

And

And therefore leave your twittle twattle,
Praise the *Jack*, praise no more the *Leathern Bottle;*
For the Man at the *Bottle*, may drink till he burst,
And yet not handsomely quench his thirst:
The Master hereat maketh great moan,
And doubts his *Bottle* has a spice of the Stone;
But if it had been a generous *Jack*,
He might have had currently what he did lack:
And I wish his Soul in Paradise,
That first found out that happy devise.

Be your Liquor small, or thick as Mud,
The cheating *Bottle* that cries good, good;
Then the Master again begins to storm,
Because it said more than it could perform:
But if it had been in an honest *Black Jack*,
It would have prov'd better to sight, smell, and smack;
And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,
That added a Jack, *to* Bacchus *his Feast.*

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle, or Jugg,
Is half so fit, or so well can hold tugg;
For when a Man and his Wife play at thwacks
There's nothing so good as a pair of *Black Jacks:*
Thus to it they go, they Swear, and they Curse,
It makes them both better, the *Jack's* ne'er the worse;
For they might have bang'd both, till their hearts did ake,
And yet no hurt the *Jacks* could take;
And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,
That first produc'd that lucky Invention.

SOCRATES and *ARISTOTLE*,
Suck'd no Wit from a *Leather Bottle;*
For surely I think a Man as soon may,
Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay:
But if the *Black Jack*, a Man often toss over,
'Twill make him as Drunk as any Philosopher;
When he that makes *Jacks* from a Peck, to a Quart,
Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art:
And I wish his Soul, &c.

Be-

Besides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
That fram'd the Bottle, his Brains were but shallow;
The Case is so clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper Invention;
When the Bottle is cleaned, the Dregs fly about,
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a Cannon-bore Jack it had been,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean,
And I wish his Soul no Comfort may lack,
That first devis'd the bouncing black Jack.

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no Man,
That is a Hairs Breadth above a Plow-man;
Then let us gang to the *Hercules* Pillars,
And there visit those gallant Jack swillers;
In these small, strong, sour, mild, stale,
They drink Orange, Lemon, and Lambeth Ale:
The Chief of Heralds there allows,
The Jack to be of an ancienter House.
And may his Successors never want Sack,
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.

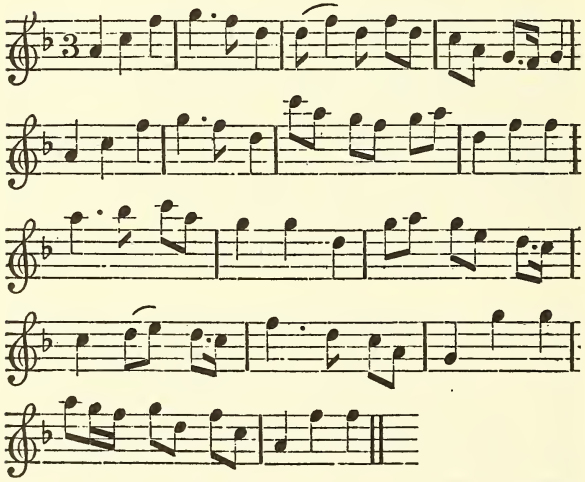
Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a Tunnel, but that you must spill it;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a Spout:
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it,
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,
But if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack.
And I wish his Soul, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a Spark,
That were just ready cockt to shoot at a Mark;
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
Makes a Man look with a great Bottle Nose;
All wise Men conclude, that a Jack New or Old,
Tho' beginning to leak, is however worth Gold;
For when the poor Man on the way does trudge it,
His worn-out Jack serves him well for a Budget;
And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack,
That first contrived the Leather Black Jack.

When

When *Bottle* and *Jack* stand together, fie on't,
The *Bottle* looks just like a Dwarf to a Giant;
Then have we not reason the *Jack* for to chuse,
For they can make Boots, when the *Bottle* mends Shoes:
For add but to every *Jack* a Foot,
And every *Jack*, becomes a Boot:
Then give me my *Jack*, there's a reason why,
They have kept us wet, and they'll keep us dry:
I now shall cease, but as I'm an honest Man,
The *Jack* deserves to be called Sir *John;*
And may they ne'er want for Belly, nor Back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny Black Jack.

A SONG.



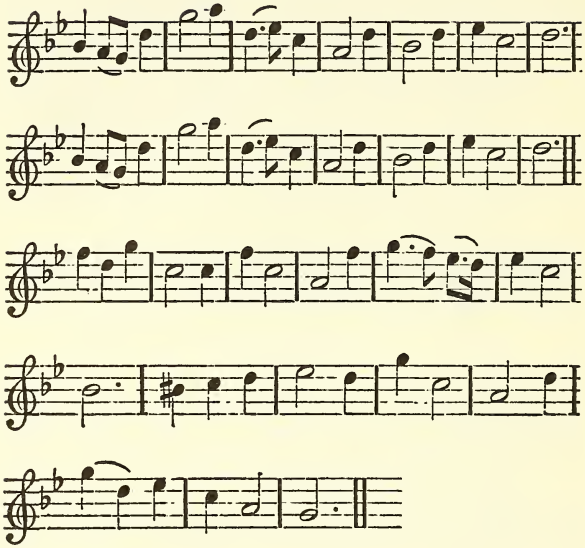
Jenny

Jenny, my blithest Maid,
Prithee listen to my true Love now;
I am a canny Lad,
Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
Aw the Boughs shall shade us round,
While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
How the Lad the Lass may woo,
Come, and I'll shew my *Jenny* how to do.

I ken full many a thing,
I can dance, and can whistle too;
I many a Song can sing,
Pitch-Bar, and run and wrestle too:
Bonny *Mog* of our Town,
Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
Jockey from aw the Lasses of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
Ize not spoil the gawdy shining Geer;
I'll make a Bed of Fern,
And I'll gently press my *Jenny* there:
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Kercher too that hides thy Bosom;
Shew thy naked Beauty's store,
Jenny alone's the Lass that I adore.

A SONG.



TELL me ye Gods,
Why do you prove so cruel,
So severe, to make me burn in Flames of Love,
Then throw me in Despair?
Tell me what Pleasure do you find,
To force tormenting Fate;
To make my *Sylvia* first seem kind,
Then vow perpetual hate?

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,
With her bewitching Eyes;
Oft with a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms arise:

With

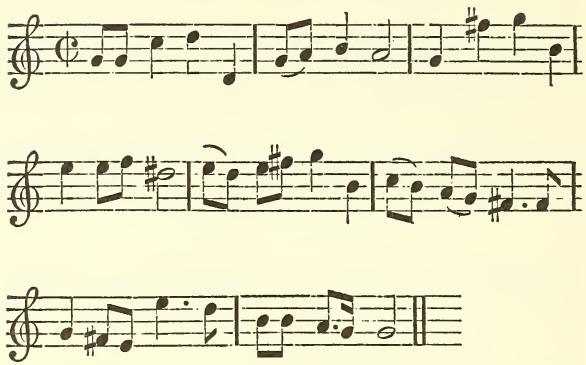
With her diviner Looks she'd bless,
And with her Smiles revive ;
When she was kind, who could express
The Extasie of Life ?

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All Hopes now disappear ;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And Vows neglected are :
No more kind Looks she will impart,
No longer will endure :
The tender Passion of my Heart,
Which none but she can cure.

Ah ! cruel, false, perfidious Maid !
Are these Rewards of Love ?
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
Will you then faithless prove ?
'Tis pity such an Angels Face
Shou'd so much perjur'd be ;
And blast each captivating Grace,
By being false to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis too late,
The God of Love appease ;
Lest you too soon do meet your Fate,
And fall a Sacrifice :
Despise not then a proferr'd Heart,
But mighty Love obey ;
For Age will ruin all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



SIT thee down by me, mine own Joy,
Thouz quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy:
Shouldst thou prove Coy, and not love me,
Oh! where should I find out sike a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
With silver Shoon thy Feet shall shoyn:
With foyn'st Flowers thy Crag Ize crown,
Thy pink Petticoat sall be laced down.

Weeze yearly gang to the Brook side,
And Fishes catch as they do glide:
Each Fish thyn Prisoner then shall be,
Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.

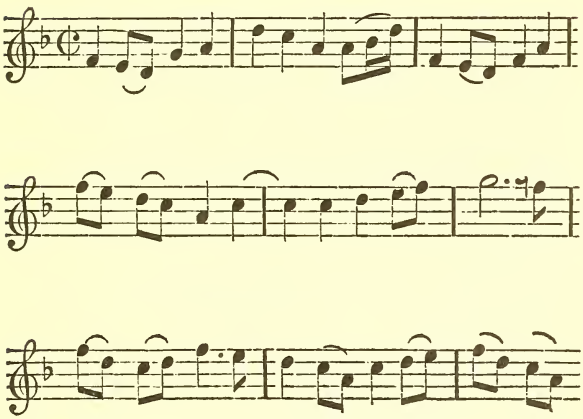
What

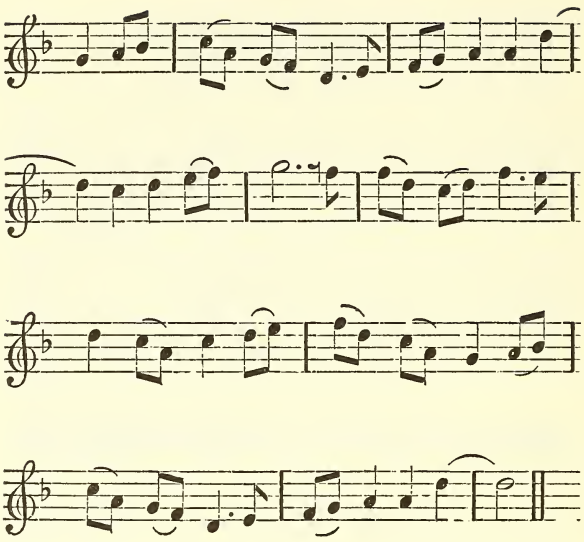
What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
And there weez fry and eat the Fish;
But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best Dish.

Ize kiss thy cherry Lips, and praise
Aw the sweet Features of thy Face;
Thy Forehead so smooth, and lofty both rise,
Thy soft ruddy Cheeks, and pratty black Eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy Delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
And sure Ize have something that sall please thee.

A SONG.

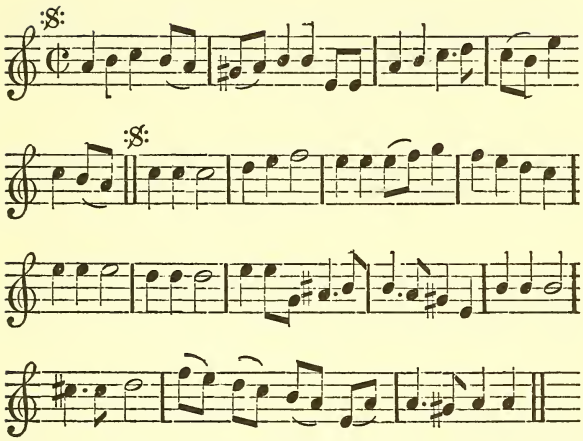




BOnny Lass gin thou wert mine,
And twenty Thousand Pounds about thee;
I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green:
And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee,
I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green,
And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad gin thou wert mine,
And twenty Thousand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green;
To shew me how my Daddy gat me,
I'd leave them, *&c.*

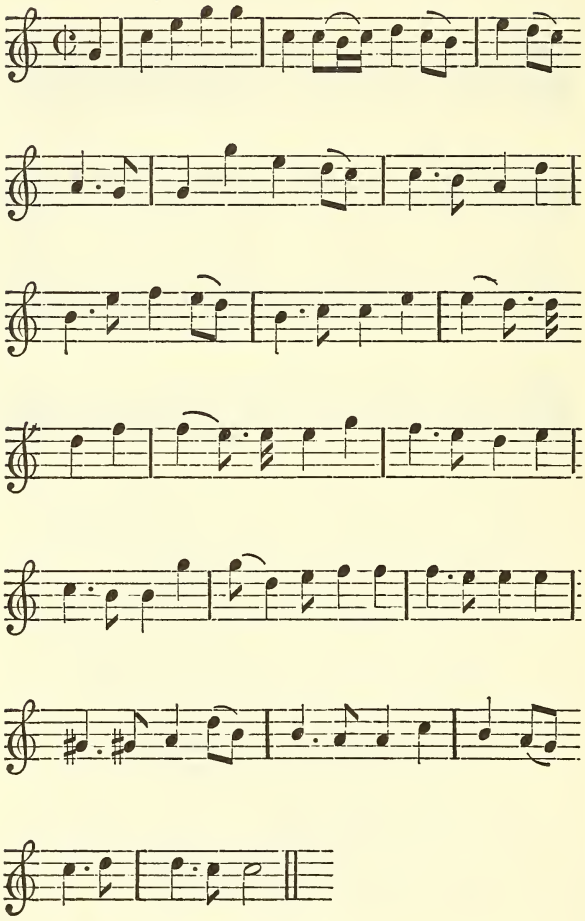
A SONG.



TELL me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender;
Faith and Troth I love thee soundly,
'Twas I that was the first Pretender.
Ne'er say nay, nor delay,
Here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too;
All that's mine shall be thine,
Body and Goods at thy Command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to;
Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kiss a body so as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doing;
Get you gone you naughty Man,
Fye, is this your way of Wooing.

A SONG.

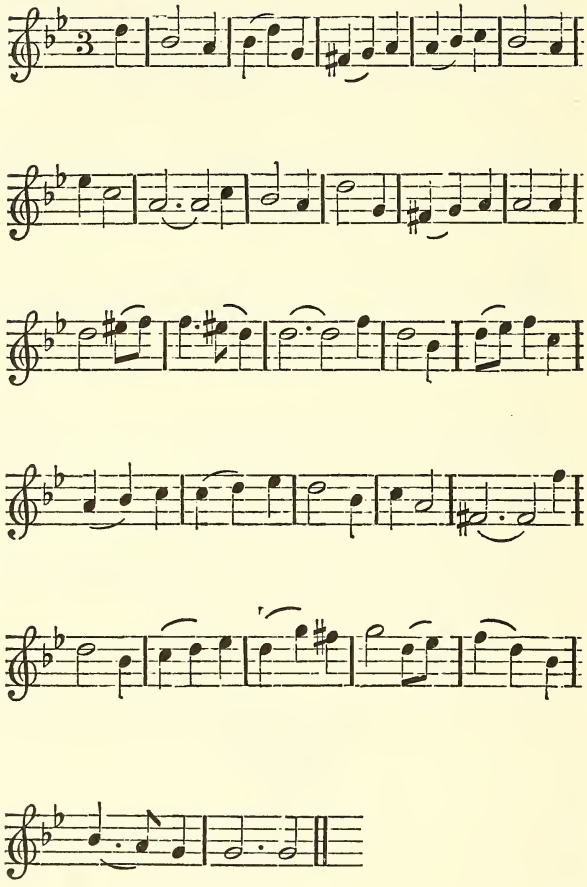


THE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate,
It was to Love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithless, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her Pain:
Long, long, alas! she vainly strove,
To free her Captive Heart from Love;
'Till urg'd too much by his Disdain,
She broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,
And vow'd she ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring;
To no soft Tale would lend an ear,
But careless sit and Sing:
Or if a moving Story wrought,
Her frozen Breast to a kind thought;
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, ah! hold,
Amyntor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's Cold.

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes,
A thousand Youths did daily die,
Her Beauties Sacrifice:
'Till Love at last young *Cleon* brought,
The Object of each Virgin's thought,
Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her blest as those above.

A SONG.

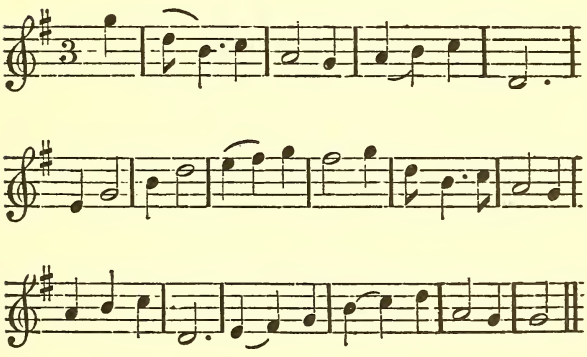


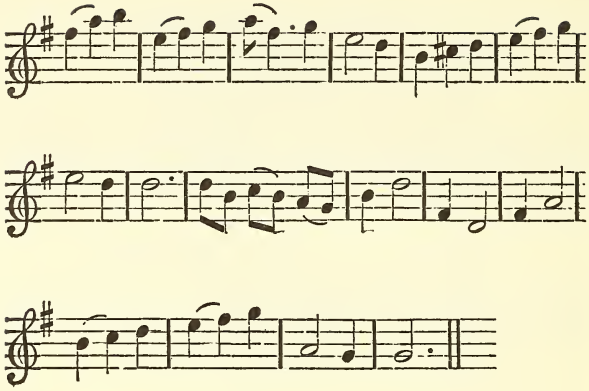
Ah

AH *Jenny* gin your Eyes do kill,
You'll let me tell my pain;
Gud Faith, I lov'd against my will,
Yet wad not break my Chain:
Ize once was call'd a bonny Lad,
'Till that fair Face of yours,
Betray'd the Freedom once I had,
And all my blither hours.

And now wey's me, like Winter looks,
My faded show'ring Eyn;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks,
I pass my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on,
To witness, if they see,
On all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

A SONG.

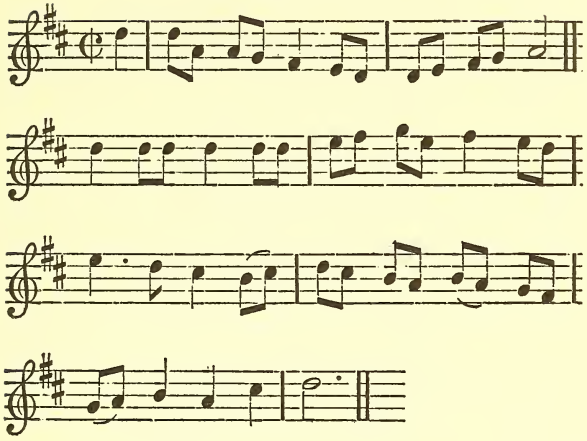




I Often for my *Jenny* strove,
Ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove,
So lucky to find her Pity move,
Ize have no Reward for Love:
If you wou'd but think on me,
And now forsake your Cruelty,
Ize for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When first I saw thy lovely Charms,
I kiss'd thee, wish'd thee in my Arms;
I often vow'd, and did protest,
'Tis *Joan* alone that I love best:
Ize have gotten Twanty Pounds,
My Father's House, and all his Grounds,
And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

A SONG.



THere was a Jovial Beggar,
He had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg:
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A Bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches,
To shew that he can halt.
And a Begging, &c.

A Bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his side,
To drink when he's a dry.
And a Begging, &c.

To

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a Begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We've a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty Lass.
And a Begging, &c.

Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Master *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a Child.
And a Begging, &c.

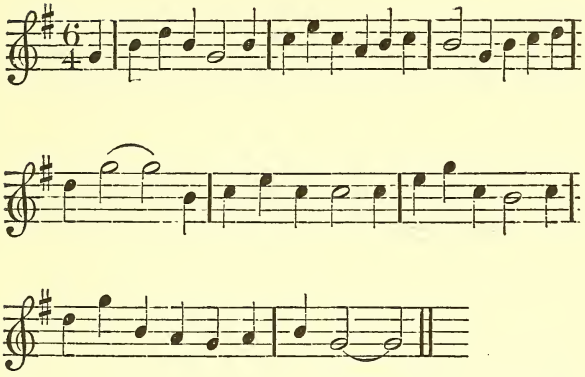
I begg'd for my Master,
And got him store of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a Begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
I live and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a Begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
A Beggar lives the best;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lie him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell;
Then he wou'd be a King,
When the Beggars live so well:
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A SONG.

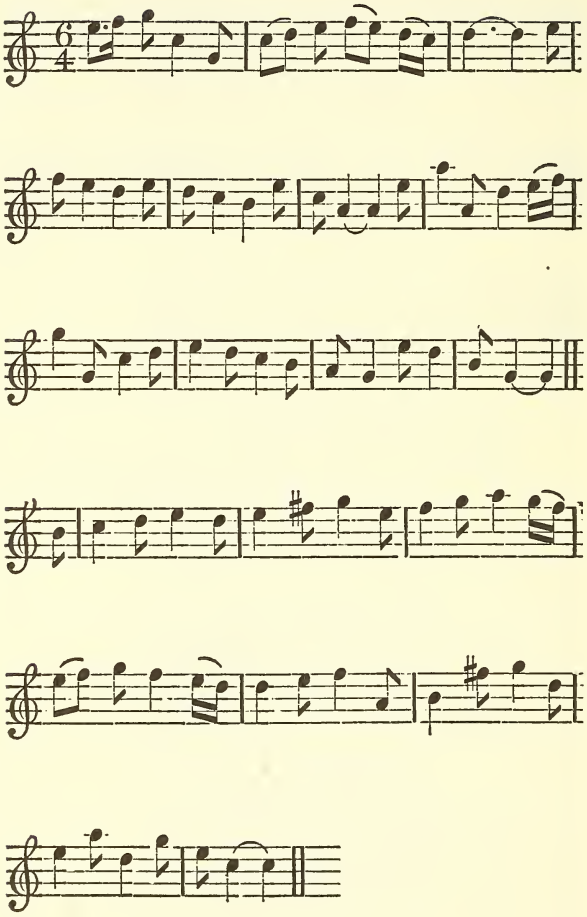


AT *London* che've bin,
At *London* che've bin,
And che've seen the King and the Queen *a;*
Che've seen Lords and Earls,
And roaring fine Girls,
Turn up their Tails at fifteen *a;*

Che've seen the Lord-Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair,
And there che met with the *Dragon*,
That St. *George* that bold Knight,
Fought and kill'd outright,
Whilst a Man could toss off a Flagon.

From thence as I went
To see th' Monument
I met with a Girl in Cheapside *a;*
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And shew'd me how far she could stride *a;*

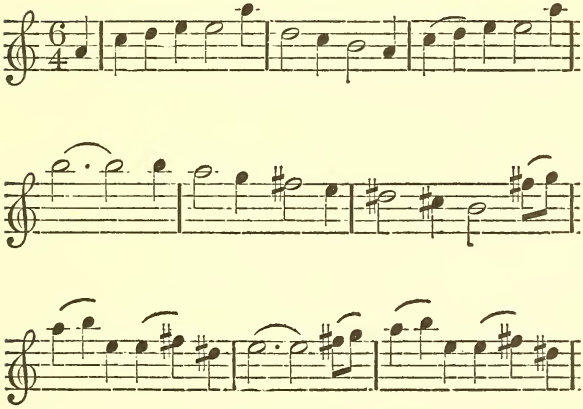
A SONG.

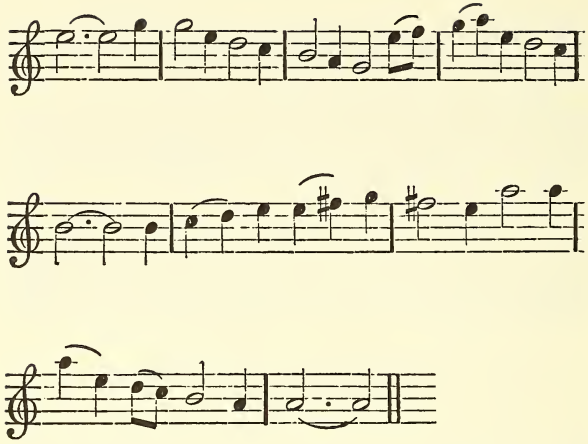


TEll me no more, no more, I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe's* false, that *Chloe's* false and common:
By Heav'n I all along believ'd,
She was, she was, a very, very Woman.
As such I lik'd, as such carest,
She still, she still was constant when possest;
She cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd
Do more for no Man.

But oh! but oh her Thoughts on others ran,
And that you think, and that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
Why what care I, what care I one Farthing.
You say she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
Who, who has the better Bargain?

A SONG.



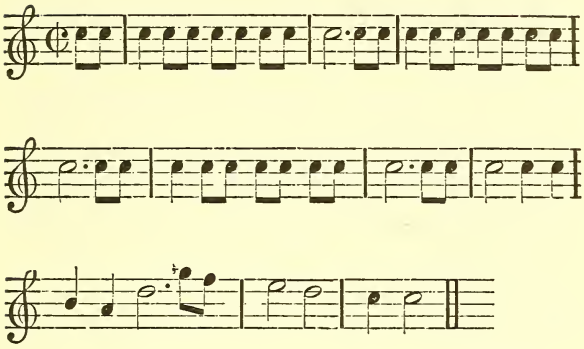


THen beauteous Nymph look from above,
And see me here below:
See how that mighty Tyrant Love, drags me to your Window,
Drags me to your Window:
Let not your Heart then hardned be,
Since you my Love have got;
For I'm a Knight of high Degree,
And dye upon the Spot.

To Morrow then let us be wed,
At Hours Canonical;
That I may say when I have sped,
My Heart is free from Thrall:
Oh think then what the Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou may'st have the Liberty
To rifle all my Charms.

The

The Old and New Courtier.



With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient Pate,
Of an Old worshipful Gentleman who had a great Estate:
Who kept an Old House at a bountiful rate,
And an Old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

With an Old Lady whose Anger good Words asswages,
Who every Quarter pays her Old Servants their Wages,
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen and Pages:
But kept twenty or thirty Old Fellows with blue Cloaths and Badges;
Like an old Courtier, &c.

With a Study fill'd full of Learned Books,
With an Old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by his looks
With an Old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old Hooks,
And an Old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen Old Cooks;
Like an Old Courtier, &c.

With

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes, and Bows,
With old Swords and Bucklers, which hath born many shrew'd Blews,
And an old Frysadoe Coat to cover his Worship's trunk Hose,
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose ;
Like an old Courtier, &c.

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
And good Cheer enough to furnish every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a wise Man dumb ;
Like an Old Courtier, &c.

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer, and a Kennel of Hounds,
Which never hunted, nor hawk'd but in his own Grounds :
Who like an old Wise-man kept himself within his own Bounds,
And when he died gave every Child a thousand old Pounds.
Like an old Soldier, &c.

But to his Eldest Son, his House and Land he assign'd,
Charging him in his Will to keep the same bountiful Mind,
To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,
But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was enclin'd ;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of Creatures at's own Command,
And takes up a thousand Pound upon's own bond,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go nor stand ;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With

With a neat Lady that is fresh and fair
Who never knew what belong'd to good House-keeping, or care,
But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other Womens Hair.
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood,
And a new Shuffle-board-table where never Meat stood,
Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor little good;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five Days,
With a new *French-Cook* to makes Kickshaws and Toys
Like a young Courtier, &c.

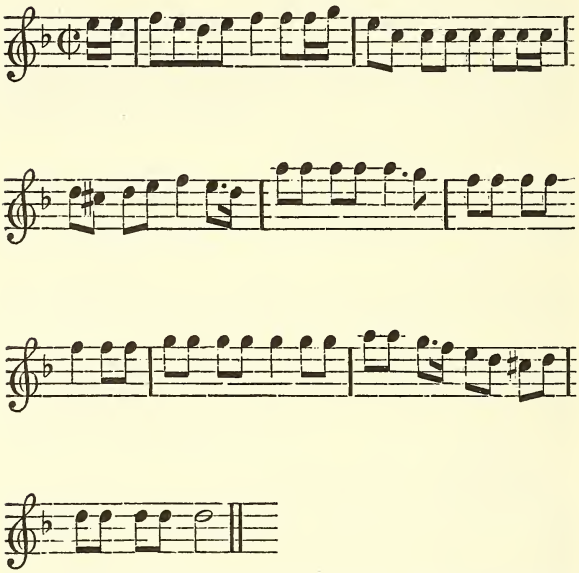
With a new Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a Journey up to London we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our New Porter *John*
Who relieves the Poor with a thump on the Back with a Stone,
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a Gentleman-Usher whose carriage is compleat,
With a Foot-man, a Coachman, a Page to carry Meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when the Master has din'd gives the Servants little Meat;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Honour bought with his Father's Old Gold,
That many of his Father's Old Manours hath sold
And this is the Occasion that most Men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now a days grown so cold;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

BACCHUS's *Health:*

To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.



First Man stands up with a Glass in's Hand and Sings.

HEre's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*, *I—ho*, *I—ho*, *I—ho;*
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us, *I—ho*, *I—ho*, *I ho*,

At

**At this Star they all bow to each other, and sit down.*
†*At this Dagger all the Company beckons to the Drawer.*

*Come sit ye down together,
Come sit ye down together,
Come sit ye down together, *I—ho, I—ho, I—ho;*
And † bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, *I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.*

**At this Star the first Man drinks his Glass, while all the other sing and point at him.*
†*At this Dagger they all sit down clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the * *Cranium,*
It goes into the *Cranium,*
It goes into the *Cranium, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.*
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, *I—ho, I—ho, I—ho;*

Then the 2d Man takes his Glass, all the Company Singing Here's a Health, *&c. so round.*

A SONG to the foregoing Tune.

THere was a bonny Blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home ;
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
And brisk as the May,
And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, plumb, plumb,
But still the silly Swain,
Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,
She could Sew and she could make,
She could sweep the House with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
She could wash and she could wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
For to give himself Content,
And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum,
O ! 'tis the easiest part
That belongs unto my Art,
For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. he did her bring,
And he cut her chattering String,
And at Liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue, her Tongue,
Her Tongue began to walk,
And she began to talk,
As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty she tries,
And she fill'd the House with Noise,

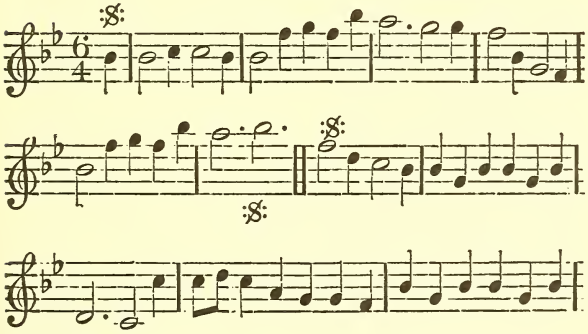
And

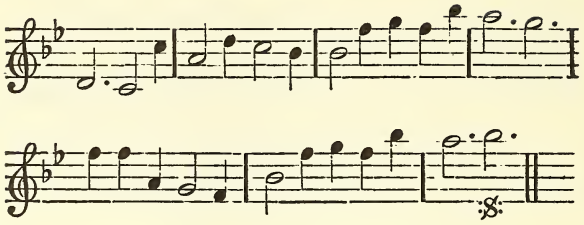
And she rattl'd in his Ears like a drum, drum, drum,
She bred a deal of Strife,
Made him weary of his Life,
He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he goes,
And thus he vents his Woes,
Oh! Dr. You've me undone, undone, undone;
For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
And her Tongue can never hold,
I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
To make thy Wife to speak,
It was a thing easily done, done, done;
But 'tis past the Art of Man,
Let him do whate'er he can,
For to make a Scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue, Tongue.

The West-Countryman's Song *on a Wedding.*





ODS hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir,
Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir:
Who the Rat can mind either *Bayard* or *Ball*, Sir,
Or anything at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking i'th' Hall, Sir;
E'gad not I! Let Master fret it and storm it, I am resolv'd:
I'm sure there can be no harm in't:
Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Pages,
And pretty little *Sue* so true, when she ever engages;
E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

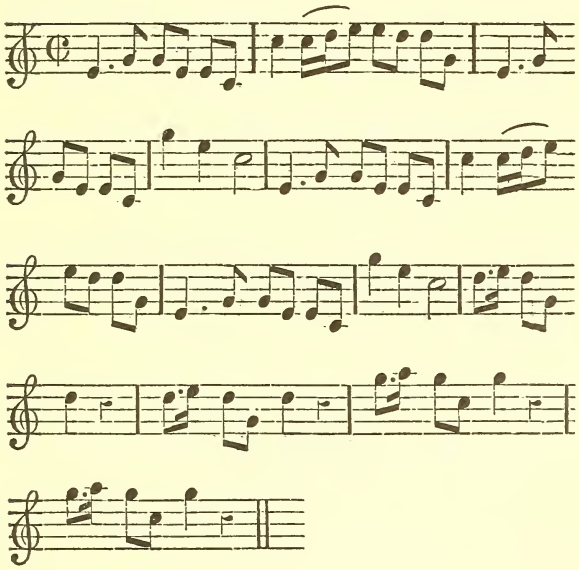
There's my Lord has got the curiousest Daughter,
Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water;
This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
Some veed her, some to dress and clout her:
Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest,
The pretty littl'st Rogue, and all Men do say the discreetest.

There's ne'er a Girl that wears a Head in the Nation,
But must give place zince Mrs. *Betty's* Creation;
She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie:
That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next

Next my Lady in all her Gallant Apparel,
Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
There's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White wine, or Claret:
And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
May tipple off their Cups, until they lie down on their Pillows;
Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy head zo,
For thither I'll go, Cods——because I have said so.

A SONG.



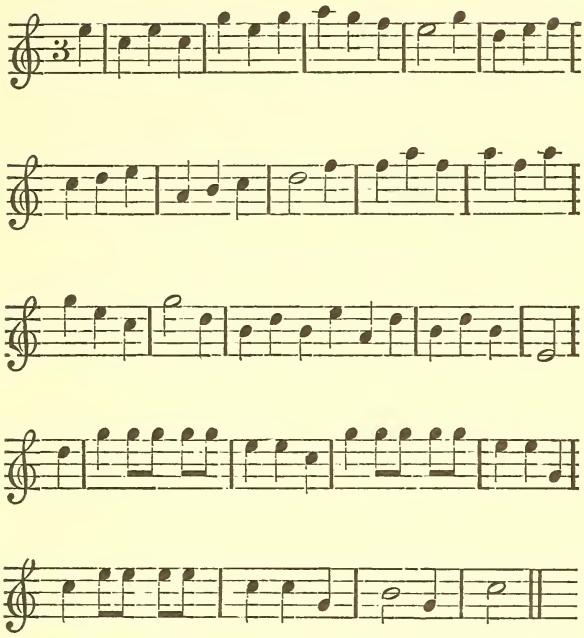
JO*ckey* was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden true;
But I fear that I shall die a Maid,
And never taste the Joys of Love as others do:
When the Wars alarms,
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets sound,
Made the shores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here;
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my dear:
To Arms, to arms, he cry'd,
To Love I straight reply'd,
But in vain I strove,
To perswade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend when Glory is a Rival,
Or I wou'd have kept my Swain from harms;
But he thought that he in Glory should survive all,
When by Honour he was call'd to Arms:
To Arms, to Arms he cry'd,
To Love I straight reply'd,
But in vain I strove,
To persuade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here;
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my dear:

A SONG.



YOU mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make
And for your brave Valour would pains undertake:
Come over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,
How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be:
Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys,
Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys,
Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys drink, Boys drink.

If

If you have been a Citizen broke by mischance,
And wou'd by your Courage, your Credit advance ;
Here's stuff to be won by ventring your Life,
So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife :
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Wear Horns, wear Horns,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Wear Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your means,
And still your minds runs upon Whores and Queans ;
Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
From Leaguer to Leaguer, in spite of your Foe :
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Whores all, Whores all,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Whores all.

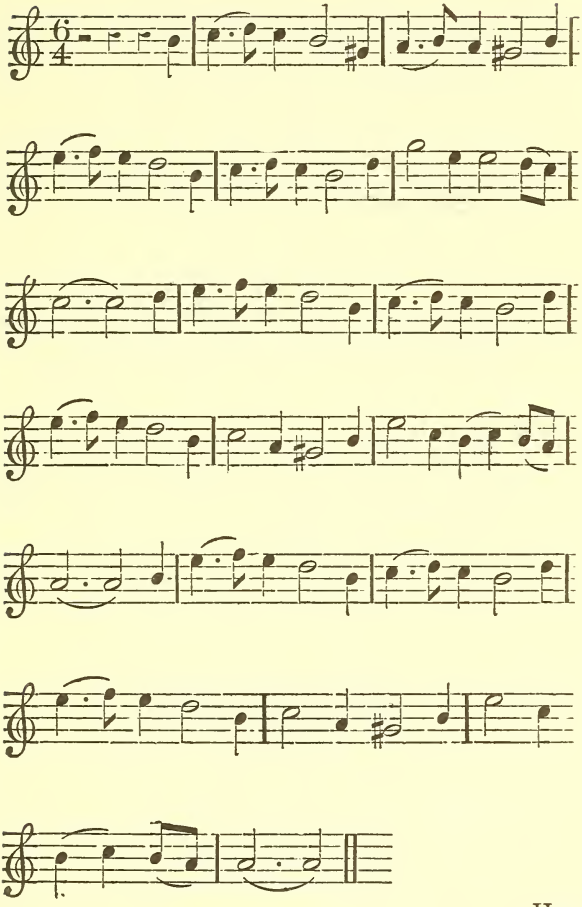
As soon as you come to your Enemies Land,
Where fat Goose and Capon, you have at command ;
Sing take them, or eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them, or else you get none :
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Make shift, make shift,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Make shift.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
If that you can Flatter and Speak to their mind ;
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,
Your money being gone your Duty comes double ;
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Hard case, hard case,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Hard case.

And when you break an Arm, or a Leg,
You shall have your Pass, thro' the Country to Beg ;
Your Officer promises you some other pay,
But the Souldier never gets it, no, not till Dooms-day:
Sing Tanta ra, *&c.* Long time, long time,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Long time.

At last when you come to your Enemies Walls,
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls ;
And when you have done the best that you can,
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man ;
Sing Tanta ra, ra *&c.* That's all, that's all,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* That's all.

A SONG.



Her

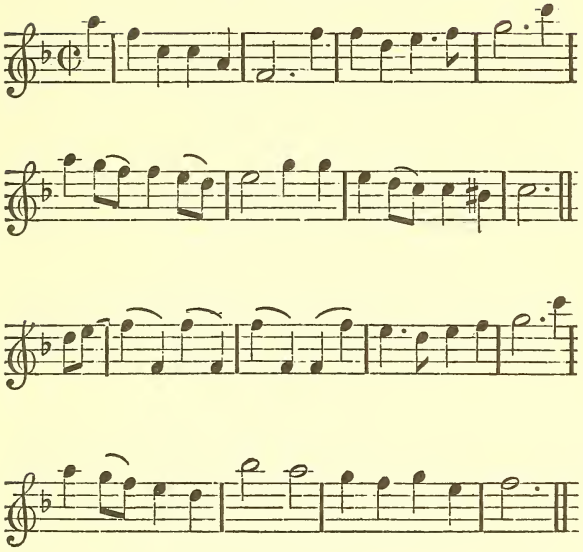
HER Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Cheeks like Roses fair;
Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair:
Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odours blown,
By *Zephyrus* o'er the Vales;
Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er she Breaths, where e'er she sings,
How happy are the Groves;
How blest! how much more blest than Kings,
The Shepherd's that she loves.

With gentle steps lets beat the ground,
In Gladsome Couples joyn'd;
For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
And ev'ry Lover kind.

A SONG.



GReat *Alexander's* Horse,
Bucephalus by Name;
That long has been enrolled
Within the Books of Fame:
But Sir *Credulous Easy's* Mare,
So far did him excel,
She ne'er run for the Plate
But she bore away the Bell:
With a Nighy, Wheeghy, Yeopoop a,
Full Caper and Career;
All England *cannot shew you,*
Sike another Mare,

And

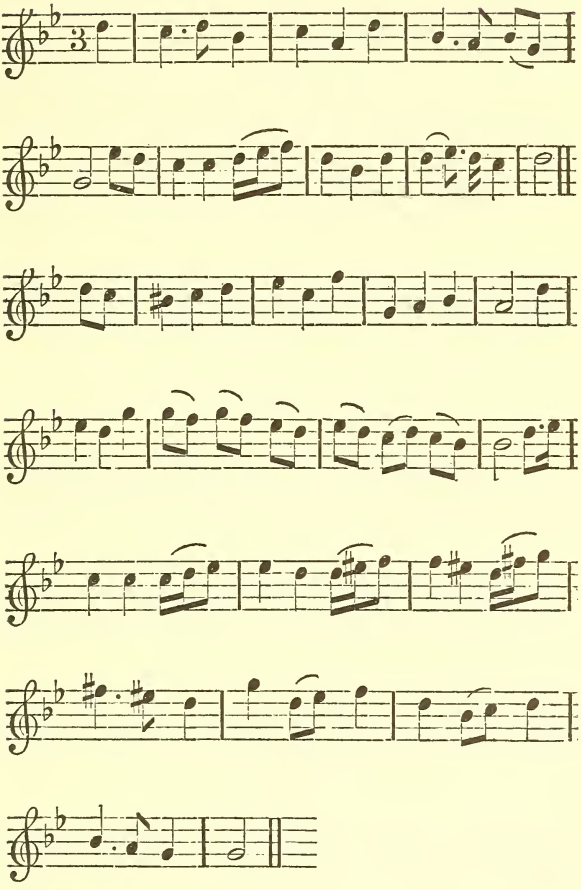
And to *Brentford* she did come,
And an Ale-house she did find;
She could not pass it by,
But she knew her Master's mind:
And as she called for a Pot,
She wou'd be, wou'd be sure of twain;
Which made her such a Sott,
She ne'er could run again.
℣ *With a Nighy*, &c.

Since last I saw her Face,
I heard report is spread,
With drinking in that Place,
This bonny Mare is dead:
And the last Words she did say,
As she came down the Hill;
Was ah! that Bowl had broke her Heart,
And so she made her Will:
℣ *With a Nighy*, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof she bequeath'd
To some Religious Fool;
Who after her untimely Death,
Begs Pardon for her Soul:
An her hinder Hoof with which,
She play'd full many a Trick;
She gave to those curs'd Wives,
That against their Husbands kick:
℣ *With a Nighy*, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
Her Master wept full sore;
Because it was reported,
He ne'er shou'd see her more:
But that which Comforted him,
For his departed Friend;
Was after all his great Loss,
She made so good an end:
With a Nighy, &c.

A SONG.

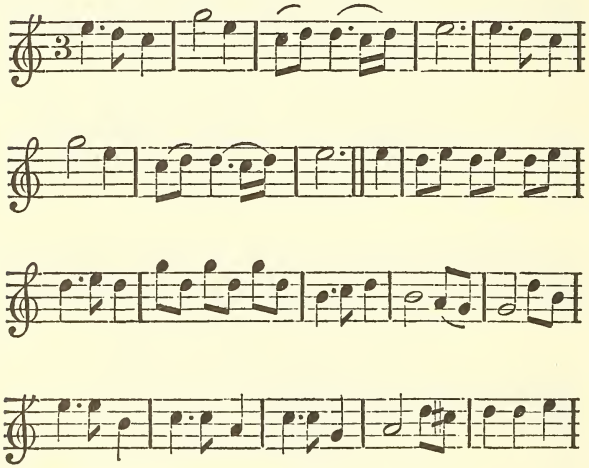


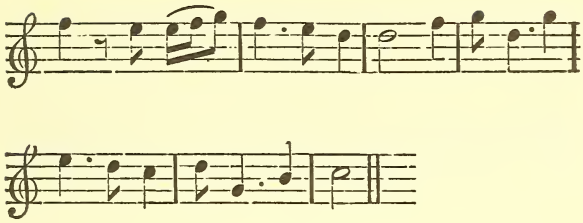
If

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it Torment ?
If a bitter, oh tell me! whence comes my content ;
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by Passionate silence, I make my Love known ;
But Oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her Love :
When in striving to hide, she returns all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

A SONG.

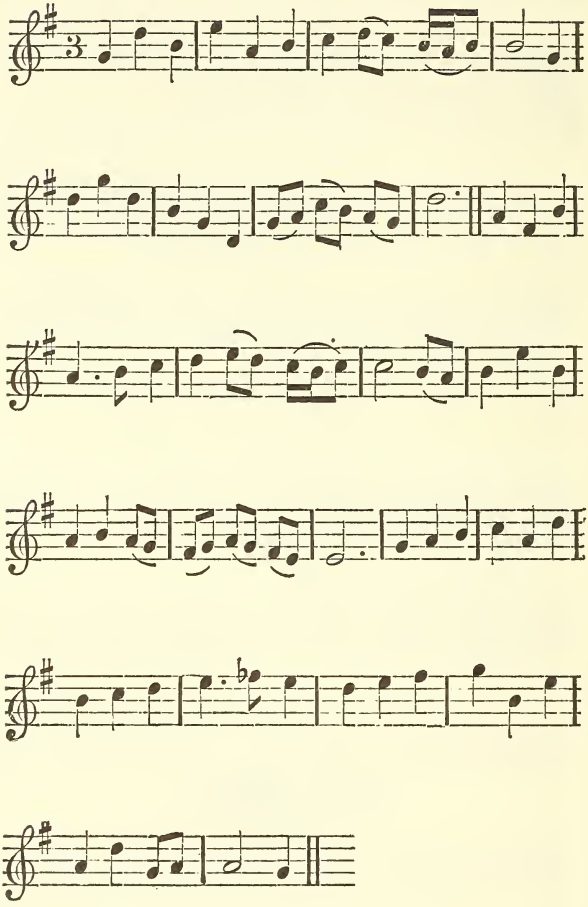




COME if you dare, our Trumpets sound,
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound;
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, (double, double) Beat of the thundering Drum:
Now they charge on amain,
Now they Rally again,
The Gods from above the Mad labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting *Saxons* quit their Ground,
Their Trumpets Languish in the sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,
Victoria, *Victoria* the bold *Britons* cry:
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run,
We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquish'd Invaders.

A SONG.

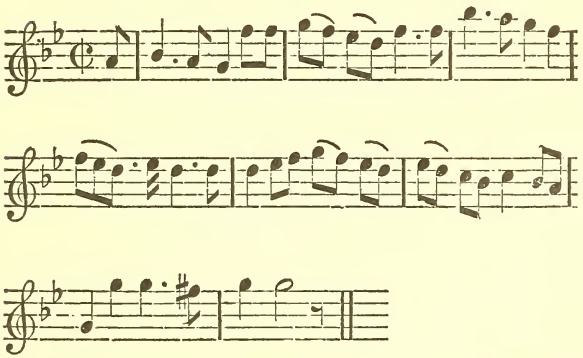


How

HOW blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
Over our lowly sheds all the Storms passes,
And when we Die, 'tis in each others Arms:
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,
Let not your days without Pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praise you, but none will desire:
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting,
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

A SONG.



TObacco is but an *Indian* Weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve ;
It shows our decay,
We are but Clay,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

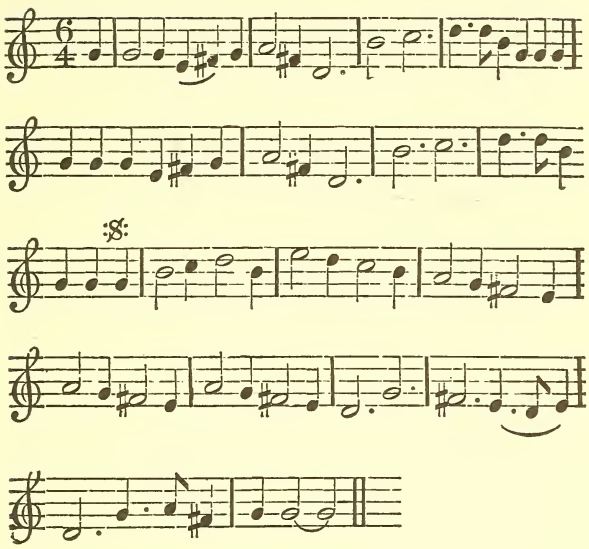
The Pipe that is so Lilly-white,
Where so many take delight ;
Is broke with a touch,
Man's Life is such,
Think of this, &c.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin ;
It does require,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of this, &c.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Does serve to put us all in mind ;
That into Dust,
Return we must,
Think of this, &c.

The Smoak that does so high ascend,
Shews you Man's Life must have an end ;
The Vapour's gone,
Man's Life is done,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

A SONG.



SIR *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly:
And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,
All Armed with a Coat of Male,
Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,
That had slain God knows how many Men;
But when she saw Sir *Eglamore*,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then

Then the Trees began to shake,
Horse did Tremble, Man did quake;
The Birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

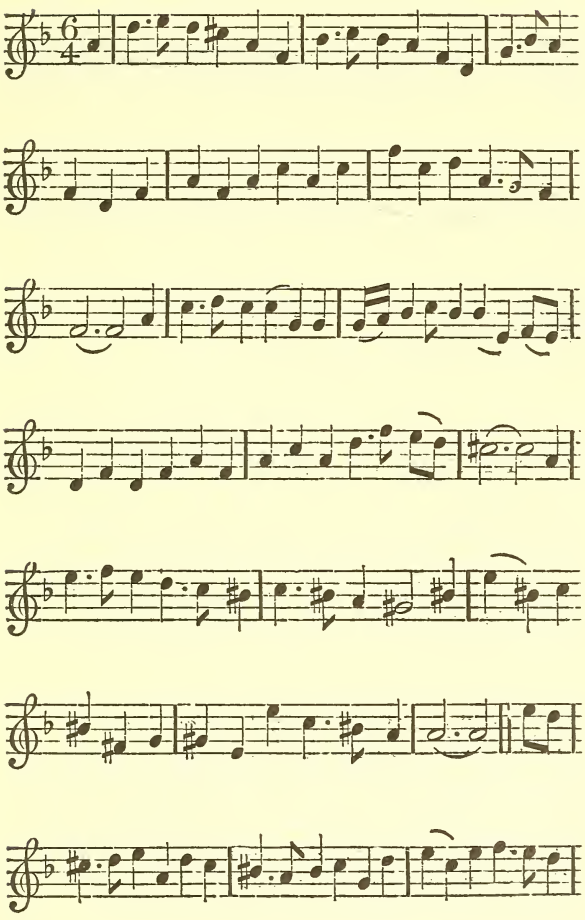
But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't, fight Dog, fight Bear;
And to't they go, and soundly fight,
A live-long day, from Morn till Night.

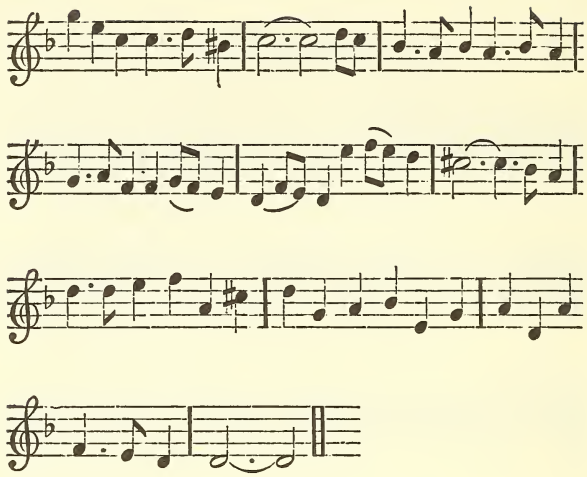
This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That cou'd the sharpest steel abide;
No sword cou'd enter her with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a Yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly,
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there she lay all Night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword:
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

A SONG.

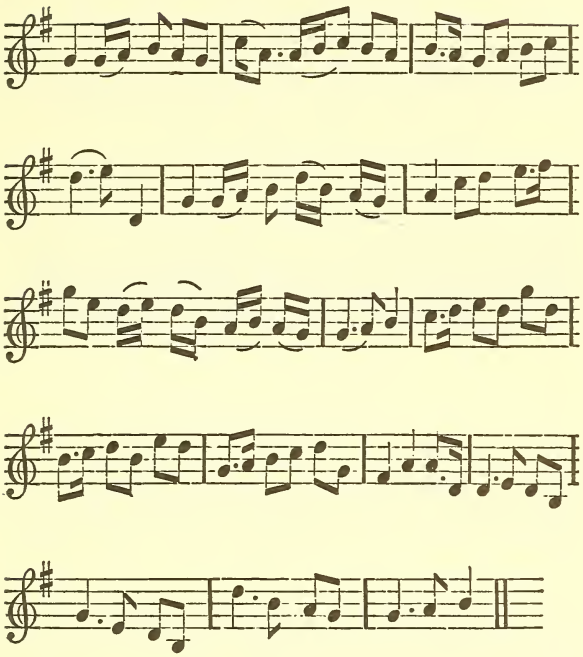




THE Danger is over, the Battle is past,
The Nymph had her fears, but she ventur'd at last;
She try'd the Encounter, and when his was done;
She smil'd at her Folly, and own she had won:
By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd;
She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down,
If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
Who have lost precious time, and you who are loosing,
Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing:
Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind,
You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind;
Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
You'd feel the loss little, and much to be won.

A SONG.

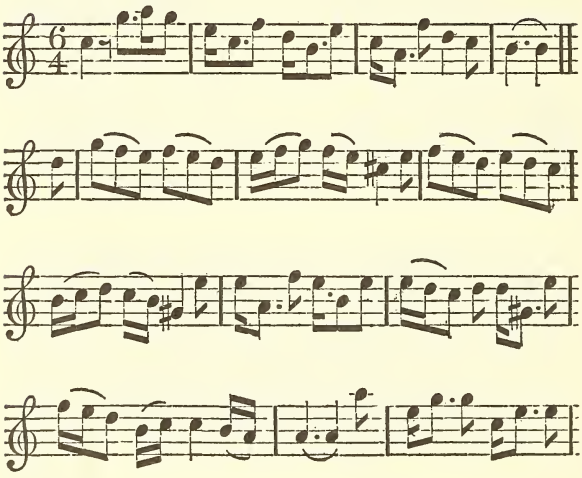


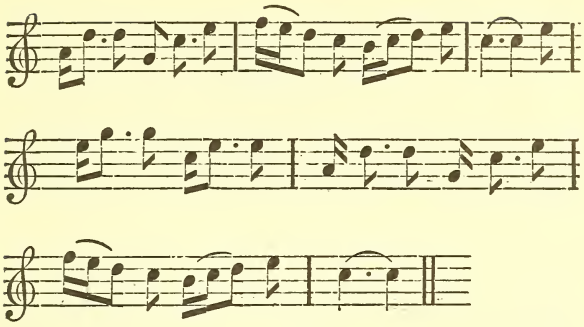
Ully and *Georgy* now beath are gean,
To see their lovely Flocks a feeding;
Fenny and *Moggy* too follow'd them,
For fear they should be now a breeding:
Out of *London* Town they aw did trip it,
Down to play at new bopeep at *Tunbridge* Well;
But how they play'd, or what they said,
The De'el his sell can only tell.

Moggy

Moggy had Bearns, Four, Five or Six,
Put *Jenny* was a young beginner:
Sure to her Trading now she will fix,
The Kirk has made her a young Sinner:
To *London* Town they're gean,
Each with a muckle Weam:
And *Georgy* now to *Scotland* he mun run,
Fare him weel, ene take him De'el,
Poor *Jenny* now is quite undone.

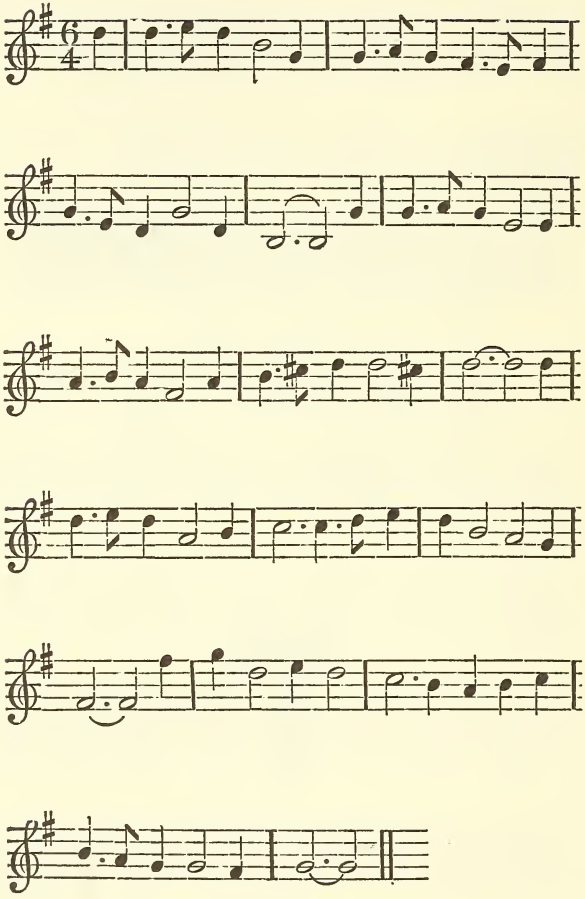
A SONG.





SING, sing whilst we trip it, trip, trip it,
Trip, trip it, upon the Green;
But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
No nothing, no nothing offend,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen:
No nothing, no nothing,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen;
No nothing, no nothing, no nothing,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

A SONG.

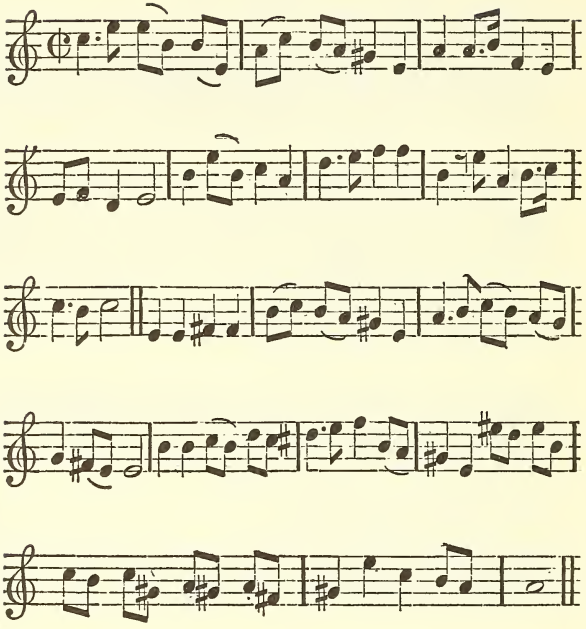


YOU Lasses and Lads take leave of your Dads,
And away to the Maypole hye,
There is every he has gotten a she,
And a Fidler standing by;
There is *Jockey* has gotten his *Jenny*,
And *Johnny* has gotten his *Jone*,
And there they do jugget, and jugget,
And jugget up and down.

You're out said *Dick*, you lye said *Nick*,
The Fidler play'd it false;
And so said *Natt*, and so said *Kate*,
And so said nimble *Ealse:*
With that the Fidler he
Did play the Tune again;
And then they did foot it, and foot it,
And foot it unto the Men.

Three times in an Hour they went to a Bower,
To play for Ale and Cakes,
And kisses to whom they were due,
The Lasses held the Stakes:
The Lasses they began
To quarrel with the Men,
And bid them take their Kisses back,
And give them their own again.

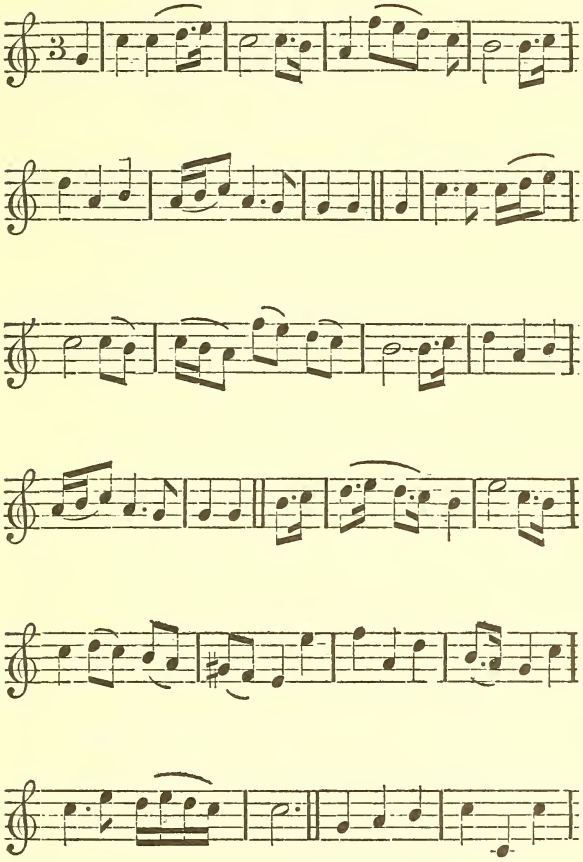
A SONG.

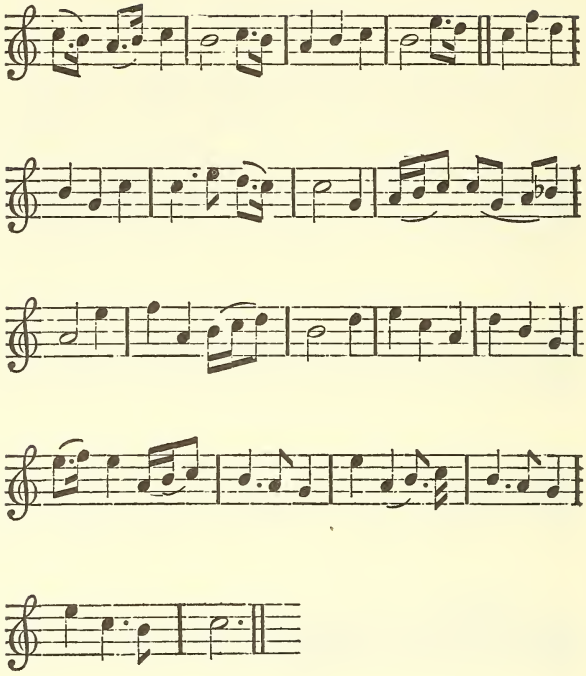


WHat ungrateful Devil moves you !
Come, come my Friend the Truth declare ;
You love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* loves you ;
Why, why then will you wed the Fair ?
Marriage joyning does discover,
But Lovefreeing joyns for Life :
Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,
Love the Nymph for ever ?
Never, never, never, never, never, never,
Let her be your Wife.

A SONG.

Sett by Mr. Barincloth.





ALL Hands up aloft,
Swab the Coach fore and aft,
For the Punch Clubbers straight will be sitting;
For fear the Ship rowl
Sling off a full Bowl,
For our Honour let all things be fitting:
In an Ocean of Punch
We to Night will all sail,
I'th' Bowl we're in Sea Room
Enough we ne'er fear;

Here's

Here's to thee Mess-mate,
Thanks honest *Tom*,
'Tis a Health to the King,
Whilst the Larboard Man drinks,
Let the Star-board Man sing,
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

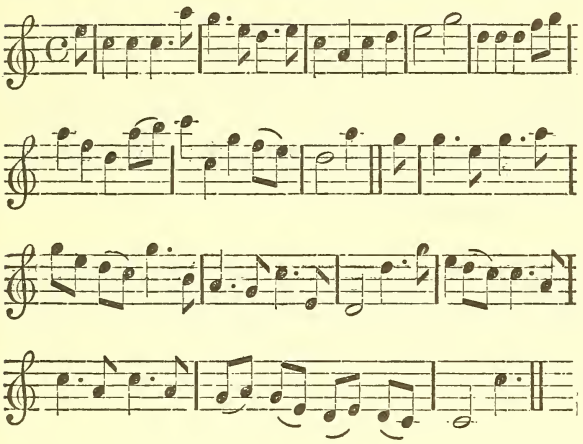
The Winds veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry Sail,
She'll bear all her Topsails a trip:
Heave the Logg from the Poop,
It blows a fresh Gale,
And a just Account on the Board keep:
She runs the eight Knots,
And eight Cups to my thinking,
That's a Cup for each Knot,
Must be fill'd for our drinking;
Here's to thee Skipper,
Thanks honest *John*,
'Tis a Health to the King,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill,
With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

The Quartier must Cun,
Whilst the foremast-man steers;
Here's a Health to each Port where'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
Shall be drubb'd at the Geers;
The Depth of each Cup therefore sound:

To our noble Commander,
To his Honour and Wealth,
May he drown and be damn'd,
That refuses the Health:
Here's to thee honest *Harry*,
Thanks honest *Will*,
Old true Penny still,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.
With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

VVhat News on the Deck ho?
It blows a meer Storm;
She lies a try under her Mizen,
VVhy what tho' she does,
VVill it do any Harm?
If a Bumper more does us all Reason:
The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,
In spight of the VVeather,
Yea, yea huzza, let's howl altogether;
Here's to thee *Peter*,
Thanks honest *Foe*,
About let it go;
In the Bowl still a Calm is,
VVhere'er the VVinds blow.
With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

A Scotch *SONG. Set by Mr.* Akeroyde.

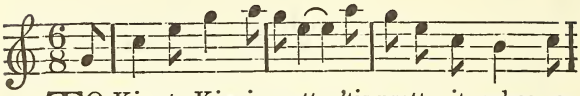


AS I went o'er yon misty Moor,
'Twas on an Evening late, Sir,
There I met with a welfar'd Lass
VVas spanning of her Gate, Sir;
I took her by the lilly white Hand,
And by the Twat I caught her,
I swear and vow, and tell you true,
She piss'd in my Hand with Laughter.

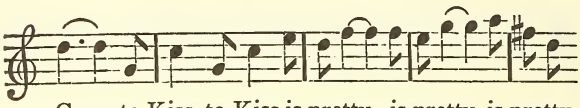
The silly poor VVench she lay so still,
You'd swear she had been dead, Sir;
The deel a word but aw she said, but ay,
And bow'd her Head, Sir;
Kind Sir, quoth she, you'll kill me here,
But I'll forgive the Slaughter,
You make such Motions with your A——se,
You'll split my Sides with Laughter.

A SONG.

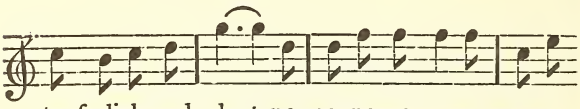
Sett by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



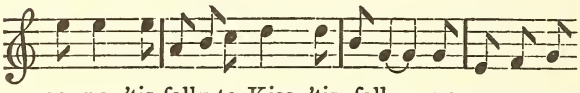
TO Kiss, to Kiss is pretty, 'tis pretty, it makes us



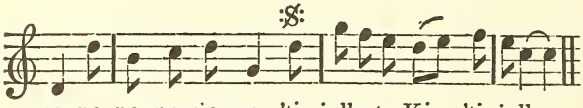
Gay; to Kiss, to Kiss is pretty, is pretty, is pretty



to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

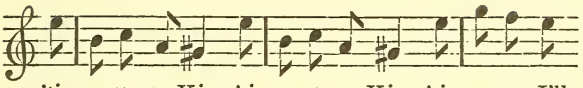


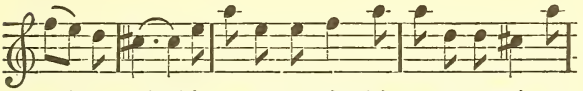
no, no, 'tis folly to Kiss, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,

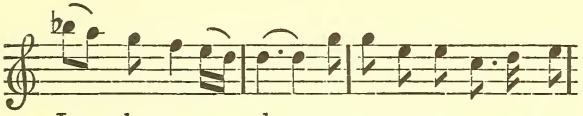


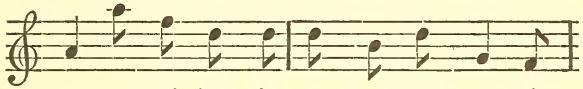
no, no, no, no, no, no; 'tis jolly to Kiss, 'tis jolly;

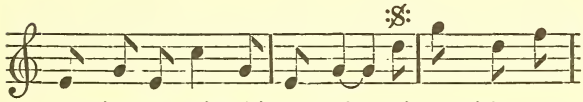
'Tis

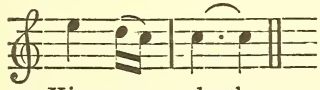

'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty, I'll


tell you why,'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty to Kiss to


Love, but not to dye ; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

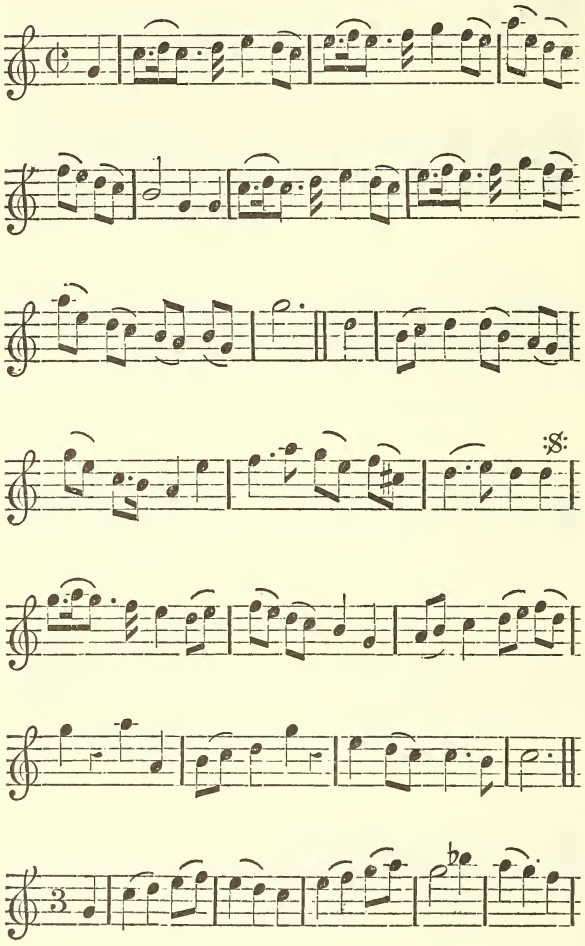

no, no, Kissing till you're out of breath, 'tis

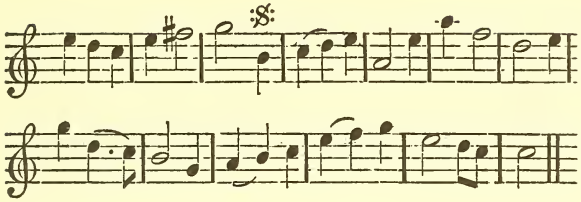

foolish to Kiss, 'tis foo - lish, 'tis foolish to


Kiss to death.

The

The Midwives *Christening SONG.*





LEt's consecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our solemn Meeting,
To recreate those Female Hearts,
That sometime since were weeping:
The Lady's Pangs are now no more,
All Grief is banish'd from her;
The lusty Boy has made his way,
And nothing now can wrong her.

Cho. *By all the Gossips.*

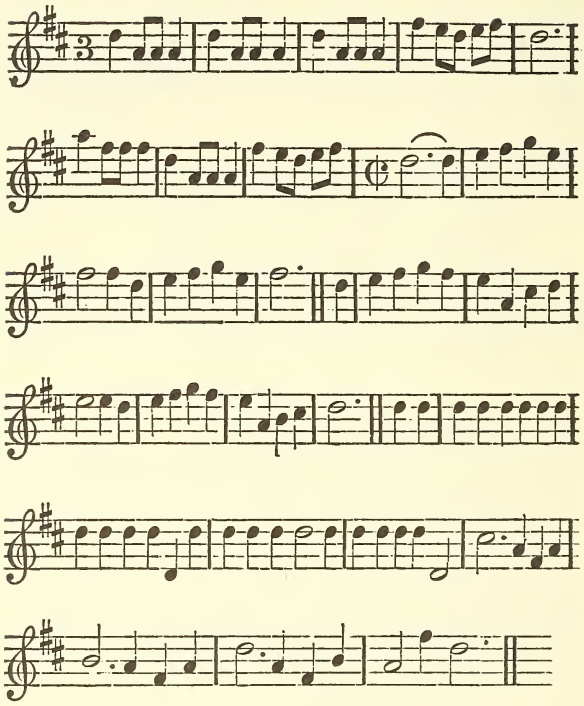
O Mighty Power of active Love,
How bravely hast thou wrought!
From Something done, there's Something come,
While many toyl for nought.

Then dish about the Mother's Health,
The Lads shall soon come after;
Nor shall the Father be forgot,
In hopes the next —— a Daughter:
Go on brave Pair, obey Command,
And multiply together;
May Strength increase,
And VVealth ne'er cease,
Nor may you part for ever.

Cho. *By all the Gossips.*

O mighty Power of active Love,
How bravely hast thou wrought!
From Something done, there's Something come,
While many toyl for nought.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O brave Show,
O pretty Show, who see my fine a Show?
O Raree Show, O Brave Show,
Who see my pretty Show?
Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun travailar,
Fadboun estr' a l'ombretta a l'ombretta,
Fad boun estr' l'ombretta Calignar.

Here's

Here's de *English* and *French* to each oder most civil,
Shake Hands and be friends, and hug like the Devil:
O Raree Show, O brave Show, O pretty gallant a Show.

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging thro' *France*,
To sweep ade Shimney, to sing and to dance.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de great *Turk*, and de great King of no Land,
A Galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* to *Poland*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here's de brave *English Beau* for de Pacquet Boat tarries,
To go make his Campaign vid his Taylor at *Paris*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de honest Captain a cursing the Peace,
Here's another disbanding his Coach and his Miss.
O Raree Show, &c.

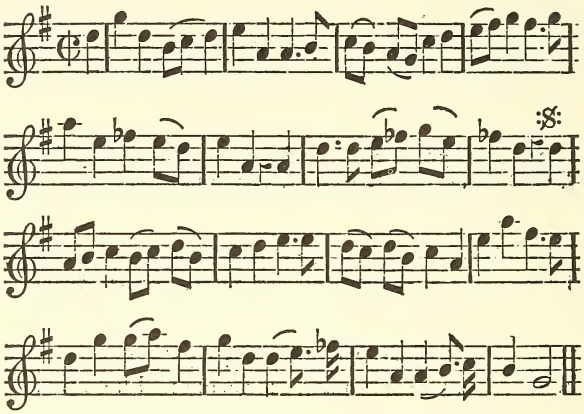
Here be de *English* Ships bring Plenty and Riches,
And here be de *French* Caper a mending his Breeches.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Jacks set out Lights and dissemble,
And here be de Mob make 'em squitter and tremble.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Sea Captain a reeling on Shore,
Here's one spend all his Pay and Boarding a Whore.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouses,
And here be de Soldiers a storming their Spouses.
O Raree Show, brave Show, who see my fine Show.

A SONG in the Morose Reformer.



YOU Ladies who are young and gay,
Since Time too swiftly flyes away,
Bestow your hours of leisure, bestow your hours of leisure
On Courts, on Gardens, Springs, and Groves,
On Conversation lawful Loves, [Pleasure.
And ev'ry harmless Pleasure, ev'ry, ev'ry harmless

Be you the finest Shows at Plays,
Alluring Youth to love and gaze;
But try no mad Conclusions:
But ev'ry where and often shown,
But Vision-like, be touch'd by none,
Be only fair Delusions.

For Pleasure ramble round the Town,
But give your Friends no cause to frown;
From Honour never sally:
How they're contemn'd who were admir'd,
In Courts had all their Hearts desire,
For ev'ry Kiss a Tally.

The

The Second Part of St. George *for* England, *by the late* John Grub, M.A. *of* Christ's-Church Oxon; *to the same Tune*, Pag. 117.

THE Story of King *Arthur* it is very memorable,
The Number of his valiant Knights, and roundness of his Table;
His Knights around his Table in a Circle sate, d'ye see,
And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;
He had a Sword both broad and sharp, yclip'd *Calliburn*,
Would cut a Flint more easy, than Penknife cuts a Corn;
A Case-Knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a Rock,
And split a Man at single slash, from noddle down to nock,
He was the Cream of *Brecknock*, and the Flower of all the *Welch*,
But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy Squelsh;

St. George *he was for fair* England,
St. Dennis *was for* France,
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Tamerlain with *Tartarian* Bow the *Turkish* Squadrons slew,
And fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down, with half Moon made of Yew;
His trusty Bow proud *Turks* did gall, with show'rs of Arrows thick,
And Bow-strings without throtling sent, Grand *Visier* to Old *Nick;*
Much Turbants and much *Pagan* Pates, he made to tumble in Dust,
And heads of *Saracens* he fixt on Spears as on a Sign Post;
He coop'd in Cage grim *Bajazet*, prop of *Mahomet's* Religion,
As if he'd been the whispering Bird that prompted him the Pidgeon;

In

In *Turkey* leather Scabbard, he did sheath his Blade so trenchant,
But *George* he swing'd the Dragon's Tail, and cut off every Inch on't;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride,
Was taught by th' *Centaurs* rational Parts the Hinnible to bestride;
Bright silver Feet and shining Face had the stout Heroe's Mother,
As Rapiers silver'd at one end, and wound us at the other;
Her Feet were bright, his Feet were swift as Hawk pursuing Sparrow,
Hers had the Metal, his the Speed of *Brabant's* Silver Arrow:
Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her dearest Boy,
Who bred him from a slender Twig to be the Scourge of *Troy;*
But e'er he lash'd the *Trojans* was, in *Stygian* Waters steept,
As Birch is soaked first in Piss when Boys are to be whipt;
His Skin exceeding hard, he rose from Lake so black and muddy,
As *Lobsters* rising from the Sea with Shells about their Body;
And as from *Lobsters* broken Claw, pick out the Flesh you might,
So might you from one unshell'd Heel dig pieces of the Knight;
His Myrmidons robb'd *Priams* Barns, and Hen-Roosts say the Song,
Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from which they sprung;
Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloons, and sent him down bare breech'd,

To

To *Pedant Radamanthus* in Posture to be switch'd,
But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd been bewitch'd;
St. George *he was*, &c.
The *Amazon Thalestris* was beautiful and bold,
She sear'd her Breasts with Iron hot, and bang'd her Foes with Cold;
Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud Mortals under.
It shone just like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder;
Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blast the proudest he that swagger'd,
And melt that Rapier of his Soul, in its corporeal Scabbard;
With Beauty the great *Lapland* charm'd, poor Men she did bewitch all,
Still a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her Screech-Owl;
Her Beauty and her Drum to Foe did cause Amazement double,
As timorous Larks amazed are, with Light and with a low Bell;
She kept the Chastness of a *Nun*, in Armour as in a Cloyster,
But *George* undid the Dragon, just as you'd undo an Oyster;
St. George *he was*, &c.
Full fatal to the *Romans* was the *Carthaginian Hannibal*,
Him I mean who did them give a devilish Thump at *Cannæ*,
Moors thick as Goats on *Penwinmaur* flood on the *Alpes's* Front,
Their one-ey'd Guide, like blinking Mole, bor'd thro' the hindring Mount;
Who baffled by the massy Rock, took Vinegar for Relief,
Like Plow-men when they hew their way thro' stubborn Rump of Beef;

As

As dancing Louts from humid Toes, cast atome of ill Savour,
To blinking *Hial* when on vile Croud, he Merriment does endeavour ; [quiver,
And on harmonious Timber saws a wretched Tune so
Just so the *Romans* stunk at sight of *African* Conniver;
The tawny surface of his Phiz did serve instead of Vizard,
But *George* he made the Dragon have and a grumbling in his Gizard ; *St.* George *he was*, &c.

Pendragon, like his Father *Jove*, was fed with Milk of Goat, [Coat ;
And like him made a noble Shield of she Goats shagged
On top of burnish'd Helmet he did wear a Crest of Leeks,
And Onions-heads with dreadful Nods, drew Tears down hostile Cheeks ;
Itch and Welch Blood did make him hot, and very prone to ire,
Was ting'd with Brimstone like a Match, and would as soon take Fire ; [Occasion,
And Brimstone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him
His postern puff of wind was a sulphureous Exhalation ;
The *Britain* never tergivers'd, but was for Adverse drubbing, [Scrubbing ;
Nor ever turn'd his Back to ought, but to a Post for
His Sword would serve for Battel, or for Dinner if you please, [Cheese ;
When it had slain a *Cheshire* Man, 'twould tost a *Cheshire*
He wounded, and in their own Blood did Anabaptize *Pagans*, [Dragons ;
But *George* he made the Dragon an Example to all *St.* George *he was*, &c.

Gorgon a twisted Adder wore for Knot upon her Shoulder,
She kemb'd her hissing Periwig, and curling Snakes did powder ;
These Snakes they made stiff Changelings of all Men that they hiss'd on, [stone ;
They turned Barbers into Hones, and Masons into Free-

Sworded

Sworded Magnetick *Amazon*, her Shield to Load-stone changes,
The amorous Sword by mystic Belt, clung fast unto her Hanches; [from Town,
This Shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks, that came to invade long *Compton;* [unravels,
The postdiluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrha's* Work
And stares *Deucalions* hardy Boys, into their primitive Pebbles;
Red Noses she to Rubies turns, and Noddles into Bricks,
But *George* made the Dragon laxative, and gave him a bloody Flix;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Brave *Warwick's* Guy at Dinner-time, challeng'd a Giant Savage,
And straight came out the unwieldy Lout, brim full of Wrath and Cabbage; [middle,
He had a Phiz of Latitude, and was full thick i'th'
The Cheeks of puffed Trumpeter, and Paunch of Squire Beadle;
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak, and did upon his Back tread,
The Valiant *Guy* his Weason cut, and *Atropus* his Packthread; [Witty,
Besides, he fought with a Dun Cow, as say the Poets
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like *Dun* of *Oxford* City;
The fervent Dog-days made her mad, by causing heat of Weather, [Father;
Syrius and *Procyon* baited her, as a Bull-dog did her
Grasiers nor Butchers this fell Beast, e'er of her Frolick hinder'd,
John Dorset she'd knock down as flat, as *John* knocks down his Kindred;
Her Heels would lay ye all along, and kick into a Swoon,
Cow-heels at *Frewins* keep up your Corps, but here t'would beat you down;

She

She vanquish'd many a sturdy Knight, and proud was of the Honour,
Was pufft by mauling Butchers so, as if themselves had blown her;
At once she kick'd and push'd at *Guy*, but all that would not fright him,
Who wav'd his Whinyard o'er her Loyn, as if he'd gone to Knight him;
He let her Blood her Frenzy to cure, and eke he did her Gall rip,
His trenchant Blade, like Cooks long Spit, ran thro' the Monsters bald Rib; [Triumphal,
He rear'd up the vast crook'd Rib, instead of Arch
But *George* hit th' Dragon such a Pelt, which made him on his Bum fall;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Great *Hercules* the Offspring of *Jove*, and fair *Alcmene*,
One part of him celestial was, the other part Terrene:
To scale the Walls of's Cradle, two fiery Snakes combin'd, [twin'd;
And just like unto Swadling-Cloaths about the Infant
But he put out these Dragons Fires, and did their hissing stop,
As red-hot Iron with hissing noise, is quench'd in Blacksmith's Shop;
He cleans'd a Stable, and rubb'd down the Horses of new Comers,
And out of Horse-dung he rais'd Fame, as *Tom Wrench* does Cucumbers; [Groom,
He made a River help him thro', *Alpheus* was under
The Stream grumbling at Office mean, ran murm'ring thro' the Room? [Work,
This liquid Ostler to prevent being tired with a long
His Father *Neptune's* trident took, instead of three tooth'd Dung-fork;
This *Hercules* as Soldier, and as Spinster could take pains,
His Club it would sometimes spin Flax, and sometimes knock out Brains;

He

He was forc'd to spin his Miss a Shift, by *Juno's*
Wrath and her Spite,
Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his Wheel, as Cooks whip
barking turnspit;
From Man or Churn, he well knew how to get him
lasting Fame, [came;
He'd baste a Giant till the Blood, and Milk to Butter
Often he fought with huge Battoon, and oftentimes he
Boxed,
Tap'd a fresh Monster once a Month, as *Harvey* doth
fresh Hogshead; [*Cornwall*,
To stiff *Antæus* he gave a Hug, such as Folks give in
But *George* he did the Dragon kill, as dead as any
door Nail;
St. George *he was*, &c.

The Valour of *Domitian* it must not be forgotten,
Who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Flies, freed sup-
pliant Veal and Mutton;
A Squadron of Flies Errant, against the Foe-appears,
With Regiment of buzzing Wights, and swarms of
Volunteers; [Hum,
The Warlike Wasp incourag'd them, with's animating
And the loud brazen Hornet he was their Kettle-drum;
The *Spaniard don Cantharido*, did him most sorely
pester,
And rais'd on Skin of ventrous Knight full many a
plaguy Blister;
A Bee whipt thro' his Button-hole, as thro' Key-hole
a Witch,
And stabb'd him with a little Tuck, drawn from his
Scabbard Breech; [brawny,
But the undaunted Knight lifts up an Arm so big and
And slasht her so, that here lay Head, and there lay
Bag of Honey;
Then 'mongst the Rout he flew, as swift as Weapons
made by *Cyclops*,
And bravely quell'd seditious Buz, by dint of massy
fly Flaps;

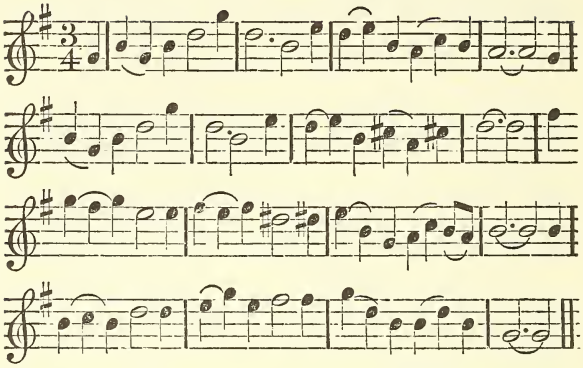
Surviving Flies did Curses Breath, and Maggots too at *Cæsar*,
But *George* he shav'd the Dragon's Beard, and *Askulon* was his Razor;
St. George *he was*, &c.
The *Gemini* sprung of an Egg, were put into a Cradle,
Their Brains with Knocks and bottl'd Ale, were oftentimes full addle;
And scarcely hatch'd these Sons of him, that hurls the Bolt trisulcate,
With helmet shell on tender head, did bustle with red Ey'd Polecat;
Castor a Horseman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wist,
The one was fam'd for Iron heel, the other for leaden fist;
Pollux to shew he was a God, when he was in a passion,
Would first make Noses fall down flat, by way of adoration;
This Fist as sure as *French* Disease, demolisht Noses ridges, [of bridges;
He like a certain Lord, was fam'd for breaking down
Castor the flame of fiery steed, with well spur'd Boots took down, [Town;
As men with leathern Buckets, do quench Fire in a
His Famous Horse that liv'd on Oats, is sung on Oaten quill,
Ah *Bard's* immortal provender the Nag surviveth still;
This brood of Egs on none but rogues, employ'd their brisk Artillery, [on Pillory;
They flew as naturally at a rogue, as Egs at Knaves
Much sweat they spent in furious flight, much blood they effund,
Their whites they vented thro' their pores, their yolks thro' gaping wound;
Then both from blood and dust were cleans'd to make a heavenly sign,
The lads just like their Armour were scow'r'd and hang'd up to shine;

Thus

Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks, the sons of *Jove* and *Tinder*,
But *George* he cut the Dragon up, as't had bin Duck or Winder;
St. *George he was*, &c.

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name,
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal fame;
The beast the Heroes Trouzers ript, and rudely shew'd his bare Breech,
Prickt but the Wem and out there came, Heroick Guts and Garbadge;
Legs were secur'd with Iron boots, no more than peas by peas-cods,
Brass helmets which inclosed Skulls, would crackle in's mouth like Chesnuts;
His tawny Hairs erected were, by rage that was resistless,
And wrath instead of Coblers wax, did stiffen his rising bristles;
His Tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that Whip nor Bugle Horn could wake 'em,
It made them vent both their last blood, and their last *Albumgrecum;*
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear, to make of him a tame one,
And Arrows thick instead of Cloves, he struck in Monsters gammon;
For Monumental Pillar, that his Victory might be known,
He rais'd up in Cylindrick form a Collar of the brawn;
He sent his shade to shades below, in *Stygian* mud to wallow,
And eke the stout St. *George* eftsoon he made the Dragon follow;
St. *George he was*, &c.

A Scotch *SONG.*



'TWas in the Month of *May* Joe, when *Jockey* first I spy'd;
He luk'd as fair as day too, Gude gin I'd bin his Bride:
With Cole black Eyne and Milk white hand,
Ise ne'er yet saw the Like;
I wish I had gin aw my Land,
Ise ne'er had seen the Tike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me, with aw the signs of Love;
Ise thought they wou'd gang thro' me, so fiercely they did move:
He tuke me in his eager Arms,
Ise made but faint denials;
Ise then alas found aw his Charms,
Woe worth such fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at last *Joe*, was forc'd toll gang away:
But I'se had eane stuck fast tho', full Nine Months from that day:
And now poor *Jenny's* Maiden-head,
Shame on't they find its lost;
The little brat has aw betray'd
Was ever Lass thus cross'd.

POEMS
On Several Occasions.

The FRYER *and the* MAID.

AS I lay Musing all alone,
A merry Tale I thought upon ;
Now listen a while and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lass well.

He came to her when she was going to Bed,
Desiring to have her Maiden-head ;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt,
If thou wert in Hell, I could sing thee out ;
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request,
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire ;
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No Money shall part thee and me ;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the grey Gown off my Back.

The

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile;
When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With Money unto his bonny Lass;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth she,
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the Money,
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey;
Nay, stay a while, some respite make,
If my Master should come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid, my Master doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where shall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou, quoth she,
For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well,
No matter quoth she if thou wert in Hell.

Thou saidst thou could sing me out of Hell,
I prithee sing thy self out of the Well;
Sing out quoth she with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all Night.

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
Oh! help me out or I shall be Drown'd;
She heard him make such pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before,
Away quoth the Wench, come here no more;
The Fryer he walk'd along the street,
As if he had been a new wash'd Sheep:
Sing hey down a derry, and let's be merry,
And from such Sin ever keep.

The

The Virtue of SACK : *By Dr.* HEN. EDWARDS.

FEtch me *Ben. Johnson's* Skull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack ;
Of jolly Sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no Sin to be as Drunk as he :
If there be any weakness in the Wine,
There's virtue in the Cup, to make't divine ;
This muddy drench of Ale does taste too much
Of Earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch
Of the dull Hand that Sows it, and I fear
There's Heresie in Hops, give *Calvin* Beer :
And his precise Disciples, such as think
There's Powder Treason in all *Spanish* drink ;
Call Sack an Idol, nor will Kiss the Cup,
For fear their *Conventicle* be blown up
With Superstition, give to the Brew-house Alms,
Whose best Mirth is Six Shillings Beer, and Psalms ?
Let me rejoice in sprightly Sack, that can
Create a Brain, even in an empty Pan,
Canary ! it's thou that dost inspire
And actuate the Soul with Heavenly fire ;
That thou Sublim'st the Genius making Wit
Scorn Earth, and such as love or live by it ;
Thou makest us Lord, of Regions large and fair,
Whilst our conceits build Castles in the Air :
Since Fire, Earth, Air, thus thy inferiors be,
Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee :
Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes !
Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,
Such is the worth of Sack, I am (methinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks :
And do esteem my venerable self
As brave a Fellow, as if all the pelf
Were sure mine own ; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it ; I would Pay
No Debts, but fairly empty every Trunk,
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me Drunk :

And

And so by consequence till rich *Spains* Wine,
Being in my Crown, the *Indies* too were mine :
And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven bless us!)
I think my self a better Man then *Crœsus ;*
And now I do conceit my self a Judge,
And Coughing Laugh to see my Clients trudge
After my Lordship's Coach unto the Hall,
For Justice, and am full of Law withal.
And do become the Bench as well as He,
That Fled long since for want of Honesty :
But I'll be Judge no longer tho' in Jest,
For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest,
When I am Sober ; who can chuse but think,
Me Wise, that am so wary in my Drink !
Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty sport,
I am come back from *Westminster* to Court :
And am grown young again ; my Ptisick now,
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is smooth'd, and I turn'd Amorous as *May*,
When she invites young Lovers forth to play,
Upon her flow'ry Bosom I could win,
A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to Sin,
Oh for a score of Queens ! you'd laugh to see,
How they would strive which first should Ravish me.
Three Goddesses were nothing : Sack has tipt
My Tongue with Charms like those which *Paris* sipt,
From *Venus* when she taught him how to Kiss
Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliss :
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone,
Would turn *Diana* to a burning Stone :
Some with amazement, burning with Loves fire,
Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.
Inestimable Sack ! thou mak'st us rich,
Wise, Amorous any thing ; I have an itch
To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make,
Me Valiant too, and Quarrel for thy sake ;
If I be once inflam'd against thy Nose,
That could Preach down thy worth in Small-beer Prose,
I should do Miracles as bad or worse,
As he that gave the King an Hundred Horse.

T'other

T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd,
To snatch at Stars; and pluck down a reward,
With mine own Hands from *Jove* upon their Backs,
That are, or *Charles's* his Enemies, or Sack's,
Let it be full if I do chance to spill,
O'er my Standish by the way, I will,
Dipping in this diviner Ink my Pen,
Write my self Sober and fall to't agen.

On a Combat of Cocks, *the* Norfolk, *and the* Wisbich : *By Dr.* R. W.

GO you tame Gallants you that have the Name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave Spurs to shew for't and can Crow,
And count all Dunghill breed that cannot shew
Such painted Plums as yours; that think no Vice,
With Cock-like lust to Tread your Cockatrice:
Tho' Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If you're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me:
I of two Feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' Life means to express the Fight,
Must make his Ink o'th' Blood which they did spill,
And from their dying Wings borrow his Quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful People set,
The Matches made, and all that would had Bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their sharp heel'd Warriors, and they
Were both in Linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they Dy'd to have their Winding sheet.
With that into th' Pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their Feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer,
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen Foe,
And like a Challenger begins to Crow,
And shakes his Wings, as if he would display,
His warlike Colours which were Black and Gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active Body, and in Fury wreaths

His

His comely Crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry Beak upon the Ground:
With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
Of *Æsop*; these can better Fight than Feed:
They scorn the Dunghill, 'tis their only Prize,
To dig for Pearl within each others Eyes.
They Fight so long that it was hard to know,
To th' skilful whether they did Fight or know,
Had not the Blood which died the fatal Floor,
Born witness of it; yet they Fight the more,
As if each Wound were but a Spur to prick
Their Fury forward; Lightning's not more quick
Nor Red then were their Eyes; 'twas hard to know
Whether it was Blood or Anger made them so:
And sure they had been out, had not they stood,
More safe by being fenc'd in by Blood.
Yet still they Fought but now (alas!) at length
Altho' their Courage be full try'd their strength
And Blood began to ebb. You that have seen
A Watry Combate on the Sea, between
Two Roaring Angry boyling Billows, how
They march and meet and dash their curled brows,
Swelling like Graves as if they did intend
T' intomb each other, e'er the Quarrel end:
But when the Wind is down, and Blust'ring weather,
They are made Friends and sweetly run together,
May think these Champions such; their Blood runs low,
And they that leapt before, now scarce can go;
Their Wings which lately at one Blow they clapt,
(As if they did Applaud themselves) now flapt;
And having lost the advantage of the Heel,
Drunk with each others Blood they only Reel.
From either Eyes such drops of Blood did fall,
As if they Wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they fain would Fight, they came so near,
As if they meant into each others Ear
To whisper Death; and when they cannot rise,
They lie and look Blows in each others Eyes.
But now the Tragick part after the Fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it.

And

And *Wisbich* lay a Dying so that none,
Tho' Sober, but might venter Seven to One,
Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
His force, as meaning with that Blow to fall;
He struggles up, and having taking Wind,
Ventures a Blow and strikes the other Blind.
And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his Eyes,
Fights only guided by Antipathies:
With him (*alas*) the Proverb holds not true,
The Blows his Eyes ne'er saw his Heart must rue.
At length by chance he stumbled on his Foe,
Not having any power to strike a Blow,
He falls upon him with his Wounded Head,
And makes his Conquerors Wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying Sick his Friends were very charie
Of him, and fetcht in hast an Apothecary;
But all in vain his Body did so Blister,
That 'twas incapable of any Glister;
Wherefore at length opening his fainting Bill,
He call'd a Scriv'ner, and thus made his Will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be Boil'd, and for its Tomb,
Let it be Buried in some hungry Womb:
Item. *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my side laid Seven to One;
And like a Gentleman that he might live,
To Him and to his Heirs my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did use to Crow:
Item. *It is my Will to the weaker ones,*
Whose Wives complain of them, I give my Stones;
To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
And to the Coward I bequeath my Heart:
To Ladies that are light it is my Will,
My Feathers should be given; and for my Bill
I'd give't a Taylor, but it is so short,
That I'm afraid he'll rather Curse me for't:

And

And for the Apothecaries Fee who meant.
To give me a Glister, let my Rump be sent.
Lastly, because I feel my Life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich *Cock the Day.*

On a FART
In the Parliament House: By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

DOWN came Grave Ancient Sir *John Crook*,
And read his Message in a Book,
Very well quoth *Will. Norris* is it so,
But Mr. *Pym's* Tayl cry'd no.
Fie, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this Passage,
To have a *Fart* intervoluntary in the midst of a message;
Then up starts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and said a very ill motion;
Not so neither, quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,
The Motion was good, but for the Stinking;
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick,
To *Fart* in the Face of the Body Politick;
Sir *Jerome* in Folio swore by the Mass,
This *Fart* was enough to have blown a Glass:
Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the lesser such an abuse,
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Justice i'th' *Quorum*,
Would tak't in Snuff to have a *Fart* let before him;
If it would bear an Action, quoth Sir *Thomas Holecraft*,
I would make of this *Fart* a Bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir *John More*, to his great Commendation,
I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion,
Now surely says he, for as much as how be it,
This *Fart* to the Serjeant we must commit.
No, quoth the Serjeant, low bending his Knees,
Farts oft will break Prisons, but never Pay Fees:
Besides this Motion with small reason stands,
To charge me with what I cant keep in my Hands:

Quoth

Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas so readily let,
I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet.
Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but Bury it with Sweetwood,
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncomb*, upon my Salvation
This *Fart* stands in need of some great Reformation.
Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my Conscience,
It would be reform'd with a little Frankincence.
Quoth Sir *Roger Acton*, it would much mend the matter,
If this *Fart* were Shaven and wash'd with Rose-water,
Per verbum Principis, how dare I tell it,
A *Fart* by here-say and not see it nor Smell it.
I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor*, we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it to the King.
Such a *Fart* as this was never seen,
Quoth the Learned Council of the Queen.
Yet, quoth Sir *Hugh Beeston*, the like hath been
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then said Mr. *Leak*, I have a president in store,
His Father *Farted* last Sessions before.
A Bill must be drawn, then quoth Sir *John Bennet*,
Or a selected Committee quickly to Pen it.
Why quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no Man can draw,
This *Fart* within the Compass of the Civil Law:
Quoth Mr. *Jones*, by the Law't may be done,
Being a *Fart* intayl'd from Father to Son,
In troth, quoth Mr. *Brook*, this Speech was no lye,
This *Fart* was one of your *Post Nati:*
Quoth *William Paddy*, he dares assure 'em,
Tho' 'twere *Contra Modestiam*, 'tis not *præter Naturam:*
Besides by the Aphorisms of my Art,
Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been sick of a *Fart.*
Then quoth the *Recorder*, the mouth of the City,
To have smother'd that *Fart* had been great pitty.
It is most certain, quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwizzle*,
That a round *Fart* is better than a stinking Fizzle.
Have Patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,
There's none of us all but may be mistaken:
Why right quoth the Great Attorney I confess,
The Eccho of ones A— is remediless.

The

The GENEVA *Ballad:*

By the Author of HUDIBRAS.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* on *Flemish Wheels*,
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at Heels,
Like *Splay Mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps,
By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine;
Nay he can Bellow, bray, or bark,
Was ever *sike a Beuk learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark.

To draw in Proselytes like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang*, he tones his Prose:
He gives his Handkercheif a squeez,
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose:
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stocking Similitudes*,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new Name;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame:
When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Gospel Comet* first appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd,
His Sov'reign Leige of Power and Land:
And having smote his Master, slip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.

But

But he that wears his Eyes may Note
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to Cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then,
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary's* many grains;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*;
As if the Wind could stand *North South*,
Broke *Moses's* Law with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth,
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Æthiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins,
To rally upon the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whispers, *Boys stand to your Arms*,
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods cant be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magistrates he regards no more,
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-Wives wind their dead in Wollen,
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-bear'd Goff*,
And makes his Power as meer a Scoff,
As *Dagon* when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die.
Thus make domestick Broils at home.

How

How quietly Great *CHARLES* might Reign,
Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
And Preach down Popery in *Spain.*

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no dissention in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my phrase to *thee* and *thou;*
Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests milk me like a Cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cause,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vulture's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that Nurs'd
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Vesture first
Was Coated in a Northern Blue,
And what's th' Enthusiastick breed,
Or Men of *Knipperdolin's* Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to Seed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
And make boast of their Innocence:
There cannot be so vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence,
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll Swear,
No Subject like the Old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack* ——

A PROLOGUE.

By Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

SEE, *Britains*, see, one half before your Eyes,
Of the old *Falstaff*, lab'ring to arise;
Curse on the strait lac'd Traps, and *French* Machines,
None but a Genius can ascend these Scenes.

Once more my *English* Air I breath again,
And smooth my double Ruff, and double Chin;
Now let me see what Beauties gild the Sphere,
Body o'me, the Ladies still are Fair:
The Boxes shine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Roba's* at the *Bull;*
But supream *Jove!* what washy Rogues are here,
Are these the Sons of Beef and *English* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dream'd of Kine so lean,
This comes of meagre Soop and sour *Champeign;*
Degenerate Race, let your old Sire advise,
If you desire to fill the Fair one's Eyes,
Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aspire to humble Bliss,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiss;
'Till quite worn out with acting Beau's and Wits,
You're all sent crawling to the Gravel-pits:
Pretending Claps, there languishing you lie,
And like the Maids, of the Green-sickness die:
The Case was other when we rul'd the Roast,
We robb'd and ravish'd, but you sigh and toast.

But here I see a side Box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho' they're but Turn-spits of the Mastiff kind.
Half-bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungril Curse,
Oons, which amongst you dare attempt a Purse?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause,
And let my Wit and Humour meet Applause:

Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to tast,
Where *French* Buffoons like honest *Switzer* drest,
Turns all good Fellowship to Farce and Jest.
Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage,
Let Mimicks and squeaking Eunuchs feel your Rage;
On such let your descending Scourge be try'd,
Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.

Richmond WELLS.

By Mr. HERBERT.

BLANDUSIA! Nymph of this fair Spring,
Appear, while we your Vertues sing;
While swelling Notes do raise your Name,
And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging stand,
Now gentle wave your Sacred Wand,
And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,
And let your healing Waters flow.

They cure the thinking Matrons Spleen,
The longing Virgin's sickly Green;
Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em purest Air,
Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky;
That spacious Valley yield the Fair,
Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
Delicious Villa's sweetest Groves;
Each thing in full Maturity,
Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With

With what Varieties the bright,
The noble *Thames* regales the Sight!
Cover'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
The sweets of *Zephyr's* laden Wings.

His gliding by *Elysian* Fields,
In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields;
And those so near fair watry Plains,
Where ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

Two chiefs I've seen with pleasing Pain,
A long and bloody Fight maintain;
Ruffled and under Sail like *Jove*,
Stemming the stronger Tide of Love.

The Inspir'd POET:

Or, the Power of LOVE. *Sent in a Letter, from a mean Person to a* COUNTESS.

READ, fairest of the Graces, read my Lines,
Thou, that so justly with that Title shines;
Let Love's soft Fire by degrees diffuse,
And warm your snowy Breast as you peruse:
Me the *Pierian* Sisters do approve,
Not one of all the Nine disdains my Love;
A Thousand beauteous Nymphs have sought my Bed,
A Thousand Girls challeng'd the Vows I made:
All *Galatea* were despis'd by me,
As soon as I had hopes of bedding thee;
And if thou wilt thy sacred Poet Wed,
The *Muses* shall adorn the Bridal-Bed:
Orpheus shall strike his high resounding Wire,
And great *Apollo* touch his softer Lyre;
Clio shall be thy Hand-maid, and for State,
The *Graces* in thy Bed-chamber shall wait:
But least you should my Love contemn or jeer,
Something I have to whisper in your Ear;

On Mount *Parnassus* I've a little Farm,
'Twill match thy Portion, so there is no harm:
Here Ivy Lawrels grow, which crown my Theams,
And Wit's still flowing in my purling Streams;
From hence, the Glories of the World you see,
Parnassus Tops are *Paradise* to me:
My way to Heaven's short, *Pegasus* flies,
And, free as Air, soon mounts me to the Skies;
Minerva has a noble Seat near mine,
So has *Apollo*, so the sacred Nine:
Then all the Poets my Companions are,
They, and sweet Musick, still my Spirits cheer:
Homer and *Virgil* in their turns rehearse,
The two great Masters in Heroick Verse:
The Satyrist diverts, when scourging Knaves,
And sometimes he corrects my pilf'ring Slaves;
Dear *Horace* makes me smile my Spleen at height,
His tickling *Muse* oft makes me laugh out-right:
Musæus, *Hero* and *Leander* sings,
And *Hesiod's* Verse relate most wondrous things;
Maro, *Theocritus* Pastoral refines,
Pythagoras's Morals draws in golden Lines:
Blind aged *Homer* bloody Battles writes,
Whilst youthful *Ovid Billet-deux* indites;
And *Mercury* from *Phœbus* came just now,
And brought these Lawrel Branches for thy Brow:
From *Nisa's* top, he's now a calling thee,
And summons all the Tribe of Poesie;
A Banquet for you Poets does prepare,
And rich old *Nectar* crowns the Bill of Fare:
You've Water from the clear *Pegasean* Fount,
And thou shalt sleep on quiet *Cyrrha's* Mount;
Here Verse runs streaming from the sacred Spring,
And when thou wak'st, thou wilt like *Ennius* sing:
Orpheus, *Arion* will be here and Play,
And all the Nymphs and Satyrs the Hay;
This *Mercury* did grant at my desire,
And I will add thee to the *Muses* Choir:
With Goddesses, thy Sociates, shalt thou play,
They shall be Bride-maids on the Wedding-day;

Clio

Clio and all her Sisters I'll invite,
Minerva too, shall throw the Hose at Night.
Divine *Apollo* late did visit me,
My Cottage seem'd to please his Deity;
My Lawrel Crown was sent me by that God,
And *Mercury* for Sceptre left his Rod:
My House is on the Fam'd *Parnassus* Hill,
Where my two Steeds, of *Nectar* drink their fill;
A King I am, in *Phocis* reign, and sit
On Great *Tibullus* Throne, that Prince of Wit:
Cyrrha's the Kingdom, that's design'd for thee,
And when we Bed, thou shalt be Queen of me;
And when the Ivy Wreath's fix'd on thy Brow,
The Nymphs shall frown and envy as they bow:
In the same Chariot thou shalt with me ride,
And *Pegasus* himself shall draw my Bride.
He'll carry thee my Spouse, up to the Skies,
Thou shalt be *Pallas* as the Chariot flies.
As *Phœbus* through the World does dart his Rays,
And from the Throne his Lucid Realms surveys;
So through the Orbs, my Verse refulgent shines,
All shall be full of my most dazling Lines:
My Fame shall last, Ages to come shall know it,
The self-same Day shall end the *Sun* and *Poet:*
Romantick Flames shall burn the Starry Plain,
And Earth and Seas be *Chaos* once again:
My Verse shall on the Gen'ral Pile expire,
Mine and the World's, one Flame shall set on Fire,
Angels shall mourn the Fate of this World's Frame,
And snatch my Works from the devouring Flame.
The drossy part of Earth, of Verse consumes,
The best Remains ascend in hallowed Fumes:
From Thunder, Lightning, are my Verses safe,
The pointed Flame wont touch a Lawrel Leaf;
The Teeth of Time, or Envy, or her Tongue,
Have not the Power to do my Verses wrong:
Then don't thy Lawrell'd Lover now refuse,
Thou, dearer to me, than the dearest *Muse.*

Ex Parnasso. *J. P.*

To

To chuse a Friend, but never Marry. By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

TO to all young Men that love to Wooe,
To Kiss and Dance, and Tumble too;
Draw near and Counsel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be:
Kiss who you please, *Joan*, *Kate*, or *Mary*,
But still this Counsel with you carry,
Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
Knows not how to value thee;
She hath no am'rous Passion, but
What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut:*
To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, or Cover,
She'll suffer thee, or any other,
Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown;
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whitings Eyes:
With List for Garters 'bove her Knee,
And Breath that smells of Firmity,
's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a care,
For if they catch you in their Snare;
You must as daily Labourers do,
Be still a shoving with your Plow:
If any rest you do require,
They then deceive you of your Hire,
And retire.

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
For when you have possession got,
Of *Venus* Mark, or Hony-pot:
There's

There's such a stir with marry me,
That one would half forswear to see
Any she.

If that thy Fancy do desire,
A glorious out-side, rich Attire;
Come to the Court, and there you'll find,
Enough of such to Please your Mind:
But if you get too near their Lap,
You're sure to meet with the Mishap,
Call'd a Clap.

With greasy painted Faces drest,
With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breast;
Tongues with Dissimulation tipt,
Lips which a Million have them sipp'd:
There's nothing got by such as these,
But Achs in Shoulders, Pains in Knees
For your Fees.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be,
Concern'd in VVomans Company:
Make it the Studies of thy Life,
To find a Rich, young, handsome VVife:
That can with much discretion be
Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,
Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss;
And in th' Embraces of her VVast,
A Million more of Pleasures taste:
VVho e'er would Marry that could be
Blest with such Opportunity,
Never me.

The Well-Featur'd LADY.

THERE are I know, Fools that do not care
Much for the Body, so the Face be fair;
Some other Asses in a Female Creature,
Respect no Beauty, but a handsome Feature:
Each Man his Humour hath, and faith 'tis mine,
To love a Woman that I now define:
First, I would have her wrinkl'd Wainscot Face,
With Mouth from Ear to Ear. much like a Plaice;
Her Nose I'd have a Foot long, not above,
With Pimples red and blue, for such I love:
And at the End a comely Pearl of Snot,
Consid'ring whether it should fall or not;
Provided next her Teeth be rotted out,
I care not if her pretty pearly Snout
Meet with her Chin, and both of them together,
Hem in her Lips, as dry as is tann'd Leather:
She should have one Wall-eye, for that's a Sign
In other Beasts the best, why not in mine?
Let her Eye-brows be a Pent-house to her Face,
With Hair two Inches long, for th' better Grace:
Her Neck I'd have to be pure Jet at least,
With yellow Spots enamell'd, and her Breast
Shrivell'd like two old Bottles made of Leather,
Yet they should loving be and stick together.
As for her Belly, 'tis no matter so
There be a Belly, and a Thing below;
Yet would I have it to be something high,
But always let there be a Tympany:
Into her Legs let her good Humours fall,
And all her Calf into a gouty Small:
Her Feet both short and thick, and neatly splay'd,
Here's the Character of a handsome Maid;
As for her back Parts, I desire no more,
If they but answer those that are before:
I have what I desire; and having so,
Judge Reader, am I happy, yea, or no?

On

On a WOLF Sentenc'd.

THE Country People once a Wolf did take,
That of their Sheep and Lambs did havock make;
Some Voted that he should be Crucify'd,
Others would have him in the Fire be fry'd:
Some to be hew'd in Pieces with a Sword,
And to be thrown to Dogs to be devour'd:
Among the rest, one who unlucky Fate,
Had doom'd to th' Troubles of a married State;
(The common Lot of Men) oh! Friends (says he)
Lay by your Forks, and Ropes that knotty be,
The Sword, the Fire, the Guns, the Cross, the Whips,
Are but slight Tortures, I have one out-strips
All those, if you would punish him to th' Life,
Fit for his Crimes, then *let him Wed a Wife.*

Round O.

BETTER our Heads than Hearts should ake,
Love's Childish Empire we despise:
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be Wise:
Wine sweetens all the Cares of Peace,
And takes the Terror off from War;
To Love's Affliction it gives ease,
And to our Joys does best prepare.
Better our Heads, &c.

By

By CLEVELAND.

IF you will be still,
Then tell you I will
Of a fusty old *Gill*,
That dwells under a Hill:
She is a right Sage,
Well worn with Age,
And a Visage will swage
A stout Man's Courage.

She has a beetle Brow,
Deep Furrows enow,
She's Ey'd like a Sow,
Flat Nos'd like a Cow:
She has a Devilish Grin,
Long Hairs on her Chin,
She's nearly a-kin
To the foul footed Fiend.

Teeth yellow as Box,
Half out with the Pox,
Her Breath sweet as Socks,
Or the Scent of a Fox:
Lips swarthy and Dun,
With a Mouth like a Gun,
And her Twattle does run,
As swift as the Sun.

Hair lousie with Nits,
She stinks i'th' Arm-pits,
She'll still hauks and spits,
And hems up great Bits:
She has long unpar'd Nails,
Hands cover'd with Scales,
She's still full of Ails,
And to stink never fails.

Her

Her Back has a Hill,
You may plant a Wind-mill,
And the Farts of this *Gill*,
Would the Sails well trill:
I've taken my fill,
Of the fusty old *Gill*,
Which she took so ill,
That I laid down my Quill.

On the Battle of BLENHEIM.

DIsplay the Standard, let the News be shown,
With *Salvo's* raise the Genius of the Town:
Old *Thames*, he Corresponds, and best can tell
What Pow'rs caus'd Imperial *Danube* swell,
And turn a Purple Stream, a Sea of Blood;
No Fields thus overflown since *Canna's* Flood?
A Victory, says *Danubius*, so Compleat,
Sure the Hero sprung from *Thamesis* the Great.

Sing sing *Britannia's* Arms, her Shield and Spear,
The Glories of this weighty Conquest bear;
Sing to the Harp, tun'd in *Thessalion* Grove,
That Harp which us'd to cheer the Bird of *Jove*.
Erect the Trophy-Pillar, raise it high,
The Spoils wou'd mount it to the very Sky.
Europ's Palladium strikes the Giant down,
VVho wars with Heaven, must be overthrown.

Bring, bring the Chariot, and Triumphal Crown,
And March the Captive-Army thro' the Town;
The Banners, Ensigns, let those Trophies fall
Before the Standard of the Capital:
Then Plant 'em on the Banks of *Thames*, and there
Let 'em all grow like *Romulus's* Spear.
The Stream in *Tempe's* Valley never had,
In *Daphne's* Reign a Nobler Laurel Shade.

The

The Power of Gold.

ON Verse depending, *Orpheus* urg'd his Flight
Down to *Tartarian* Shades, and dreary Night
There with unequal Harmony, he try'd,
To sooth grim *Pluto* and regain his Bride:
Won by his Strains, the God till then unmov'd,
Pity'd the Bard, and his request approv'd;
Acknowledg'd Poetry's prevailing Charms,
And gave the Fair into her Husband's Arms.
Transported *Orpheus* hasted to convey,
His willing Consort to the Realms of Day:
But whilst too soon he cast his longing Eyes,
Thoughtless upon his new recover'd Prize,
The hapless Dame was ravish'd from his Sight,
Depriv'd again of *Orpheus* and the Light,
And reconvey'd to Hell and Melancholick Night.
Again his Harp the lonesom Poet strung,
Again employ'd the Music of his Tongue;
But all in vain: Those lays which mov'd before,
Have lost their Influence, and prevail nó more.
Mistaken *Orpheus!* Didst thou vainly hold
Thy Skill superiour to the pow'r of Gold?
Hadst thou for Gold but quitted luckless Verse,
Tempted his Eyes and not engag'd his Ears;
The God had soon revers'd his late decree,
And once more bless'd thee with *Eurydice.*
When amorous *Jove* made *Danaë* his Care,
And left his Heav'n to gain that earthly Fair;
He call'd not weaker Numbers to his Aid,
But with the yellow Metal try'd the Maid:
She wou'd have heard unmov'd Poetick Charms,
Sunk pleas'd into the glittering Lover's Arms.
Numbers which once but seldom fail'd to move,
And fire the coldest Beauty into Love;
Strange turn of Fate! are now an empty Name,
And cannot kindle nor preserve a Flame:
Whilst Gold Monopolizes Female Hearts,
And Love with this curs'd Metal tips his Darts.
'Tis Gold that makes us Happy, makes us Wise,
This the defect of Wit and Form supplies:

Let

Let Gold your Merits plead with her you love,
Tho' once as *Pallas* Coy, she'll kind as *Venus* prove.
'Twas this that stopt fair *Atalanta's* Pace:
'Twas this that gave *Hyppomenis* the Race:
Had all thy Sparks, *Penelope*, with this,
Urg'd thee to crown their Hopes with lasting Bliss;
Thou betwixt widdow'd Sheets no Night hadst led,
And they by turns had shar'd the wand'rers Bed:
They try'd not Gold, or if its Force they try'd,
The Story's false; *Penelope* comply'd.
If now a Bard in midnight Numbers moves,
For entrance to the Nymph he dearly loves.
Perhaps some mony'd Coxcomb Wits despair,
Within enjoys the mercenary Fair;
And both combine to mock the needy Poets Care.
Were *Ovid's* self the power of Verse to prove,
With all his soft Philosophy of Love,
Finding no *Julia* with its Charms comply,
He'd quit his *Art of Love*, to hug the *Remedy*.
Cease then Harmonious few, with Female Cares,
To prostitute the Majesty of Verse:
Let Wine instead of Love your Fancy raise,
And *Venus* yield to *Bacchus* in your Lays:
Or, if your Breast sufficient Fury warms,
In Epic strains record great *Churchill's* Arms.
But if of Woman you vouchsafe to Write,
Invoke none other Deity but spite,
In injur'd Poetry's defence engage,
And make its bold Insulters feel thy Rage,
To flatt'ry's Varnish be no more inclin'd;
No more to Female Imperfections blind:
Nay, where a Woman in your work might shine,
With cutting Satyr sharpen every Line:
Her Errors in severest Terms express,
And paint her Vices in their proper Dress:
Let Pride and Falshood, Avarice and Scorn
That she must hate the Piece she can't but own.
Thus with the Sex a vig'rous War maintain,
Till Wealthy Ideots meet their sure Disdain,
And long neglected Verse its antient Sway regain.

On

An EPIGRAM.

On the Prosperous Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, *and our present Queen* ANN.

SURE Heavens unerring Voice, decreed of Old,
The fairest Sex shou'd *Europe's* Ballance hold,
As great *Eliza's* Forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now stoops, to *ANN's* Superiour Reign:
Thus tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,
Yet in *Astrea's* Hand, the fatal Scale does lie.

On the Duke of Marlborough's *Victory, at* BLENHEIM.

THE Conquering Genius of our Isle returns,
Inspir'd by *ANN*, the God-like Heroe burns;
Retrieves the Fate, our Ill-led Troops had lost,
And spreads reviving Virtue thro' the Host:
In distant Climes the wand'ring Foe alarms,
And with new Thunder, *Austria's* Eagle Arms;
The *Danube's* Banks forgetting *Cæsar's* Fame,
Shall Eccho to the sound of *Mariborough's* Name:
The Shepherd's Pipes rejoice o'er *Gallick* Blood,
Which with eternal Purple stain the Flood.

An

An Imitation of the Sixth Ode *of* Horace, *beginning*, Scriberis vario fortis. *Apply'd to his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough : *Suppos'd to be made by Capt.* R. S.

SHOU'D *Addison's* Immortal Verse,
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince rehearse;
With *ANNA's* lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in VVar:
Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* fall!
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul.*

'Tis not for me thy VVroth to show,
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe;
Describe stern *Diomed* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight:
I dare not with unequal Rage,
On such a mighty Theam ingage;
Nor Sully in a Verse like mine,
Illustrious *ANNA's* Praise, and Thine.

Let the laborious *Epick* strain,
In lofty Numbers sing the Man;
That bears to distant VVorlds his Arms,
And frights the *German* with alarms:
His Courage and his Conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell;
In trifling Cares my humble Muse,
A less Ambitious Tract pursues:
Instead of Troops in Battle mixt,
And *Gauls* with *British* Spears transfixt;
She Paints the soft Distress and Mein,
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noise affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair;
A slender stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from others Faults, my Praise.

An

An Old KNIGHT, *to a Young* LADY. *By Sir J. B.*

MADAM, your Beauty, I confess,
May our young Gallants wound or bless;
But cannot warm my frozen Heart,
Not capable of Joy or Smart:
Cause neither VVit, nor Looks, nor Kindness can
Make Young a superanuated Man.

Those Sparks that every Minute fly
From your bright Eyes do falling die;
Not kindle Flames, as heretofore,
Because Old, I can love no more:
Beauty on whither'd Hearts no Trophy gains,
Nor Tinder over-us'd no Fire retains.

If you'll endure to be admir'd
By an Old Dotard new inspir'd;
You may enjoy the Quintessence
Of my past Love without Expence:
For I can wait and prate, I thank my Fate,
I can do all, but no new Fire create.

FINIS.

VOLUME IV

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

EDITED BY
THOMAS D'URFEY

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOLUME IV

FOLKLORE LIBRARY PUBLISHERS, INC.
NEW YORK
1959

AN

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SONGS and POEMS

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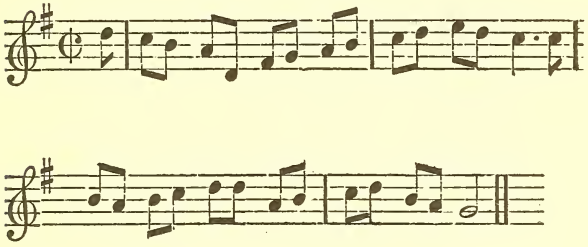
VOL. IV.

Three Children Sliding on the THAMES.

Tune CHIVY-CHASE.



SOME Christian People all give Ear
Unto the Grief of us,
Caus'd by the Death of three Children dear,
The which it happen'd thus.

And eke there befel an Accident,
By fault of a Carpenter's Son;
Who to saw Chips his sharp Ax lent,
Woe worth the time, may *Lon*—

May *London* say, Woe worth the Carpenter,
And all such Blockhead Fools;
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For Jesting with Edge Tools.

For into the Chips there fell a spark,
Which put out in such Flames;
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lives beyond the *Thames*.

For lo the Bridge was wondrous high,
With Water underneath;
O'er which as many Fishes fly,
As Birds therein do Breath.

And yet the Fire consum'd the Bridge,
Not far from place of Landing;
And tho' the Building was full big,
It fell down Notwithstanding.

And eke into the Water fell
So many Pewter Dishes;
That a Man might have taken up very well
Both Boyl'd, and Roasted Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of *London* Town,
For Building that was sumptuous;
Was all by Fire half Burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And thus you have all but half my Song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have Cool'd you with the Fire.
I'll Warm you with the Water.

I'll tell you what the River's Name is,
Where these Children did slide *a;*
It was fair *London's* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both Time and Tide *a.*

All on the Tenth of *January*,
To Wonder of much People;
'Twas Frozen o'er that well 'twould bear,
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children Sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too Thin;
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall In.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great Wager makes;
But when he saw he could not Win,
He Sigh'd and would have drawn Stakes.

He said it would bear a Man for to slide,
And laid a Hundred Pound;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For Three Children there were Drown'd.

Of which One's Head was from his Shoulder—
Ears stricken whose Name was *John;*
Who then Cry'd out as loud as he cou'd,
O Lon-a Lon-a London.

O tut-tut-turn from thy Sinful Race,
Thus did his Speech decay;
I Wonder that in such a Case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd *a-lack, a-lack,*
The Water ran down their Throats;
And stops their Breaths Three Hours by the Clock,
Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that Children have,
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your Children from the Grave,
And teach them at Home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon Dry Ground;
Why then I would never have been seen,
If that they had been Drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman ties his Dogs,
For fear they should go from him;
So tie your Children with Severities Clog,
Untie 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God Bless our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all Fears;
God Bless th' Commons of this Land,
And God Bless some o'th' Peers.

PHIL. PORTER'S *Farewel. To the same Tune.*

GOOD People all, I pray give Ear,
My Words concern ye much;
I will repeat a Hector's Life,
Pray God ye be not such.

There was a Gallant in the Town,
A Brave and Jolly Sporter;
Ther was no Lady in the Land,
But he knew how to Court her.

His Person Comely was and Tall,
More Comely have been few Men;
Which made him well belov'd of Men,
But more belov'd of Women.

Be-

Besides all this, I can you tell,
That he was well Endowed
With many Graces of the Mind,
Had they been well bestowed.

He was as Liberal as the Sun,
His Gold he freely spent;
Whether it were his own Estate,
Or that it were him lent.

For Valour he a Lyon was,
I say a Lyon bold;
For he no Living Man did Fear,
That Sword in Hand did hold.

And when that he with glittering Blade,
Did e'er assail his Foes;
Full well I tro, they did not miss
Their Belly full of Blows.

A *French* Man once assaulted him,
And told him that he Ly'd;
For which with Quart-pot he him slew,
And so the *French* Man Dy'd,

Three *Danes*, Six *Germans*, and Five *Swedes*,
Met him in Lane of *Drury;*
Who cause they took of him the Wall,
He Kill'd them in his Fury.

Upon his Body welladay,
Full many a Scar he bore;
His Skin did look like Sattin Pinck'd,
With Gashes many a Score.

Oh! had he lost that Noble Blood
For Country's Liberty;
Where could all *England* then have found
So brave a Man as he?

But

But Woe is me these Virtues great,
Were all Eclips'd with Vice;
Just so the Sun that new Shines bright,
Is darkn'd in a trice.

For he did Swagger, Drink and Game,
Indeed what would he not;
His Psalter and his Catechise
He utterly forgot.

But he is gone, and we will let
No more of him be said;
They say 'tis naught for to reveal
The Vices of the Dead.

Besides we have some cause to think
That he may 'scape Tormenting;
For the Old Nurse that Watch'd with him,
Did say he Dy'd Repenting.

The Second PART.

FArewel Three Kings, where I have spent
Full many an Idle Hour;
Where oft I Won, but never Lost,
If 'twere within my Power.

Where the Raw Gallants I did chuse,
Like any *Rag-a-muffin;*
But now I'm sick and cannot Play,
Who'll trust me for a Coffin.

Farewel my dearest *Pickadilly*,
Notorious for great Dinners;
Oh what a *Tennis-Court* was there!
Alas! too good for Sinners.

Farewel

Farewel *Spring-Garden* where I us'd
To Piss before the Ladies ;
Poor Souls ! Who'll be their Hector now
And get 'em pretty Babies.

Farewel the Glory of *Hide-Park*,
Which was to me so dear ;
Ah, since I can't enjoy it more,
Would I were Buried there.

Farewel Tormenting Creditors,
Whose Scores did so Perplex me ;
Well ! Death I see for something's good,
For now they'll cease to vex me.

Farewel true Brethren of the Sword,
All Martial Men and Stout ;
Farewell dear Drawer at the *Fleece*,
I cannot leave thee out.

My Time draws on, I now must go,
From this beloved Light ;
Remember me to pretty *Sue*,
And so dear Friends good Night.

With that on Pillow low he laid
His Pale and Drooping Head ;
And streight e'er Cat could lick her Ear,
Poor *Philly* he was Dead.

Now God Bless all that will be Blest,
God Bless the Inns of Court ;
And God bless *D'Avenant's Opera*,
Which is the Sport of Sports.

On the DEATH *of* Jo. Wright.

To the same Tune.

WHEN Rich Men Die, whose Purses swell
With Silver and with Gold;
They straight shall have a Monument,
Their Memories t'uphold.

Yet all that Men can say of them,
They lived so unknown;
Is but to write upon their Tomb,
Here lieth such a one.

When *Joseph Wright*, who Dyed Poor,
(Tho' *Simon* was his Porter)
Shall Die as if he ne'er had been,
And want his Worth's Reporter.

Full many a Cann he often Drank,
In *Fleet-Street* in the Cellar;
Yet he must unremember'd Die,
Like some base Fortune-teller.

He made the Ballad of the *Turk*,
And sung it in the Street;
And Shall he Die, and no Man heed it?
No Friends, it is not meet.

He lived in a Garret high,
Not much below the Steeple;
And shall he Die, alass poor *Jo*,
Unknown unto the People.

He had a Dog, his Name was *Trot*,
Th' Dog with him did lye;
Shall *Tobit* Live for his Dog's sake,
And *Jo* neglected Die?

He

He had no Curtains to his Bed,
But yet for t'other Quart;
Coin he would find, and shall he Die
And no Man lay't to Heart?

He hated all the Female Sex,
Who knew his private Grudge;
And must he therefore Die forgot?
I leave the World to Judge.

Each *Term* he ask'd his Father Blessing,
On bended Knee demurely;
Who then did give him Shillings Ten,
And must he die Obscurely?

No, *Jo*, I'll bid Peace to thy Bones,
Tho' they were Sick and Crasie;
And must be quite made New again,
Before that Heaven can raise thee.

And since thou'rt gone, and there is none
Who knoweth where to find thee;
I'll fix this Truth upon thy Name,
Thou didst leave Wit behind thee.

Wit that shall make thy Name to last,
When *Tariton's* Jests are Rotten;
And *George-a-Green*, and *Mother Bunch*
Shall all be quite forgotten.

Now if you ask where *Jo* is gone,
You think I cannot tell;
Oh he is Blest, for he was Poor,
And could not go to Hell.

But for his Father, Rich in Bags,
The Devil ought to have him;
That took no Care of such a Son,
Till 'twas too late to save him.

The

The PALPHRY:

A FABLE. *To the same Tune.*

A *Palphry* Proud, prick'd up with Pride,
Went Prancing on the Way;
By chance a Mill-horse he espy'd,
At whom he 'gan to Neigh.

And scornfully with great Disdain
The *Palphry* he stood still;
And laughed at the silly Horse,
Which carry'd sacks to Mill.

Stand back, quoth he, thou moyling Ass,
A Shame to Beggars kind;
Give place to me, thy Lord, to pass,
Thou Drudge and toiling Hind.

And with these Words he flung his Heels,
And by the Mill-Horse pass'd;
To whom the silly Jade in Field,
Did thus reply at last.

Well, Well, quoth he, with mournful Mind,
Full little know'st thou yet;
E'er that thou come unto thy End,
Who on thy Back shall sit.

When I was Young, as thou art now,
Full little did I Care;
And never thought upon these Sacks,
Which now to Mill I bear.

I could both Manage, Stop and Turn,
Curvet, and bravely Fling;
At Tilts and Turnaments I serv'd,
Likewise to Run a Race at Ring.

Then

Then was I fed with Corn and Hay,
And had each thing at Will;
But when my Strength did wear away,
I sold was to the Mill.

And thou which proudly here dost Prance,
And giv'st no Man the Way;
Full little dost thou know how soon
Thou shalt come to decay.

Thy Master's Stable is no Grange,
Boast not therefore of Strength;
Yet not so Constant is by chance,
As thou shalt find at length.

Bucephalus upon his Back
A Mighty Monarch bore;
When he had spent his fresh green Youth,
The Dogs his Flesh did Tear.

A Horse, a Hound, a Hawk, a Man,
Serve but their Youthful Prime;
Therefore take heed if thou be Wise,
Lay hold while it is Time.

Trust not then to after Wou'ds,
Gape not for had I list;
Ten Birds on Wing are not so good
As One upon the Fist.

With store of Shells in Pease-cod time,
Besure thou shalt be Fed;
With fair Words and sweet ones too,
Besure thou shalt be led.

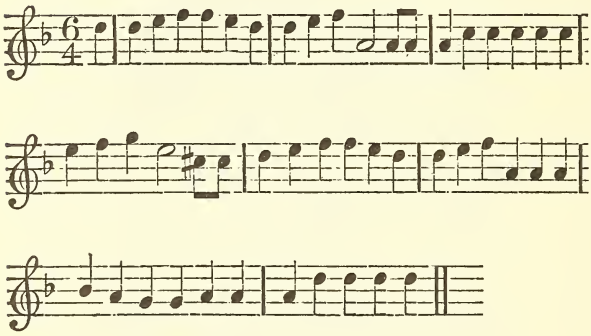
And when thy Strength does wear away,
And Beauty 'gins to fade;
Away then with this Doating Ass,
He serveth for the Spade.

Lo here you lusty lads to learn,
Under a Caveat told;
That Younglings spend their fresh green Youth,
Not thinking to be Old.

Therefore hoist not your Sails too high,
Disdain not simple Will;
For many a sturdy Horse e'er now,
Hath carried Sacks to Mill.

The Royal REGIMENT.

By JO. HAYNES.



I'LL Sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the fierce Royal Regiment, but don't think I Jeer;
For I vow and protest, they're as brave Men and willing
As ever Old *Rome* bred, or New *Iniskilling*.

Lord,

Lord, had you but seen 'em March with that Decorum,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em;
Some Smoaking, some Whistling, all meaning no Harm,
Like *Yorkshire* Attorneys, coming up to the Term.

On Long-tails, on Bob-tails, on Trotters and Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers and Racers;
You'd have sworn Knights and Squires, Prigs, *Cuckolds*, and Panders,
Appear'd all like so many brave *Alexanders*.

Those Warriours who through all Dangers must go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe;
Was Mounted on Steeds the last Lord-Mayors Day,
From *Turky*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart and Dray.

'Twas that very Day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o' th' Town;
Tho' Sparks were Unhorst, and their lac'd Coats were spoil'd
Yet they dreaded no Squibs, from Man, Woman, or Child.

The Cornet whose Nose, tho' it spoke him no *Roman*,
Was Mounted that Day on a Horse fearing no Man;
No wonder, for all o'er his Trappings so sumptuous,
He ty'd Squibs and Crackers; 'twas mighty Presumptuous.

But mark his Design, Faith 'tis worth your Admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse wou'd stand Firing;
Not wisely considering Her Majesty's Marry'd,
And he had been Hang'd, had some Body Miscarry'd.

All Hearts true as Steel, but of all the brave Fellows,
The Scriv'ner for my Money, who was so Zealous;
He sent for the Lease of his own House from Home,
To make out a Cov'ring for the Troop's Kettle-Drum.

The Lieutenant Colonel being thrown by a Gennet,
His Son-in-Law fancying some Treachery in it;

Gave

Gave the Horse the Oats, which the Beast took they say,
But Swore by the Lord they went down like chopt Hay.

He the Horse of some *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting, as well he might, his Loyalty;
He made him to Eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And Prance to the Tune of Old *Lilly-burlero.*

The Tub-preaching Saint was so Zealous a Blade,
In Jack-Boots day & night he Sleep'd, Preach'd & Pray'd;
To call 'em to Prayers he needs no Saints Bell,
For Gingling his Spurs Chimes 'em in all as well.

A Noble stout Scriv'ner who now shall be Nameless,
That in Day of Battle he might be found Blameless;
A War-Horse of Wood of a *Dutch* Carver buys,
To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus's* Main;
That so by this means he his Prancer bestriding,
Might practice at once both his Writing and Riding.

But Oh the sad News that their Joy quite confounds,
To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet Sounds:
Lord, Lord how this set them to writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

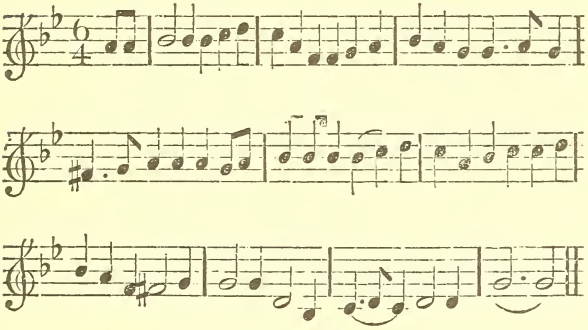
Ah! who'll March for me? Speak any that dare,
Here's a Horse & a Hundred Pound for him, that's fair;
Dear Courtier excuse me from *Teague-land* and Slaughter,
And take which you please, Sir, my VVife or my Daughter.

Some feign'd themselves Lame, some feign'd themselves Clapt,
At last finding all themselves by themselves Trapt;
The King most unanimously they Addrest,
And told him the Truth, it was all but a Jest.

A Jest, quoth the King, and with that the King Smil'd,
Come it ne'er shall be said that a good Jest was spoil'd ;
Therefore I dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
Sir, 'tis more Your Goodness, than our desert.

Thus being deliver'd from th' tedious Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation ;
They Kiss'd Royal Fist, and were Drunk all for Joy,
Then broke all their Swords, and cry'd, *Vive le Roy.*

A Sad and lamentable Account of an unhappy Accident that befel a young Gentleman, by a Fall from his Horse, whereby he most dangerously hurt his Nose and Chin. The Words by Mr. FISHBURN.



COME listen, good People, the whilst I relate,
An Accident most Unfortunate,
Of a Horse, and a Gentleman, and a sad Fate,
Which no Body can deny.

Then

Then first of the First, says the Country Parson,
It was a Mad Beast as e'er was clap'd Arse on,
And he would Run furiously like a *Mars* on,
Which no Body, &c.

It was not a Horse, nor a Mare, but a Gelding,
A Run-away Beast that will not be held in,
To say the Truth, 'twas a very Heilding,
Which no Body, &c.

To tell you his Colour, his Age, or his Feature,
At what he was Rated, or what was his Stature,
Why Faith 'twould be something besides our Matter,
Which no Body, &c.

But now to Proceed something faster,
And tell you the Cause of this sad Disaster,
Ay, and how this Horse did serve his Master,
Which no Body, &c.

As this Horse and his Master were going to Bed,
(The Master and Horse, I should have said)
Away ran this Horse as if he had fled,
Which no Body, &c.

Onwards went *Pegassus*, there let him Stray,
Off went the Gentleman, there let him lay,
For this Beast had not the Good Manners to stay,
Which no Body, &c.

Then an angry Charioteer did approach,
With a Pox take your Worship, you have spoil'd the Coach,
Which was before as Sound as a Roach,
Which no Body, &c.

But the Lady in milder Terms did begin,
With alass good Gentleman, pray have him in,
Lord how he has hurt his Nose and his Chin,
Which no Body, &c.

And

And when they had sit him down in a Chair,
They all of his Life began to despair,
At length they did venture to put up this Prayer,
Which no Body, &c.

O Thou that Preserv'st us at Bed and Board,
Some help to this Dying Man afford,
For our Squire we fear, is as Drunk as a Lord,
Which no Body, *&c.*

But then came a Couple, I took 'em for Dray-men,
But they prov'd a Brace of your Praying Lay-men,
The one cry'd God Bless him, the other cry'd Amen,
Which no Body, &c.

Then a Pox of your Praying, crys out a Painter,
Unless you had a prevailing Saint here,
Such Winning's enough to make a Man faint here,
Which no Body, &c.

Then First he did wisely Examine his Skull,
His Legs and his Arms he next did pull,
Which made this Calf roar out like a Bull,
Which no Body, &c.

At *Portsmouth* there lately did Land an *Hamburgean*,
Who Eat Pickl'd Dog, and took it for Sturgeon,
So we had a Painter instead of a Surgeon,
Which no Body, &c.

But then came a Lawyer to make up the round,
And he to the Purpose a Proverb had found,
He that's Born to be Hang'd shall never be Drown'd
Which no Body, &c.

Then come some Old Women to make up the Ditty,
With alas good Gentleman, Faith 'twas a Pity,
He was the Prettiest Man in all the City,
Which no Body can deny.

The TRIMMER.

To the same Tune.

PRey lend me your Ear if you've any to spare,
You that love Common-wealth as you hate common Prayer,
That can in a Breath, Pray, Dissemble and Swear.
Which no Body can deny, deny; which no Body can deny.

I'm first on the wrong-side, and then on the right,
To Day I'm a *Jack*, and to morrow a *Mite*,
I for either King Pray, but for neither dare Fight.
Which no Body, &c.

Sometimes I'm a Rebel, sometimes I'm a Saint,
Sometimes I can Preach, and at other times Cant;
There is nothing but Grace I thank God that I want.
Which no Body, &c.

Old *Babylon's Whore*, I cannot endure her,
I'm a Sanctify'd Saint, there's none can be Purer,
For Swearing I hate like any *Non-Juror*.
Which no Body, &c.

Of our Gracious King *William* I am a great Lover,
Yet I side with a Party that Prays for another,
I'd drink the King's Health, take it one way or t'other,
Which no Body, &c.

Precisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
Where Sighing I sit, and such sorrowful Greeting,
Makes me hate a long Prayer and two hours Prating.
Which no Body, &c.

And

And then I sing Psalms as if never weary,
Yet I must confess, when I'm Frolick and Merry;
More Musick I find in *A Boat to the Ferry.*
Which no Body, &c.

I can pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round,
I can say, Heaven Bless, or the Devil Confound;
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.
Which no Body, &c.

I can Pray for a Bishop, and Curse an Arch-Deacon,
I can seem very sorry that *Charleroy's* Taken;
I can any thing say to save my own Bacon.
Which no Body, &c.

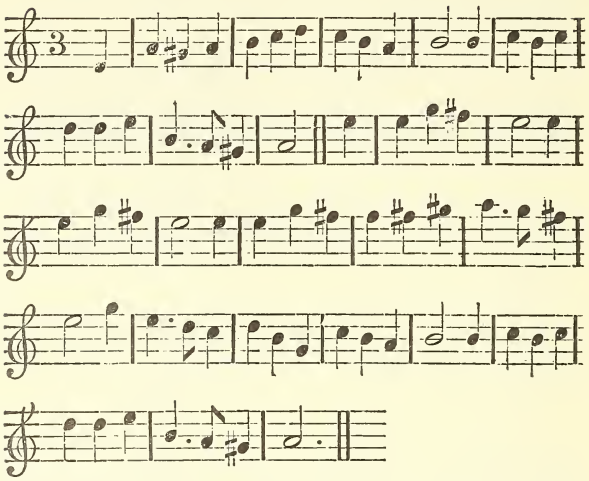
Sometimes for a good Common-wealths I am wishing,
O *Oliver*, *Oliver*, give us thy Blessing,
For in troubled Waters now I love Fishing.
Which no Body, &c.

The Times are so ticklish I vow and profess,
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace;
I'll side with those to besure that are least in Distress.
Which no Body, &c.

With the *Jacks* I rejoyce that *Savoy's* defeated,
With the *Whigs* I seem pleas'd he so bravely Retreated,
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated.
Which no Body, &c.

Each Party you see, is thus full of great Hope,
There are some for the Devil and some for the Pope,
And I am for any thing, but for a Rope.
Which no Body can deny, &c.

The CUT-PURSE. *By* B. JOHNSON.



MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw near,
And look to your Purses, for that I do say,
And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
It cost more to get than to lose in a Day;
You oft have been told,
The Young and the Old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;
Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,
Who give you fair Warning for and the Cut-purse.
Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starv'd at Nurse,
Then for to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime,
Alack and for pity, why should it be said?
As if they regarded the Place or Time:

Examples

Examples have been,
Of some that were seen,
In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleaders between :
Then why should the *Judges* be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the Purse?
Youth, *Youth*, &c.

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and even i'th' Jayl,
A Knight of good worth did there shew his Face,
Against the small Sinner in rage for to rail,
And lost *Ipse Facto*, his Purse i'th' Place ;
Nay, even from the Seat
Of Judgment so great,
A *Judge* there did loose a fair Purse of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse?
Youth, *Youth*, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booties to make ;
Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,
They stick not, but stare about Purses to take ;
Nay, once without Grace,
At a better place,
At Court, and at *Christmass* before the King's Face ;
Alack then for pitty must I bear the Curse,
That only belong to the cunning Cut-purse?
Youth, *Youth*, &c.

But oh you vile Nation of Cut-Purses all,
Relent and Repent, and amend, and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest Mens Fall,
To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;
And tho' you go Gay,
In Silks, as you may,
It is not the High-way to *Heaven* (they say),
Repent, then Repent ye for better for worse,
And Kiss not the Gallows for Cutting a Purse.
Youth, *Youth*, &c.

The

The MAIDEN's *Longing. To the same Tune.*

A Maiden of late,
Whose Name sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate;*
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a Child, without help of a Man.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of Great Fame,
Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
Quoth she, Mr. Doctor shew me if you can,
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,
Since so it must be,
This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently;
Take Nine Pound of Thunder, Six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wool of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well Parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get you can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,
The Faith of false Varlots,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain,
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimstone Brew'd in a Beer-Cann,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six

Six Pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With Nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Grashopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.

Upon the PYRAMID. *By Mr.* Ratcliffe. *To the foregoing Tune.*

MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw near,
For here's a New Sight which you must not escape,
A Stately young Fabrick that cost very dear,
Renown'd for strait Body and *Barbary* shape;
A Pyramid much high'r,
Than a Steeple or Spire,
By which you may guess there has been a Fire.
Ah London *th'adst better have built New* Burdello's,
T' encourage She-Traders and lusty Young Fellows.

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,
But they set up this Monument wonderful tall;
Tho' when Christians were Burnt, as *Fox* plainly shews us,
There was nothing set up but his Book in the Hall.
And yet these Men can't
In their Conscience but grant,
That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.
Ah London, &c.

The

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,
To be saved from Water did only desire:
So the City presumes that this young one is able,
When occasion shall serve, to secure them from Fire.
Blowing up when all's done
Preserves the best Town,
But this Hieroglyphic will soon be blown down.
Ah London, &c.

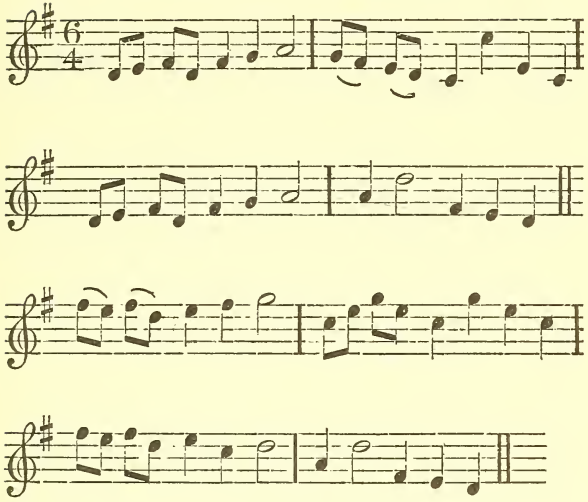
Some say it resembles a Glass, fit for Mum,
And think themselves Witty by giving Nick-names:
An Extinguisher too 'tis fancied by some,
As set up on purpose to put out the Flames,
But what ever they shall
This VVorkmanship call,
Had it never been thought on 'thad been a Save-all.
Ah London, &c.

Some Passengers seem to suspect the grave City,
As Men not so wise as they shou'd be, or so;
And oftentimes say, 'tis a great deal of pity
So much Coin shou'd be spent, and so little to show.
But these Men ne'er stop
To pray for going up,
For all that's worth seeing, is when y'are a-top.
Ah London, &c.

But O you proud Nations of Citizens all,
Supposing y'had rear'd but only one Stone,
And on it Engrav'd a stupendious Tale,
Of a Conflagration the like was ne'er known:
It had been as good
T'have humour'd the Croud,
And then y'had prevented their Laughing aloud.
Ah London *th'adst better have built New* Burdello's,
T' encourage She-Traders, and lusty Young Fellows.

On

On the Lovely Mrs. K. W.



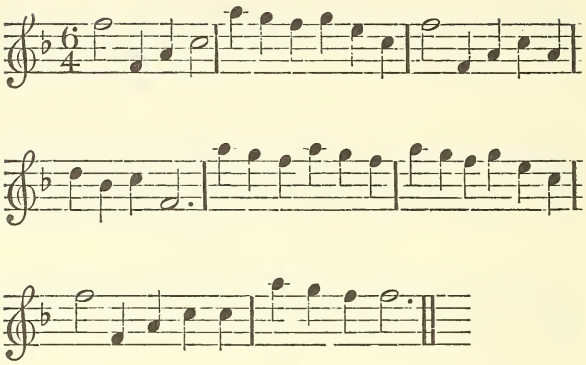
KAte, the loveliest thing,
That e'er was form'd by Nature,
Flora i'th' pride of Spring,
Ne'er wore so sweet a Feature.

Her Air, her Port, her Mien,
Her Lips, her Eyes, Complexion,
Had *Jove* when on Earth, but seen,
He had doted to Perfection.

With Kisses and Blisses one's drown'd,
In Seas of liquid Pleasure;
Such store of Riches there I found,
She's an endless Mine of Treasure.

The

The GREEN-GOWN.



PAN leave Piping, the Gods have done Feasting,
There's never a Goddess a Hunting to Day:
Mortals marvel at *Coridon's* Jesting,
That gives the assistance to entertain *May*.
The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their Faces,
So lively as passes, trip over the Downs:
Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at *Barley-break;*
Lord what haste they make for a Green-gown!

John with *Gillan*, *Harry* with *Frances*,
Meg and *Mary*, with *Robin* and *Will*,
George and *Margery* lead all the Dances,
For they were reported to have the best Skill:
But *Cicily* and *Nancy*, the fairest of many,
That came last of any, from out of the Towns,
Quickly got in among the midst of all the Throng,
They so much did long for their Green-gowns.

Wan-

VVanton *Deborah* whispered with *Dorothy*,
That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*,
Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her Authority,
And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
But *Sibel* was sickly, and could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon,
Tib would not tarry for *Tom*, nor for *Harry*,
Lest *Christian* should carry away the Green-gown.

Blanch and *Bettrice*, both of a Family,
Came very lazy lagging behind;
Annise and *Aimable* noting their Policy,
Cupid is cunning, although he be blind:
But *Winny* the VVitty, that came from the City,
VVith *Parnel* the Pretty, and *Besse* the Brown;
Clem, *Joan*, and *Isabel*, *Sue*, *Alice* and bonny *Nell*,
Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

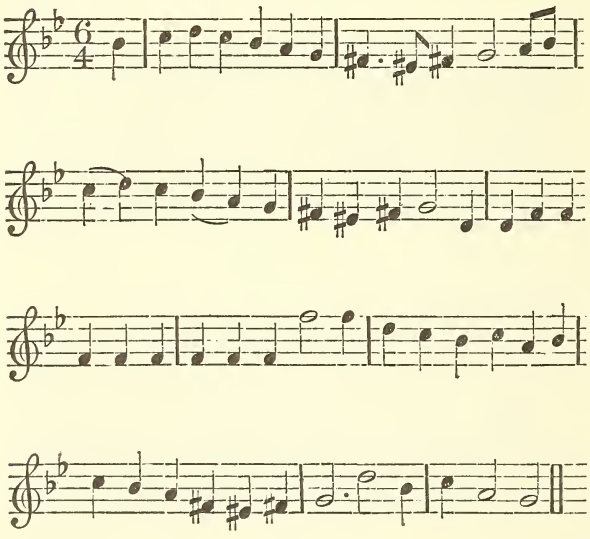
Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
VVhere they intended to gather their *May*,
Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*,
Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;
And *Prudence* prevented what *Rachel* repented,
And *Kate* was contented to take a Green-gown.

Then they desired to know of a truth,
If all their Fellows were in the like Case,
Nem call'd for *Ede*, and *Ede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace;*
But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeaking,
The pretty Lass breaking the head of the Clown;
But some were VVooing, while others were doing,
Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

Bright

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping,
To see if his *Daphne* had been in the Throng;
But missing her hastily downwards was creeping,
For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarried too long:
Then all the Troop mourned and homeward returned,
For *Cynthia* scorned to smile, or to frown;
Thus they did gather *May*, all the long Summer-day,
And at Night went away with a Green-Gown.

The Ballad of King JOHN *and the Abbot of* CANTERBURY.



I'll

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story anon,
Of a Noble Prince, and his Name was King *John;*
For he was a Prince, a Prince of great might,
He held up great Wrongs, and he put down great Right,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury;*
And of his House-keeping and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair *London* Town.
Derry down, &c.

How now, Brother Abbot! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keep'st a far better House than I;
And for thy House-keeping and high Renown,
I fear thou hast Treason against my Crown.
Derry down, &c.

I hope my Liege, that you owe me no Grudge,
For spending of my true gotten Goods;
If thou dost not answer me Questions Three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.

When I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head;
Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Thou must tell me to One Penny what I am Worth.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question you must not flout,
How long I shall be Riding the World about?
And the Third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think.
Derry down, &c.

O These are hard Questions for my shallow Wit,
For I cannot answer your Grace as yet,
But if you will give me Three days space,
I'll do my Endeavour to answer your Grace.
Derry down, &c.

O Three Days space I will thee give,
For that is the longest day thou hast to Live;
And if thou dost not answer these Questions right,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body quite.
Derry down, &c.

And as the Shepherd was going to his Fold,
He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along;
How now Master Abbot, you're welcome home,
What News have you brought from good King *John.*
Derry down, &c.

Sad News, sad News, I have thee to give,
For I have but Three Days space for to Live;
If I do not answer Him Questions Three,
My Head will be taken from my Body.
Derry down, &c.

When He is set on His Steed so high,
With His Crown of Gold upon his Head;
Amongst all his Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
I must tell Him to One Penny what He is worth.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question I must not flout,
How long He shall be Riding the World about;
And the Third Question I must not shrink.
But tell to Him truly what he does Think.
Derry down, &c.

O Master did you never hear it yet,
That a Fool may learn a Wise Man Wit?
Lend me but your Horse and your Apparel,
I'll ride to fair *London* and answer the Quarrel.
Derry down, &c.

Now I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head;
Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Now tell me to One Penny what I am worth.
Derry down, &c.

For

For Thirty Pence our Saviour was Sold,
Amongst the false *Jews*, as you have been told;
And Nine and Twenty's the Worth of Thee,
For I think thou art One Penny worser than he.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question thou maist not flout,
How long I shall be Riding the World about?
You must Rise with the Sun, and Ride with the same,
Until the next Morning he Rises again:
And then I am sure, You will make no doubt,
But in Twenty Four Hours you'll Ride it about.
Derry down, &c.

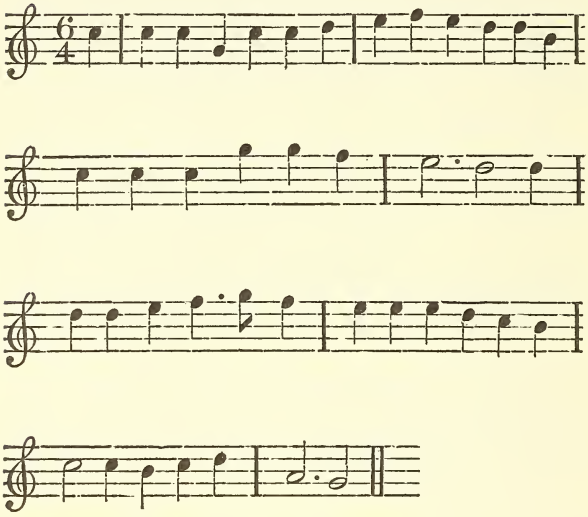
And the Third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly what I do Think?
All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart Merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
But I'm his poor Shepherd as you may see,
And am come to beg Pardon for he and for me.
Derry down, &c.

The King he turn'd him about, and did Smile,
Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while;
O no my Grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither Write nor Read.
Derry down, &c.

Then Four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true Jest thou hast told unto me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a Pardon from good King *John:*
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The Catholick BALLAD:

Or, An Invitation to Popery, *upon Considerable Grounds and Reasons.*



SInce *Pop'ry* of late is so much in Debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear only to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute it no more, these Heretical Men,
Have exposed our Books unto Laughter;
So that many do say 'twill be our best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cause! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly I do desire thee!
Neither will I Pray to St. *Bridget* to Day,
But only to thee to Inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholick *Rome?*
I wonder much at your Folly;
For St. *Peter* was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the World Holy.

For this Sacred old Wood is so excellent good,
If Tradition may be believed;
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God Bless us) get up,
Tho' his Nature we know to be Evil;
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an Infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat but our Father the Pope?
So that here's a plain Demonstration;
As clear as Noon-day, we're in the right way,
And all others are Doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes,
Which are blinded in bad Education;
We have Arguments Twenty, and Miracles plenty,
Enough to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if anything can perswade ye;
An Image shall Speak, or at least it shall Squeak,
In the Honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by *Erra Pater;*
He shall skip about and tear, like a Dancing-bear;
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Relicks most rare,
We can shew you the Sacred Manger;
Several Loads of the Cross, as good as e'er was,
To preserve your Souls from Danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a Stone-wall,
But I spare you a little for pity;
That each one may prepare, and rub up his Ear,
For the Second Part of my Ditty.

The Second PART. *To the same Tune.*

NOW listen again to those things that remain,
They are Matters of weight I assure you;
And the First thing I say, throw your Bibles away,
'Tis impossible else for to Cure you.

O that Pestilent Book! Never on it more look,
I wish I could speak it out louder;
It has done more Men harm, I dare boldly affirm,
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for Matters of Faith, believe what the Church saith,
But for Scriptures leave that to the Learned;
For these are Edge Tools, and you Lay-men are Fools,
If ye touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for that you make all this stir?
You must Read, you must Hear and be Learned;
If you'll be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
That you need not be so much Concerned.

Be the Church's good Son, and your work is half done,
After that you may do your own pleasure;
If your Beads you can tell, and say *Ave Mary* well,
Never doubt of the Heavenly Treasure.

For

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he please,
And without all peradventure ;
If you cannot at the Fore, yet at the Back-dore
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But First by the way, you must make a short stay,
At a place call'd *Purgatory ;*
Which the Learned us tell, in the Buildings of Hell,
Is about the Middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous Hot place, and a Mark of disgrace,
In the Torment on't long to endure ?
None are kept there but Fools, and poor pitiful Souls,
Who can no ready Money procure.

For a handsome round Sum, you may quickly be gone,
For the Church has wisely Ordain'd :
That they who build Crosses, and pay well for Masses,
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain Case, as the Nose on ones Face,
We are in the surest Condition ;
And none but poor Fools and some niggardly Owls,
Need fall into utter Perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye Great and Rich Men,
That ye will not hearken to Reason ;
Since as long as y'have Pence, ye need scruple no Offence,
Be it Murder, Adultrey, or Treason.

And ye sweet natur'd Women, who hold all things common,
My Addresses to you are most hearty ;
And to give you your due, you are to us most true,
And we hope we shall gain the whole Party.

If you happen to Fall, your Pennance shall be small,
And although you cannot forego it ;
We have for you a Cure, if of this you be sure
To Confess before you go to it.

There is one Reason yet, which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the *French* Nation;
Hereby we advance the Religion of *France*,
The Religion that's only in Fashion.

If these Reasons prevail, (as how can they fail ?)
To have Popery entertain'd;
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What Benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the *Pope* shall us Bless, (that's no small Happiness)
And again we shall see restor'd
The *Italian* Trade, which formerly made
This Land to be so much ador'd.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,
The good Words as sweet as Honey;
All this and much more shall be brought to our Door,
For a little dull *English* Money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and what can move,
Be restor'd again to our Britain;
And Learning so common, that every Old Woman
Shall say her Prayers in *Latin*.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State shall obey,
Which is now look'd upon as a Wonder;
And the Proudest of Kings, and all Temporal things,
Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,
And have handl'd us with so much Terror;
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
They may chance to acknowledge their Error.

If any Man yet shall have so little Wit,
As still to be Refractory;
I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass
And so there's an end of a Story.

Sir

Sir Francis Drake: *Or, Eighty Eight.*
To the same Tune.

SOME Years of late, in Eighty Eight,
As I do well remember a;
It was, some say, on the Ninth of *May*,
And some say in *September* a.

The *Spanish* Train launch'd forth a-main,
With many a fine Bravado;
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
The Invincible *Armado*.

There was a little Man that dwelt in *Spain*,
That shot well in a Gun a;
Don Pedro height, as Black a Wight,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

King *Phillip* made him Admiral,
And bad him not to stay a;
But to destroy both Man and Boy,
And so to come away a.

The Queen was then at *Tillbury*,
What could we more desire a;
Sir *Francis Drake*, for Her sweet sake,
Did set 'em all on Fire a.

Away they ran by Sea and Land,
So that one Man slew Three-score a;
And had not they all run away,
O my Soul, we had killed more a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast,
For if they come again a;
Let them take heed they do not speed,
As they did they knew when a.

A BALLAD *called*,

The Jovial Bear-ward. *To the same Tune.*

THO' it may seem rude
For me to intrude
With these my *Bears* by chance a;
'Twere sport for a King,
If they could Sing
As well as they can Dance a.

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt;
I came from St. *Katherine* a;
These Dancing Three,
By the help of me,
Who am keeper of the Sine a.

We sell good Ware,
And we need not care
Tho' Court and Country, knew it
Our Ale's o'th' best,
And each good Guest
Prays for their Souls that Brew it.

For any Ale-house,
We care not a Louse,
Nor Tavern in all the Town a;
Nor the *Vintry Cranes*,
Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
Nor the Devil can put us down a;

Who has once here been,
Comes hither agen,
The Liquor is so mighty;
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our Ale,
And it burns like *Aqua Vitæ*.

The

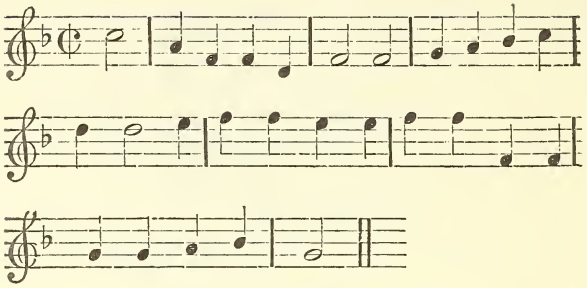
The Wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our Tapping
And still our Ale desire a;
And there sit and Drink,
Till they Spew and Stink,
And often Piss out the Fire a.

From Morning to Night,
And about to Day-light,
They sit, and never grudge it;
Till the Fish-Wifes join
Their single Coin,
And the Tinker pawns his Budget.

If their Brains be not well,
Or Bladders do swell,
To ease them of their Burden;
My Lady will come
With a Bowl and a Broom,
And her Hand-Maid with a Jordan.

From Court we invite
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Groom;
And all our stiff Drinkers,
Smiths, Porters and Tinkers,
And the Beggars shall give you room.

A SONG.



OH *London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis Govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come listen to my Ditty;
This City has a Mayor, this Mayor is a Lord,
He Governeth the Citizens upon his own accord:
He boasteth his Gentility, and how Nobly he was born;
His Arms are three *Ox-heads*, and his Crest a *Rampant Horn*.

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to *Westminster-hall*,
Attended by twelve Companies, for he must have 'em all;
The Barges are made all fine and gay, for his Lordship and the best,
And Dung-boats and Lyters provided for the rest.

Then at the *Exchequer* he's sworn upon a Shoe-soal,
That he will be no wiser Man than was his Brother Jubernol.
The Sword is born before 'em up and down the Stairs,
To Fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord-Mayors.

And

And when that is ended, home again he comes,
With joyful Noise upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and
of Drums ; [jogs,
His Lordship lands at *Pauls*-Wharf, and on along he
Attended by his Companies, as Hungry as any Dogs.

Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to work,
With Knife like Scimiter as fierce as any *Turk ;*
He hit upon the Goose-bone, and turn'd both Edge
and point,
Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor, he could not hit
the Joint.

Then up came Custard with Twenty Four Nukes,
As you may find recorded in *John Stow's* Books ;
And why it was so big, if you wou'd know the Reason,
It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be prat-
ing Treason.

Then they go to *Greenwitch* all in the City Barge,
And there they have a Noble Treat all at the City
Charge ;
And when they come to *Cuckold's-Point*, they make a
Gallant Show,
Their Wives bid the Musick play *Cuckolds-all-a-row.*

Then they go to *Paul's* Church e'er Morning-Prayer
begins, [Pins ;
And as they go along the Street, they stoop to pick up
But if you'd know, I'll tell you the Moral Reason of it,
They that would to Riches grow, must stoop for little
Profit.

My Lord-Mayor rides along the Street like unto a Law-
maker, [Baker ;
With Forty Catch-poles at his Arse, to Prosecute the
And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his
Bread too light,
He sends it home to his own House, to Feast both
Lord and Knight.

Then

Then to the Sessions-House they go, the Sessions for to keep,
Until that the Recorder comes they all are fast asleep;
They call up their Juries by Twelves and by Twelves,
And if they Hang up no Man, they may go Hang themselves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town they ride,
To see the Bears baited on the Bank side:
And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many Apes, with each his Golden-Chain.

Then to hear a Sermon once a Year, he rides unto the *Spittle*,
And there sits full three Hours long, and brings away but little;
And when that he comes home, he sits down at his Board,
And if he has not Minc'd Pyes, his Cheer's not worth a Turd.

My Lady says unto my Lord when all the Guests are gone,
I do intend to Morrow next to invite my Friend Sir *John*;
For I don't think it fit always to have Trades-men,
I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.

My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord what dishes she should have,
To entertain her friend Sir *John*, that was so fine and brave,
My Lord he nam'd a *Calves-head*, at which she made a Pish,
And swore she'd have a *Turkey-cock*, for she loved a standing Dish.

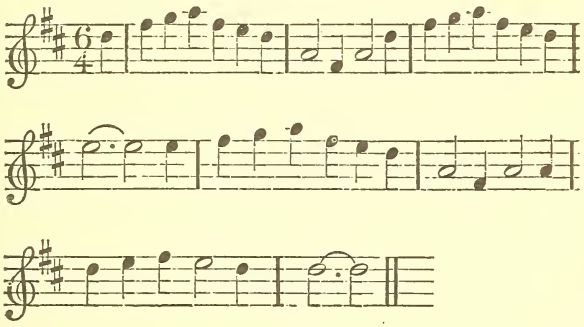
Next once a year into *Essex* a Hunting they do go,
To see 'em pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show;
Through

Through *Cheap-side* and *Fenchurch-street*, and so to *Aldgate* Pump,
Each Man with's Spurs in's Horses sides, and his Back-Sword cross his Rump.

My Lord he takes a staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes o'er,
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before ;
A Creature bounceth from a Bush, which made them all to Laugh,
My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare, but it proved an *Essex* Calf.

And when they had done their Sport, they came to *London*, where they dwell ;
Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd, their Wives scarce knew them well ;
For 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
For of Twenty Saddles carried out, they brought again but Five.

A SONG.



Arise,

ARise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy,
Arise, get up my Dear;
The Night is Cold,
It bloweth, it snoweth,
I must be Lodged here.

My Juggy, my Puggy,
My Honey, my Bunny,
My Love, my Dove, my Dear;
O the Night is Cold,
It Bloweth, it Snoweth,
I must be Lodged here.

Be gone, be gone, my *Jockey*, my *Jockey*,
Be gone, be gone, my Dear;
The Night is warm,
'Twill do you no harm,
You cannot be Lodged here.

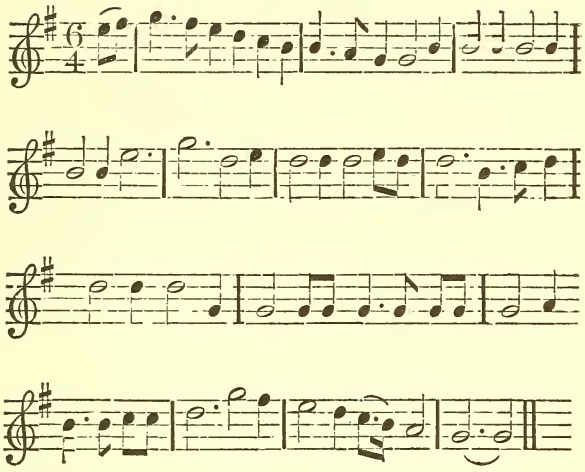
My *Jockey*, my *Jockey*,
My *Willy*, my *Billy*,
My Joy, my Joy, my Dear;
O the Night it is warm, &c.

Farewel, farewel, my Juggy, my Puggy,
Farewel my Love, my Dear;
Now will I be gone from whence I come,
If I cannot be Lodged here.
My Juggy, &c,

Return, return, my *Willy* my *Billy*,
Return my Love and Dear;
The Weather doth change,
Then seem not strange,
Thou shalt be Lodged here.
My Jockey, &c.

A SONG,

To curb rising Thoughts.



THere was an Old Woman that had but One Son,
And he had neither Land nor Fee;
He took great Pains,
But got little Gains,
Yet fain a Landlord he would be,
With a fadariddle la, fa la da riddle la, fa la la fa la la re.

And as he was a going Home,
He met his Old Mother upon the High-way;
O Mother, quoth he,
Your Blessing grant me,
Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
With a fa, &c.

I ha'

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day,
But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long;
For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
Then e'er I had when I was Young.
With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
A Penny for it I shall have you shall see;
With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
I shall have Seven for my Penny.
With a fa, &c.

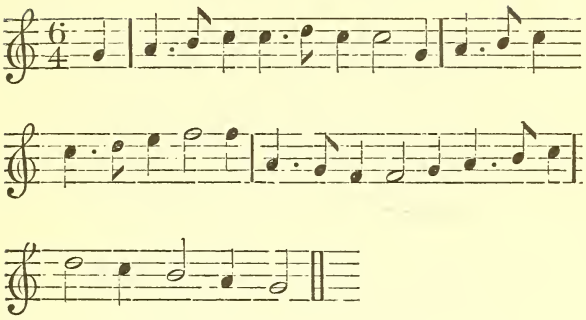
And those Seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
Perhaps Seven Cocks they may chance for to be;
And when those Seven Cocks are Seven Capons,
There will be Seven Half-Crowns for me.
With a fa, &c.

But as he was going Home,
Accounting up of his Riches all;
His Foot it stumbled against a Stone,
Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all.
With a fa, &c.

CHORUS.

His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd.
This 'tis to count Chickens before they are Hatch'd.
With a fa da, *&c.*

The Reformed Drinker.



COME my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be Merry and Wise;
It is a Proverb of Old,
Suspicion hath double Eyes:
Whatsoever we say or do,
Let's not Drink to disturb the Brain;
Let's Laugh for an Hour or Two,
And ne'er be Drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the Cold Winter away;
'Twill Cherish and Comfort the Blood
Most when a Man's Spirits decay:
But he that doth Drink too much,
Of his Head he will complain;
Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And never be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it;
Let's be Merry as we can,
So we Drink not away our Wit:

Good

Good Fellowship is abus'd,
And Wine will infect the Brain;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good Fellows we meet,
A Quart among Three or Four;
'Twill make us stand on our Feet,
While others lye Drunk on the Floor:
Then Drawer go fill a Quart,
And let it be Claret in Grain;
'Twill Cherish and Comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be Drunk again.

Here's a Health to our Noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart;
Let's Laugh and Merrily Sing,
And he's a Coward that will start:
Here's a Health to our General,
And to those that were in *Spain;*
And to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er be Drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feast
If a Man did but Measure know;
A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
For he'll Drink till he cannot go:
If a Man could Time recal,
In a Tavern that's spent in vain;
We'd learn to be Sober all,
And never be Drunk again.

A true Character of sundry TRADES *and* CALLINGS: *or a new Ditty of Innocent Mirth. To the same Tune.*

NOW Gentlemen sit ye all Merry,
I'll Sing you a Song of a *Want;*
I'll make you as Merry as may be,
Tho' Money begins to grow scant:
A Woman without e'er a Tongue,
She never can Scold very loud;
'Tis just such another great Want,
When a Fidler wants his Croud:
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New:
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

A Ship that's without e'er a Sail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither;
'Tis just such another sad Want,
When a Shoemaker wants his Leather:
A Man that has got but One Leg,
Will make but a pitiful Runner;
And he that has no Eyes in his Head,
Will make but a sorrowful Gunner:
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

The Second PART. *To the same Tune.*

A Doctor without any Stomach,
Will make but a pitiful Dinner;
And he that has got no Victuals to eat,
Will quickly look thinner and thinner:
A Bell without ever a Clapper,
Will make but a sorrowful Sound;
And he that has no Land of his own,
May work on another Man's Ground:
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

A Blacksmith without his Bellows,
He need not to rise very soon;
And he that has no Cloaths to put on,
May lie a Bed till 'tis Noon:
An Inn-keeper without any Custom,
Will never get store of Wealth;
And if he has never a Sign to hang up,
He may e'en go Hang up himself:
Good People, &c.

A Miller without any Stones,
He is but a sorrowful Soul;
And if that he has no Corn to Grind,
He need not stand taking of Toll:
The Taylor we know he is loth
To take any Cabbage at all;
If he has no Silk, Stuff, or Cloth,
To do that good Office withal:
Good People, &c.

A Woman without e'er a Fault,
She like a bright Star will appear;
But a Brewer without any Mault,
Will make but pitiful Beer.

A Man that has got but one Shirt,
When e'er it is wash'd for his Hide;
I hope it can be no great hurt,
To lye in his Bed till 'tis dry'd:
Good People, &c.

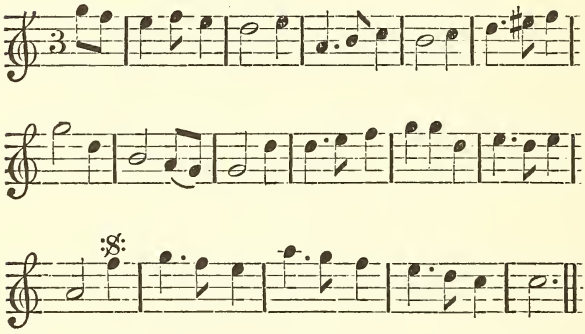
A Mountebank without his Fools,
And a Skip-kennel turn'd out of Place;
A Tinker without any Tools,
They are all in a sorrowful case:
You know that a Dish of good Meat,
It is the true stay of Man's Life;
But he that has nothing to Eat,
He need not to draw out his Knife:
Good People, &c.

A Pedlar without e'er a Stock,
It makes him look pitiful Blue;
A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
Has little or nothing to do:
A Farmer without any Corn,
He neither can give, sell or lend;
A Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
His Wife she must stand his good Friend:
Good People, &c.

A Plow-man that has ne'er a Plow,
I think he may live at his ease;
A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
Will make but bad Butter and Cheese:
A Man that is pitiful Poor,
Has little or nothing to lose;
And he that has never a Foot,
It saves him the buying of Shoes:
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

A Warren without e'er a Cunny,
Is Barren and so much the worse;
And he that is quite without Money,
Can have no great need of a Purse:
I hope there is none in this place,
That now is not pleas'd with this Song;
Come buy up my Ballads apace,
And I'll pack up my Awls and begone:
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

The New ENGLAND *Ballad.*



WILL you please to give ear a while unto me,
And streight I chill tell you where c'h' have been,
C'ha been to *New England*, but now cham come o'er,
I'ch think they shall catch me go thither no more.

Before

Before Ise went thither, Lord, how Voke did tell
How Vishes did grow, and how Birds did dwell,
All one amongst t'other, in the Wood and the Water,
Ise thought 'thad been true, but I found no such Matter.

When first Ise did Land, they mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all days on a *Saturday* Night;
Ise wondered to see strange Buildings were there,
'Twas all like the standings at *Woodbury* Fair.

Well, that Night I slept till near Prayer time,
Next Morning I wonder'd I heard no Bells Chime;
At which I did ask, and the Reason I found,
'Twas because they had ne'er a Bell in the Town.

At last being warned, to Church we repair'd,
Where I did think certain we should have some Pray'rs;
But the Parson there no such matter did teach,
They scorn'd to Pray, for all one could Preach.

The first thing they did, a Psalm they did Zing,
Ise pluck'd out my Psalm-Book I with me did bring;
And tumbled to seek him 'cause they caw'd him by's name,
But they'd got a new Zong to the Tune of the same.

When Sermon was ended, was a Child to Baptize,
'Bout Zixteen Years old, as Volks did zurmise;
He had neither Godfather, nor Godmother, yet was quiet and still,
But the Priest durst not Cross him, for fear of ill will.

Ah, Sirrah, thought I, and to Dinner Ise went,
And gave the Lord Thanks for what he had sent;
Next day was a Wedding, the Brideman my Friend,
Did kindly invite me, so thither Ise wend.

But this above all, me to wonder did bring,
To see Magistrate Marry them, and had ne'er a Ring;
Ise thought they would call me the Woman to give,
But I think the Man stole her, they ask'd no Man leave.

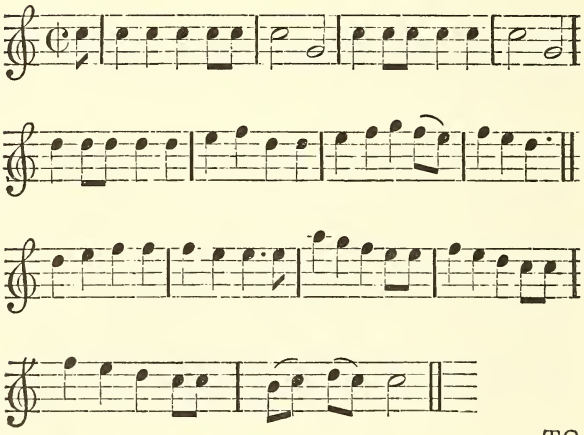
Now

Now this was New *Dorchester*, as they told unto me,
A Town very Famous in all that Country;
They said 'twas new Buildings, I grant it is true,
Yet Methinks Old *Dorchester's* as fine as the New.

Well there I staid amongst 'em till ch' was weary at
my Heart,
At length there came Shipping, I got leave to depart;
But when all was ended, and ch' was coming away,
I had Threescore good Shillings at last for to pay.

But when I saw this, I Swore on the more,
That I'd stay there no longer to Swear upon Shoar;
Ise bid a Farewel to Fowlers and Fishers,
Praying God to bless Old *England* and all the good
Wishers.

The Ballad of FOX-*Hunting.*



TO

TO Hunt the Fox is an Old Sport,
Used both in City and Court;
Nor are the *Academicks* free,
No Beast they chase so much as he:
They that think all Pleasures vain,
Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow the Fox's Train.

The Gallant who each Hour invents
Some pretty pleasing Compliments;
And thinks no Phrase so neat and pure,
As *Votres humble Serviteur:*
Slights his Lady's nice Disdain,
And sometimes follows, &c.

The Plodding Student that doth look
Upon no Object but his Book;
And thinks that all he doth Project,
Too wise is for Old Men t'effect:
Will sometimes ease his troubled Brain,
By following, &c.

The Clergy-men live Merry Lives,
They get fine Livings and fine Wives;
The Church's State they finely Rule,
Yet with a Cup their Zeal they'll cool:
The Poet writes no pleasant Strain,
Unless he follows, &c.

Physicians that with Skill profound,
Can make the sickly Patient sound;
They Cure one Grief, and leave a worse,
Call'd the Consumption of the Purse:
Yet once a Month will not refrain,
But follows still, &c.

The Lawyers, as I understand,
Can warrant your Case, if it be good;

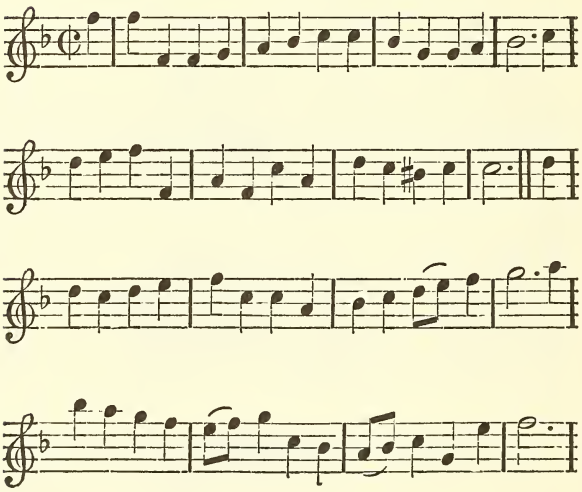
And

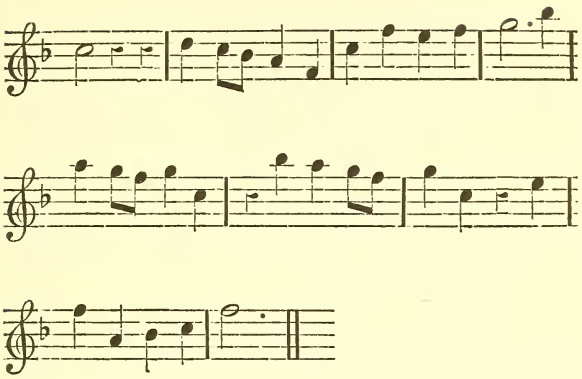
And tempting Fees on both sides take,
And new Demurs can make :
Although his chief delight is Gain,
He follows still, &c.

The little *Fox* at length is found,
Where he lies lurking under Ground ;
He Earths himself in Cellars deep,
When he from Mortals View would creep :
Till gentle slumber charms his Brain,
And then concludes, and then concludes the Fox's Train.

The Longing MAID.

By Mr. AKEROYDE.





THERE was a Maid the other Day,
That sighed sore God wot;
And said all Wives might sport and play,
But Maidens they may not:
Full Fifteen have I liv'd she said,
Poor Soul, since I was Born:
And if I chance to Die a Maid,
Apollo is forsworn.

Oh, Oh, for a Husband,
Still this was her Song;
I will have a Husband, I will have a Husband,
A Husband Old or Young.

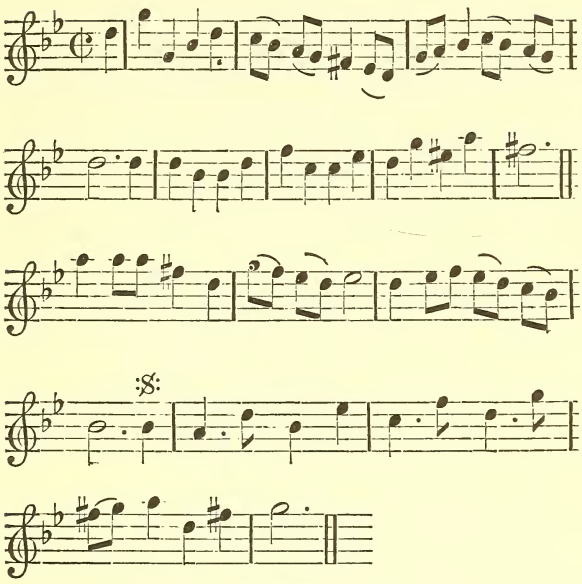
An Ancient Suitor to her came,
His Beard was almost Grey;
Tho' he was Old and she was Young,
She could no longer stay:
Unto her Mother went this Maid,
And told her by and by;
That she a Husband needs must have,
She had a reason why:
Oh, Oh, &c.

She

She had not been a Wedded Wife
One quarter of a Year;
But she was weary of this Life,
And grew into a Jeer:
The Old Man snorting by her side,
She'd nought but Sigh and Groan;
Did ever Woman this abide,
'Tis better lye alone.
Oh, Oh, Oh what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

To live a Wedded Life, she said,
A Twelve Month, 'tis too long;
As I have done, poor Soul, she cry'd,
That am both Fair and Young:
When other Wives can have their Will,
They are not like to me;
I mean to go and try my Skill,
And seek a Remedy:
Oh, Oh, Oh what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

A Woman once found out.



THO' bootless I must needs Complain,
My Fate is so extream;
I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream,
For as that love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot.
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so Fair,
Shall any more beguile
My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
Nor tempt me with a Smile:

I'll

I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That is so fairly shewn;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conspire
Again t'entrap my Mind;
And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
Alas, the Boy's too Blind:
For such I'll never venture Smiles,
Nor hazard Mirth for none;
Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

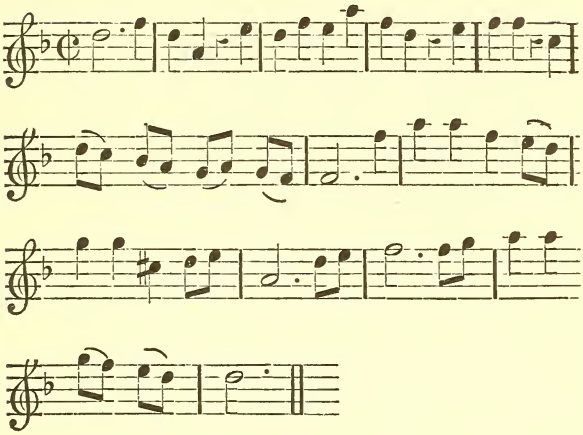
The blazing Torch is soon burnt out,
The Diamond's light abides;
The Fire her Glory hurls about,
The Woman her Virtue hides:
That spark, (if any should be mine)
That else shews like to none;
For if to e'ery Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought,
With Colours not in Grain;
Nor put a Love so slightly wrought,
Into my Hands again:
I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
I'll live upon my own;
Nor shall Affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
My loving Labour's lost;
I'll be no more so rarely Blest,
To be so strangely crost:
The Love-lost *Turtle* so doth die,
The *Phenix* is but One;
They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

A Ballad of all the TRADES.

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



OH the Miller, the dusty, musty Miller,
The Miller, that beareth on his Back;
He never goes to Measure Meal,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds ope the sack.

O the Baker, the bonny, bonny Baker,
The Baker that is so full of Sin;
He never heats his Oven hot,
But he thrusts, but he thrusts, but he thrusts his Maiden in.

O the Brewer, the lusty, lusty Brewer,
The Brewer that Brews Ale and Beer;
He never heats his Liquor hot,
But he takes, but he takes, but he takes his Maid by the Geer.

O

O the Butcher, the bloody, bloody Butcher,
The Butcher that sells both Beef and Bone ;
He never grinds his Slaught'ring Knife,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must turn his Stone.

O the Weaver, the wicked, wicked Weaver,
That followeth a weary Trade ;
He never shoots his Shuttle right,
But he shoots, but he shoots, but he shoots first at his Maid.

O the barber, the neat and nimble Barber,
Whose Trade is ne'er the worse ;
He never goes to Wash and Shave,
But he trims, but he trims, but he trims his Maiden first.

O the Taylor, the fine and frisking Taylor,
The Taylor that gives so good regard ;
He never goes to measure Lace,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds out his Yard.

O the Blaksmith, the lusty, lusty Blacksmith,
The best of all good Fellows ;
He never heats his Iron hot,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must blow the Bellows.

O the Tanner, the Merry, Merry Tanner,
The Tanner that draws good Hides into Leather ;
He never strips himself to work,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid and he's together.

O the Tinker, the sturdy, sturdy Tinker,
The Tinker that deals all in Mettle ;
He never clencheth home a Nail,
But his Trull, but his Trull, but his Trull holds up the Kettle.

The

The Woman wears the BREECHES.

Tune, Three Children sliding on the Thames. Pag. 1.

A Pox upon this cursed Life,
Where shall I make my moan?
For I am troubled with a Wife,
Like her there's few or none.

Like unto her there cannot be
Another such a one:
For when the Priest did Marry me,
Then my good Days were gone.

Therefore take heed good Neighbours all,
I wish you to beware,
For when my Wife doth Scold and Baul,
Then *Skimington* is there.

This sawcy Jack behind my Back,
And eke before my Face:
Maintains my Wife to Bait and Strife,
Which is a Woful Case.

And now I see no Remedy,
But I must needs complain
On him you know, that wrought this Woe,
In *England* or in *Spain*.

One *Skimington* about doth run,
In City and in Town,
Come Man and Child with Spear and Shield,
And help to beat him down.

And you good Wives, bring out your Knives,
And cut out both his Stones;
And two or three then may agree,
To break some of his Bones.

With

With Rakes and Reels, ond Oven-Peels,
With Mawkin and with Flayl;
With Whips and Slings, and other things,
To beat him Top and Tail.

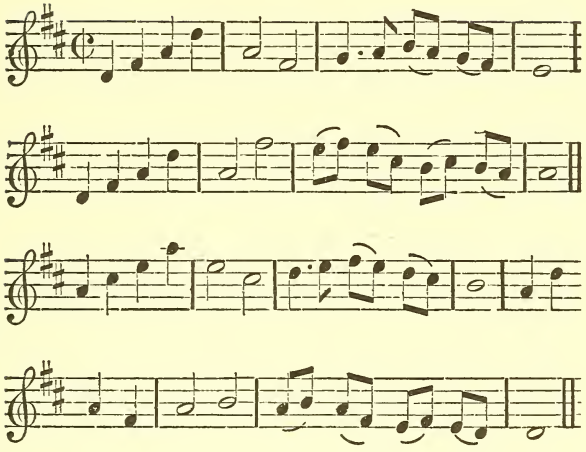
Then let him run to *Islington*,
Or else into the *Vyes*,
Where two or three they may agree
To pick out both his Eyes.

Then let him fly to *Coventry*,
Or else to *London-stone*,
And like a wretch in *Middlesex*,
There let him make his Moan.

All Marry'd Men that see him then,
Will shake their Heads, and say,
He shall have neither Meat nor Drink,
But let him march away.

Then all the Bells in *London* Town
Shall ring both fine and brave,
When they have bury'd *Skimington*,
And laid him in his Grave.

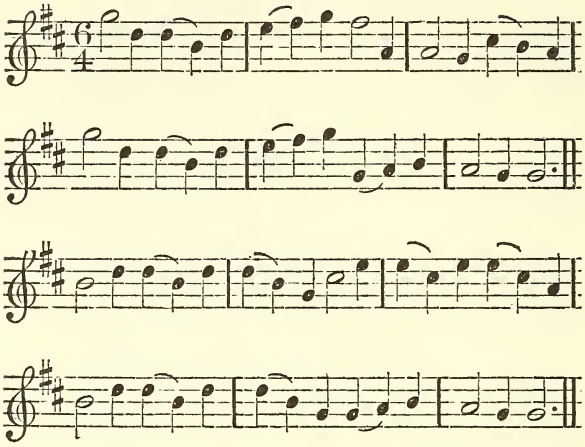
A Song.



JEnny long resisted
Wully's fierce desire;
She the more persisted,
Coyness rais'd his Fire.
When he'd reap'd the Treasure,
And the Virgin's Spoils,
He found such short Pleasure,
Answer'd not his Toils.

Jenny lay neglected
In her Lover's Arms,
When she was rejected,
She try'd all her Charms:
Then she did discover,
That no Trick, nor Art,
Tho't might win a Lover,
Cou'd regain his Heart.

KATY'S *Beauty*. *On Madam* K. W.



Katy's a Beauty surpassing,
She's a Sweet Garden to pass in,
In Town there is not like a Lass in,
So Sweet, so Charming is she.

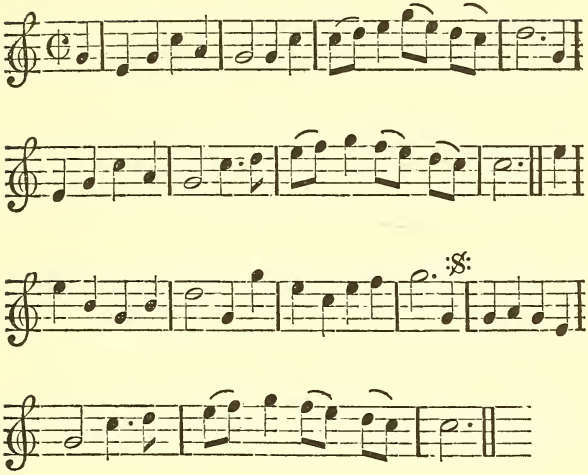
Her Eyes like Stars do so twinkle,
Her Face is smooth, without wrinkle,
Her Chin's adorn'd with a Dimple,
Like the Charms above her Knee.

Her Lips as Red as a Rose is,
And round and pretty her Nose is;
Her Breath's a sweet mixture of Posies;
None on Earth's compar'd to she.

Her Belly's a Hill of Sweet Pleasure,
In Bush enclos'd lies the Treasure,
If you once make but a Seasure,
Your lost in an Extasie.

The

The QUEEN *of* MAY.



UPon a time I chanced to walk along a Green,
Where pretty Lasses danced in strife to chuse a Queen;
Some homely drest, some handsom, some pretty, and some gay,
But who excell'd in Dancing, must be the Queen of *May*.

From Morning till the Evening, their Controversy held,
And I, as Judge, stood gazing on, to Crown her that excell'd;
At last when *Phœbus* Steeds had drawn their Wayn away,
We found and crown'd a Damsel to be the Queen of *May*.

Full well her Nature from her Face I did admire,
Her Habit well become her, altho' in poor Attire;
Her Carriage was so good, as did appear that Day,
That she was justly chosen to be the Queen of *May.*

Then all the rest in Sorrow, and she in sweet Content,
Gave over till the Morrow, and homewards strait they went;
But she of all the rest, was hindred by the way,
For ev'ry Youth that met her, must Kiss the Queen of *May.*

At last I caught and stay'd her a while with me alone,
And on a Bank I laid her, when all the rest were gone;
She fearing some Mischance, cry'd out, forbear I pray,
Yet I could still do nothing but Kiss the Queen of *May.*

Thus we together tumbled at least an hour or more,
And like a Fool, I Fumbled, as I had done before:
But when that Night was come, by chance I got the day,
And yet a lass, did nothing else but Kiss the Queen of *May.*

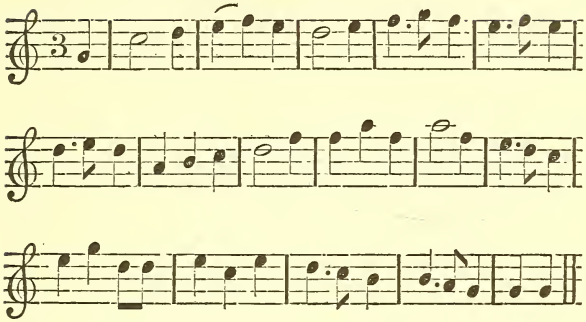
Her thoughts of coming thither, both Grief and Joy begot,
She smil'd and wept together, yet knew not well for [what,
And still desir'd to go, but yet she seem'd to stay,
Yet I alas, *&c.*

She sigh'd and pray'd for pity that I would once give o'er
Yet were her Words so Wity, they shew'd she wish'd [for more:
Then seeming to defend it, her Fort she did betray;
Yet I alas, *&c.*

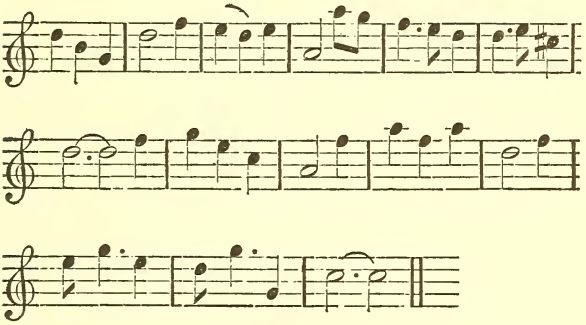
Thus shaking Hands at last we part, but she appear'd
Both heavy Ey'd and Hearted, with that she felt and fear'd;
Then turning round we parted, she speechless went her way,
Because I could do nothing but Kiss the Queen of *May.*

The

The True WORLD.



CHO.



THey say the World is full of Pelf,
But I think there's no Chink,
For I have little my self;
When Pockets are full, then Gentlemen borrow,
And one ought not to trust,
To be paid as to Morrow.

Then

CHORUS.

Then let them seek the World throughout,
From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
Ask here, and ask there,
And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.

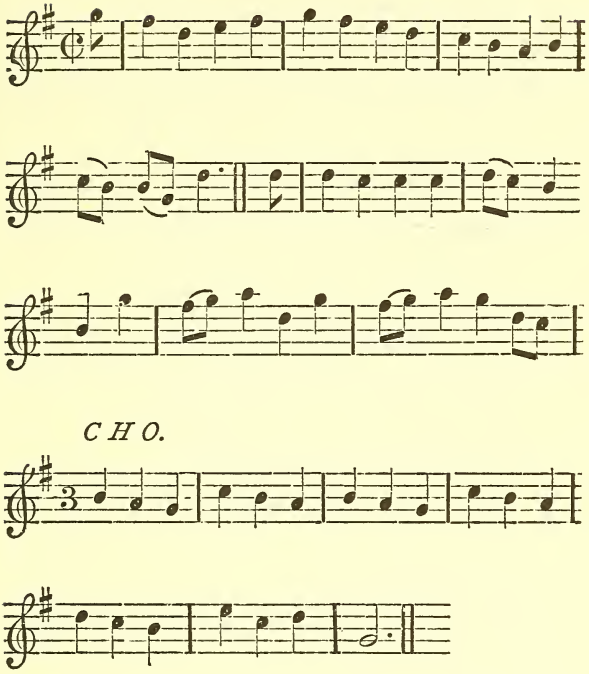
Your honest Citizens bends the Brow,
And complains there's no Gains,
For to be got by Gentlemen now;
For when he does his Book survey,
He doth find more left behind,
Then swears they'll never pay.
Then let them, &c.

When Gentlemen to th' Scrivners come,
They will crave their Name to have,
And the next day will give them their Doom;
Mean time the Usurer Plots his Head,
About the 'state left of late
By the Father who is yet scarce Dead,
Then let them, &c.

If you your Gamester will accost,
He'll prevent your Intent,
With *G— D—* him his Money's lost,
Your Courtier he can Kiss your Hand,
Cog and Lie, and deny,
And swear if he had it, you shall it command.

Then let them seek the World throughout,
From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
Ask here, and ask there,
And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.

The RIDDLE.



MY pretty Maid, fain would I know
What thing it is will breed Delight,
That strives to stand, yet cannot go,
That feeds the Mouth that cannot bite.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.

It

It is a pretty pricking thing,
A pleasing and a standing thing,
'Twas the Truncheon *Mars* did use,
A Bed-ward bit which Maidens chuse.
With a Humbledum, &c.

It is a Shaft of *Cupid's* cut,
'Twill serve to Rove, to Prick, to Butt;
There's never a Maid, but by her will
Will keep it in her Quiver still.
With a Humbledum, &c.

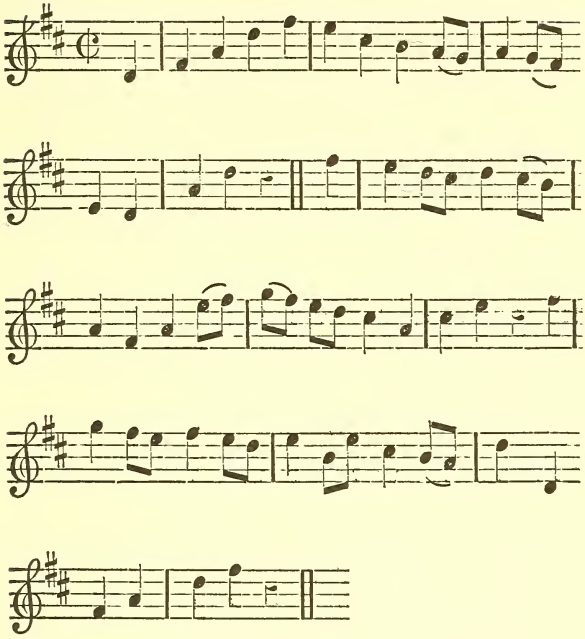
'Tis a Fryer with a Bald-Head,
A Staff to beat a Cuckold Dead;
It is a Gun that shoots point-blank;
It hits betwixt a Woman's Flank,
With a Humbledum, &c.

It has a Head much like a Mole's,
And yet it loves to creep in Holes:
The fairest She that e'er took Life,
For love of this, became a Wife.

CHORUS.

With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumbledum hey.
With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum, grumbledum hey.

The BEE-HIVE.



MY Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowry Garden,
To her they come with loaden Thighs, to ease them of their Burden:
As under the Bee-Hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey.
So under her Waste her Belly is plac'd, and under that her C—ny.

My

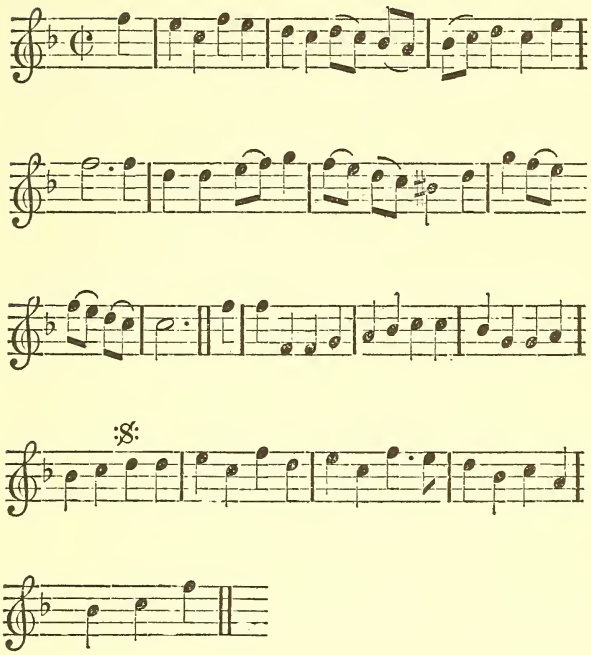
My Mistress is a Mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure,
To let me dig within her Mould, and roll among her Treasure.
As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony,
So under, &c.

My Mistress in a Morn of *May*, which drops of Dew down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth,
As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, so under the Mist it is Sunny,
So under, &c.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of Water sweet,
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under Feet,
Her Belly is both white and soft, and downy as any Bunny,
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her C—ny.

My Mistress hath the Magick Sprays, of late she takes such wondrous pain,
That she can pleasing Spirits raise, and also lay them down again,
Such power hath my tripping Doe, my little pretty Bunny,
That many would their Lives forego, to play but with her C—ny.

The forgetful MOTHER.



MY Mother she will not endure
That I should Married be,
Altho' my Father do procure
A Husband fit for me ;
Wherein she doth me much abuse,
My Father's profer to refuse ;
For younger Maids than I are sped,
And yet forsooth, I must not Wed.

My

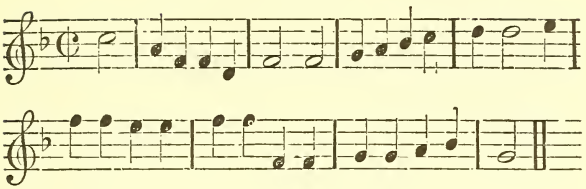
My Mother she breeds all the Jars,
And ill she does me use,
And Love and Age breeds all the Wars,
Which grieves me to refuse.
Before she was as old as I,
She with a Man six Weeks did lie;
Judge you how much she doth me wrong,
To make me live a Maid so long.

For now I am of lawful Years,
A Twelve Month's time and more,
As by the Church-Book plain appears,
Which doth my Age implore.
For now I am Sixteen years old,
Why should I then be thus controul'd,
And discontent to lie alone;
None knows my Grief, but by their own.

I do believe in Heart and Mind,
There is no greater Pain
Can fall upon us VVoman-kind,
And breedeth all our Pain,
To lie alone, all by my self,
It breeds Disease, instead of Health;
And shortly it will end my Days,
For so I know the Doctor says.

My Father's Care I must commend,
And Pains that he doth take;
My Mother speaks not as a Friend,
That I shan't have a Mate.
Altho' my Mother doth refuse
That I my youthful time should use,
I mean not long to stay un-wed,
Nor yet to keep my Maiden-head.

CUCKOLDS all.



NOT long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed,
'Twixt sleeping and waking, this Maggot came in my Head,
VVhich caus'd me in the Mind to be, the meaning for to know,
VVith Skill and VVit, and then I writ of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Methoughts I heard a Man and's VVife, as they together lay,
Being quite void of strife, she thus to him did say,
Quoth she, Sweet-heart, if thou wilt Sport, my Love, to thee I'll show
A pretty thing shall make thee sing of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Peace VVife, quoth he to her again, I'm sure thou dost but Jest,
Altho' I am Cornuted plain, I am no common Beast;
Yet ev'ry VVoman's like to thee, for ought that I do know,
And each Man may be like to me, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

There's neither Lord, nor Gentleman, Citizen, or Clown,
That liveth in the City, or the Country Town,
But may carry Horns about them, tho' they them never blow,
For Gallants are like other Men, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your

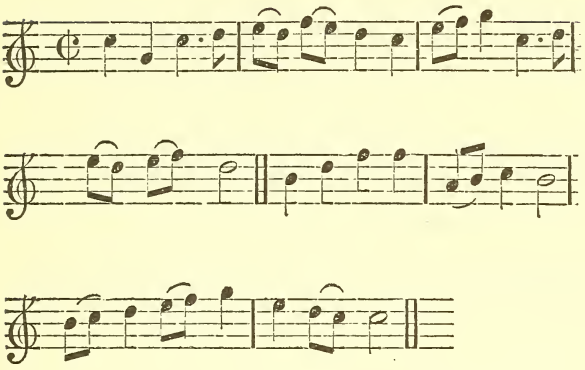
Your Tradesmen in the City, that sells by VVeight and Measure,
Perhaps may wear a horned Brow, for Profit or for Pleasure,
VVhen they to sell their VVares begin, that make so great a show,
Their VVives may play at In and In, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your Country prating Lawyers that gets the Devil and all,
That Pleads every Term in *Westminster Hall,*
His VVife in the Country, for ought that he does know,
May let his Client have a Fee, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

The Parson of the Parish I hope shall not go free,
VVhile he is in his Study, another may be
A dandling of his VVife, and do the thing you know,
And make him wear his Corner'd Cap, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

If any one offended be, and think I do him wrong,
For naming of a Cuckold, in this my merry Song,
Let him subscribe his Name, and eke his Dwelling show,
And he and I will soon agree, like *Cuckolds all a-row.*

BACCHUS *against* CUPID.



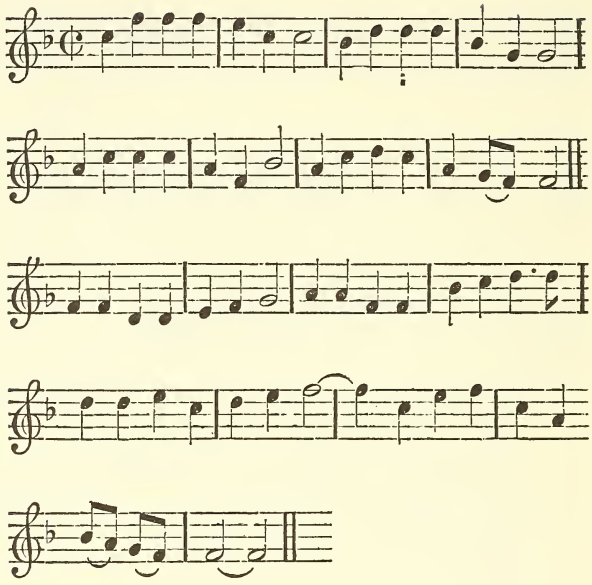
PRithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,
Cast thy Cares and Love away ;
Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,
Do not, do not then delay ;
Bacchus cares not for thy VVill,
But will have us Drinking still.

Do but view this Glass of Claret,
How invitingly it looks ;
Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,
Pox of Fighting, or of Books :
Let us have good store of VVine,
Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,
As full as ever it can hold :
O take heed you do not spill it,
'Tis more precious far than Gold ;
Let us Drink, and then 'twill prove,
Drinking's better Sport than Love.

JOAN

JOAN *to her* LADY.



LAdy, sweet now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown,
For your servant *Joan* may prove,
Like your self, as deep in Love;
And as absolute a Bit,
Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.
The Smock alone the difference makes,
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.

VVhat avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father *Adam?*

VVhere

VVhere does one exceed the other?
VVas not *Eve* our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Joan*,
Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore,
VVith his VVimble, your's no more.
Then what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires,
Are the cause of Men's Desires;
They're other Darts which Lusts pursue,
Those *Joan* has as well as you.
Then, &c.

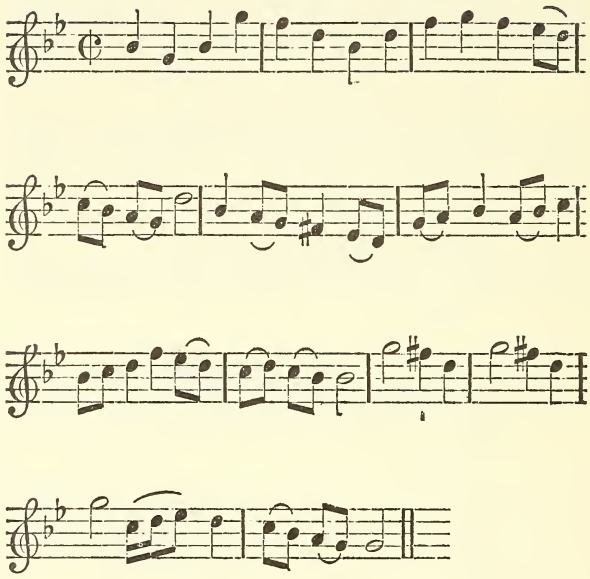
VVhat care we for Glorious Lights,
VVomen are used in the Nights;
And in Night in VVomen-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then, &c.

VVere there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either;
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs and both have Hips.
Then, &c.

When your Hand puts out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do
What you should be done unto.
Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.
Then, &c.

CONSENT at last.



LAdys, why doth Love torment you?
Cannot I your Griefs remove?
Is there none that can content you
With the sweet delights of Love?
O No, no, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,
Hath the Love and wish of all:
Dear, than shall I wait the Pleasure,
That commands my Heart and all:
O No, &c.

If

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
Will you be so fiercely bent,
Having wherewithal to please me,
Must I still be Discontent?
O No, &c.

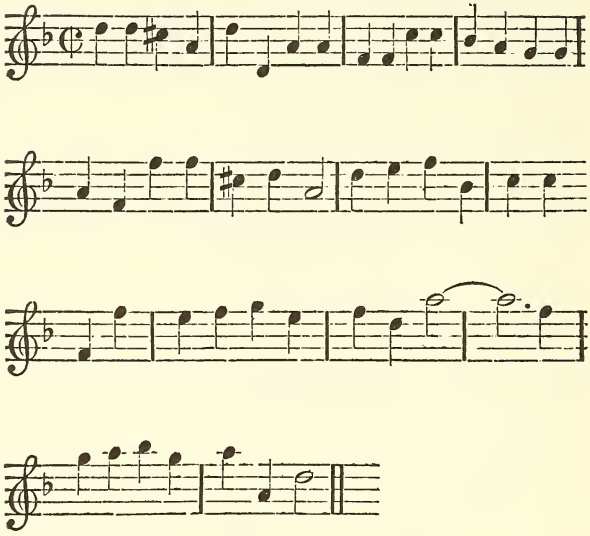
If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain;
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my pain?
O No, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to,
Will you think it ill Behaviour
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?
O No, &c.

All Amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?
O No, &c.

Once more fairest, let me try ye,
Now my wish is fully sped,
If all Night, I would lye by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed.
O No, no, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

The Glory of all CUCKOLDS.



LIsten Lordlings to my Story,
I will sing of *Cuckolds* Glory;
And thereat let none be vext,
None can tell whose turn is next:
And tho' it now is held in scorn,
I'll Sing the praise of noble HORN.

Diana was a Virgin pure,
Among the rest Chaste and Demure;
But you know well that I am sure,
What *Acteon* did endure:
If Men have HORNS from such as she,
I pray then let us all agree,

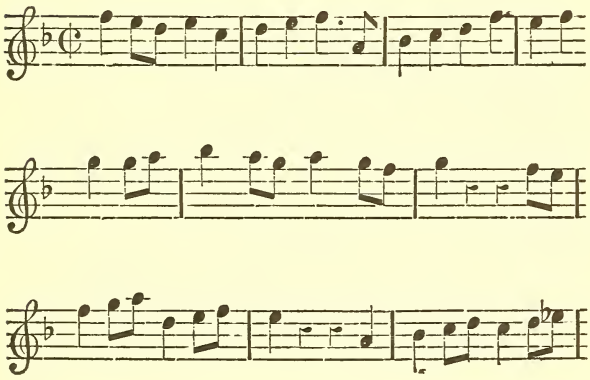
Let

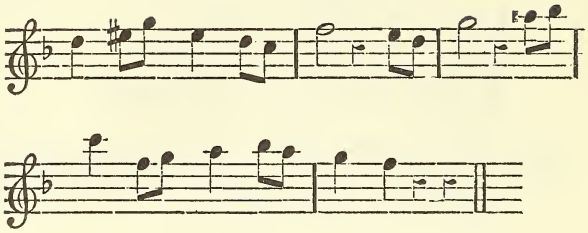
Let thy Friend enjoy his Rest,
What tho' he wears *Acteon's* Crest;
Malice nor Venome at him spit,
He wears but what the Gods think fit:
Confess he is by Time's Recorder,
Knight of great *Diana's* Order.

Luna was no Venial Sinner,
Yet she hath a Man within her;
And to cut off *Cuckolds* Scorns,
She decks his Head with Silver HORNS:
And if the Man in Heaven's thus Drest,
We Men on Earth like him are Blest.

A True SATYR.

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.





LONG have I grieved for to see
Of all Estates in each Degree ;
I have Laugh'd, I have Quaft and have Wept,
And a stir like a Cur have I kept :
But now here I stand with a Whip in my Hand,
Come along, come along, come along, come along, I must lash you.

Come you Divines that should be Pure,
That keep a Man to serve the Cure ;
You do Teach not to Preach, but to show
Places fine, Such Divines as you are slow :
Your Benefits you'll keep, whilst another feeds the Sheep,
Come along, &c.

Come you that live so by the Law,
That keep your Neighbours so in Awe ;
If a Hog or a Beast you espy
In the Ground, to the Pound they must hie :
Whole Towns you will bruit with a Pettifogging Suit,
Come along, &c.

Come you that brag so of your Wealth,
Because you have a little Pelf ;
'Tis your Gold makes you so bold to do wrong,
Men are the worse that your Purse is so strong :
To build houses high to the Peoples Misery,
Come along, &c.

But

But what's become of the Estate,
The which your Father left of late ;
You have no care for to spare, but to spend,
Till you bring ev'ry thing to an end :
You'll Drink away your Health, and Dice away your Wealth,
Come along, &c.

Come you Quack-salvers that do kill
Sometimes a Patient by your Skill ;
You will urge them to Purge and let Blood,
You will tell that it will do them good :
You will ease them of their Purse, tho' their Bodies be the worse,
Come along, &c.

Come you Ladies that do wear
More Fashions than Sundays in the Year ;
With your Locks, Ribbond Knots, and silk Roses ;
With your Spots on your Face and your Noses :
Your bear Breasts and your Back, discover what you lack,
Come along, &c.

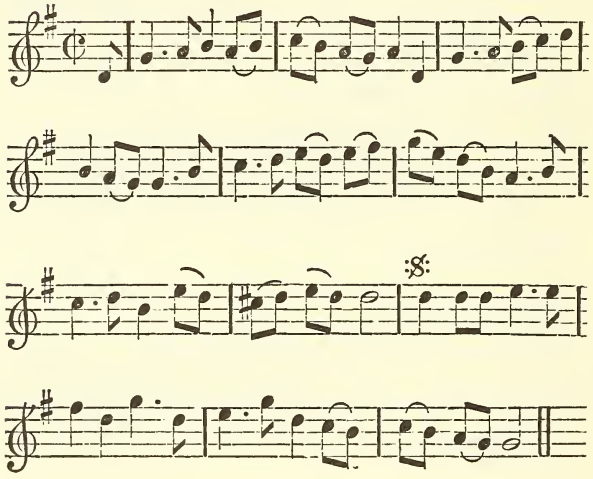
Come you Tradesmen of the City,
That are so Cunning and so Witty ;
I would know how you grow Rich so fast,
You will swear you sell your Ware for less than't cost :
Or else you'll give the buying, but I'll not believe the thing,
Come along, &c.

Come along you Puritan,
That make your self a Holy Man ;
Tho' you lift up your Eyes when you Pray,
And frequent Four Sermons in a Day :
Under pretence of pure Life, and yet will Kiss your Neighbour's Wife,
Come along, &c.

But

But now I am so weary grown,
That I must let the rest alone;
I should slash more with my Lash, did I dare,
Many more, now therefore them I spare:
The rest I leave to the Judges and the Sheriffs,
And they shall lash you.

True CONTENT.



MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,
Such perfect Joys therein I find;
That it excels all other Bliss,
The World affords or grows by Kind:
Tho' much I want that most would have,
Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.

No

No Princely Pomp, no Wealthy store,
  No force to win the Victory ;
No cunning Wit to salve a Sore,
  No shape to feed a loving Eye :
To none of these am I in Thrall,
For why, my Mind to me is all.

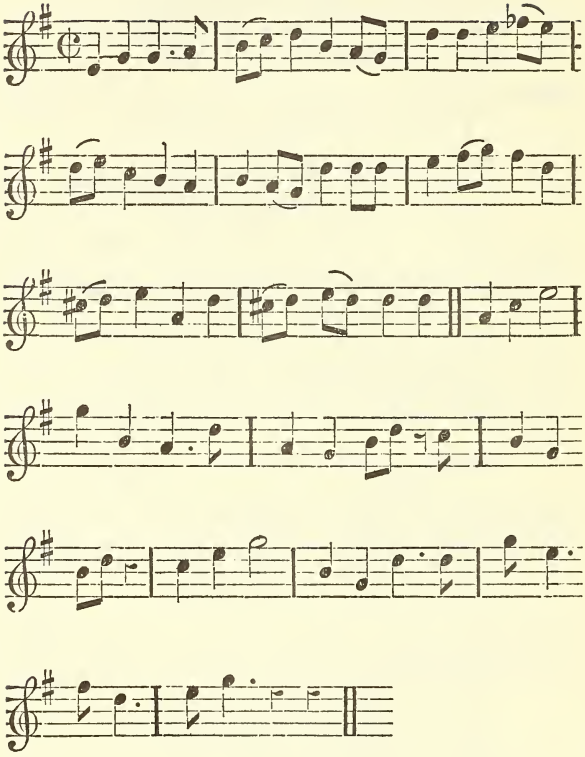
Content I live with this my stay,
  I wish no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no mighty Sway,
  Look what I want, my Mind supplies :
Thus do I Triumph like a King,
Content with that my Mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do want,
  I little have, but wish no more ;
They are but Poor, for much they want,
  And I am Rich, with little store :
They Poor, I Rich, they Beg, I give,
They lack, I leave, they Pine, I live.

Some weigh their Pleasure by their Lust,
  Their Wisdom by the rage of Will ;
Their Treasure is their only Trust,
  And crooked Craft their School of Skill :
But all the Pleasure I can find,
Is the Content of a quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth and perfect Ease,
  A Conscience clean, my chief defence ;
I do not seek by Bribes to please,
  Nor by Deceit to give Offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Wou'd all did as well as I.

The Bashful SCOT.



JOCKEY late with *Jenny* Walking,
On a Day in Summer Season;
Like a Lout with his Love sat talking,
When he should be doing Reason:

Jockey

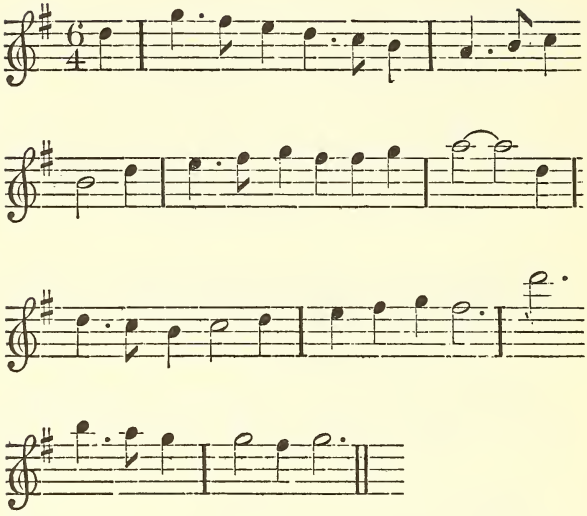
Jockey lost, *Jockey* lost,
His time to Dally, his time to Dally,
Whilst he cry'd, *Sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny, *shall I? shall I?*

Jenny, as must Woman use,
To deny when they would have it,
With faint Tongue she did refuse,
When her Looks did seem to crave it:
Still he cry'd, still he cry'd,
When he shou'd dally, when he shou'd dally,
Jenny *sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny, *shall I? shall I?*

She that now was grown more willing,
When she saw his backward dealing,
To prevent her own Heart's illing,
With a Sigh her Love revealing,
Said alass! said alass!
When he would dally; when he would dally,
Now you stand Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny, *Shall I? Shall I?*

He perceiv'd by her Replying,
That a Nay was Yea, in Wooing,
And that asking without trying,
Was the way to Love's Undoing;
Now he knows, now he knows,
When he should dally, when he should dally,
Not to stand sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny *Shall I? Shall I?*

The Wanton TRICK.



IF any one long for a Musical Song,
Altho' that his Hearing be thick,
The sound that it bears will ravish his Ears,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

A pleasant young Maid on an Instrument play'd,
That knew neither Note, nor Prick;
She had a good Will to live by her Skill,
Whoop, &c.

A Youth in that Art well seen in his Part,
They call'd him *Darbyshire Dick*,
Came to her a Suitor, and wou'd be her Tutor,
Whoop, &c.

To

To run with his Bow he was not slow,
His Fingers were nimble and quick,
When he play'd on his *Bass*, he ravish'd the Lass,
Whoop, &c.

He Woo'd her and Taught her, until he had brought her
To hold out a Crotchet and Prick,
And by his direction, she came to Perfection,
Whoop, &c.

With Playing and Wooing he still would be doing,
And call'd her his pretty sweet Chick:
His reasonable Motion brought her to Devotion,
Whoop, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that backwards she fell,
And swooned, as tho' she were sick;
So sweet was his Note, that up went her Coat,
Whoop, &c.

The string of his *Viol* she put to the Trial,
Till she had the full length of the Stick?
Her white Belly'd *Lute* she set to his *Flute*,
Whoop, &c.

Thus she with her *Lute*, and he with his *Flute*,
Held every Crotchet and Prick;
She learned at leisure, yet paid for the Pleasure,
Whoop, &c.

His *Viol-string* burst, her Tuten she Curst,
However she play'd with the Stick,
From *October* to *June* she was quite out of Tune,
Whoop, &c.

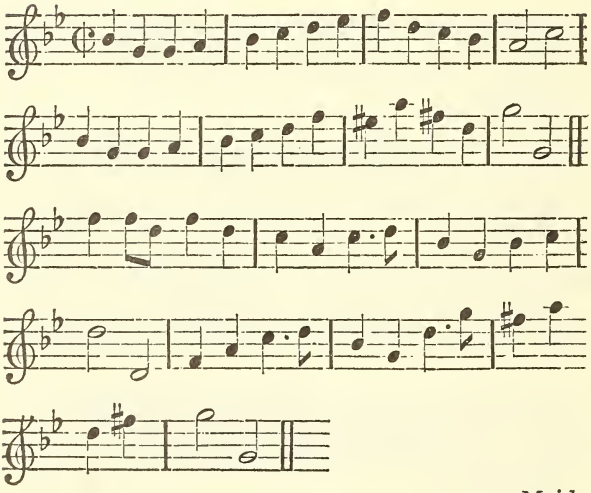
With sheming her Hand to make the Pin stand,
The Musick within her grew Thick,
Of his *Vial* and *Lute* appeared some Fruit,
Whoop, &c.

And then she repented, that e'er she consented,
To have either Note or Prick;
For Learning so well made her Belly to swell,
Whoop, &c.

All Maids that make trial of a *Lute* or a *Vial*,
Take heed how you handle the Stick:
If you like not this Order, come try my *Recorder*,
Whoop, &c.

And if that this Ditty forsooth doth not fit ye,
I know not what Musick to Prick,
There's never a Strain but in time will be twain,
Whoop, *'tis but a Wanton Trick.*

The Silly MAIDS.



Maids

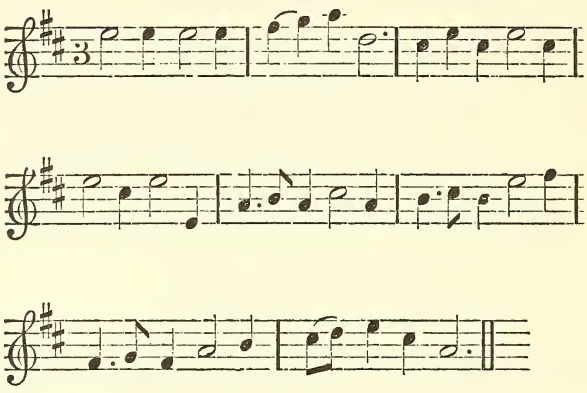
MAids are grown so Coy of late,
Forsooth they will not Marry;
Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
They say they yet can tarry:
But if they knew how sweet a thing
It is in Youth to Marry,
They would sell their Hose and Smock,
E'er they so long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long you know,
And bitter cold the Weather,
Then who's so fond to lie alone,
When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
With all the Fields inrolled,
To take a Green-Gown on the Grass,
And wear it uncontrouled?

For she that is most Coy of all,
If she had time and leisure,
Would lay away severest Thoughts,
And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:
For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent so much
As when they are too Holy.

The North-Country *Man's* SONG, *on the View of* London *Sights.*

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



WHen Ize came first to *London Town*,
Ize war a Noviz, as many mo Men are;
Ize thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And all the way to Heaven had been thro' the Star.

Ize zet up my Horse, and Ize went to *Powls*,
Uds nigs, quoth I, what a Kirk beth' here,
Then Ize did swear by all Kurson Souls,
It was a Mile long, or very near.

The top wor as high as any Hill;
A Hill, quoth I, nay as a Mountain,
But Ize went up with very good Will,
But gladder was I to come down again.

For

For as I went up, my Head ga round,
Then be it known to all Kurson People ;
A Man is no little way fro the Ground,
When he's o'th' top of *Paul's* Steeple.

Ize lay down my Hat, and Ize went to Pray,
But wor not this a pitiful Case?
A'vor Ize had done, it wor stolen away,
Who'd a thought Thieves had been in that place.

Now vor my Hat Ize made great moan,
A stander by then to me said,
Thou dost not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watch'd as well as pray'd.

From thence to *Westminster* Ize went,
Where many a brave Lawyer Ize did see ;
But zome there had a bad intent,
I'm zure my Purse was stolen from me.

Now to zee the Tombs was my desire,
Ize went with many brave Fellows store ;
Ize gan them a Penny, that was their Hire,
And he's but a Fool that will give any more.

Then through the Rooms the Fellow me led,
Where all the Zights were to be zeen ;
And snuffling told me through the Nose,
What formerly the Names of those had been.

Here lies, quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou ly'st like a Knave, he says never a Word ;
And here lies *Richard* the Second Interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edward's* Sword.

And under this Chair lies *Jacob's* Stone,
The very same Stone is now in the Chair ;
A very good Jest ; had *Jacob* but One?
How got he so many Sons without a pair?

Ize staid not there, but down with the Tide,
Ize made great hast, and Ize went my way;
For Ize was to zee the Lyons beside,
And the *Paris-Garden* all in a Day.

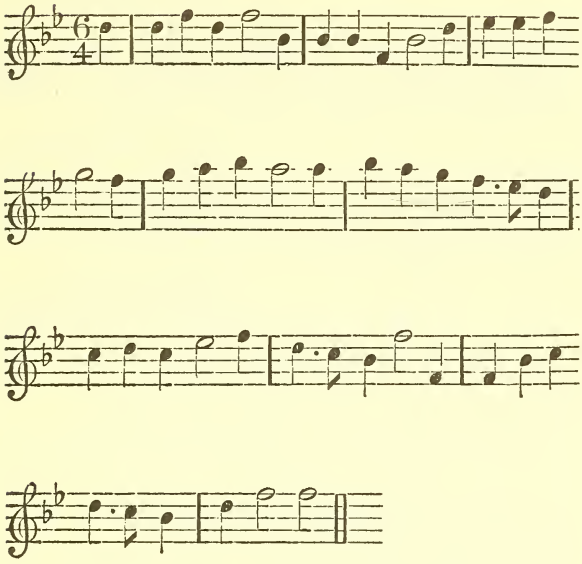
When Ize came there, Ize was in a Rage,
Ize rail'd on him that kept the Bears;
Instead of a Stake, was suffer'd a Stage,
And in *Hunks* his House a Crew of Players.

Then through the Bridge to the *Tower* Ize went,
With much ado Ize entered in:
And after a Penny that I had spent,
One with a loud Voice did thus begin.

This Lyon's the King's, and that's the Queen's
And this is the Princes that stands hereby:
With that I went near to look in the Den,
Cods body! quoth he, why come you so nigh.

Ize made great haste unto my Inn,
Ize Zupt, and Ize went to Bed betimes;
Ize Slept, and Ize Dream'd what I had Zeen,
And wak'd again by *Cheap-side* Chimes.

A BALLAD *of the Courtier and the Country Clown.*



YOUR Courtiers scorn we Country Clowns,
We Country Clowns care not for Court;
But we'll be as merry upon the Downs,
As you are at Midnight with all your Sport.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Hawk, you Hunt, you lie upon Pallets,
You Eat, you Drink, the Lord knows how;
We sit upon Hillocks, and pick up our Sallets,
And drink up a Sillibub under a Cow.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Masques are made for Knights and Lords,
And Ladies that go fine and gay;
We Dance to such Musick the Bag-pipe affords,
And trick up our Lasses as well as we may,
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Cloaths are made of Silk and Sattin,
And ours are made of good Sheeps Grey;
You mix your Discourses with pieces of *Latin*,
We speak our *English* as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

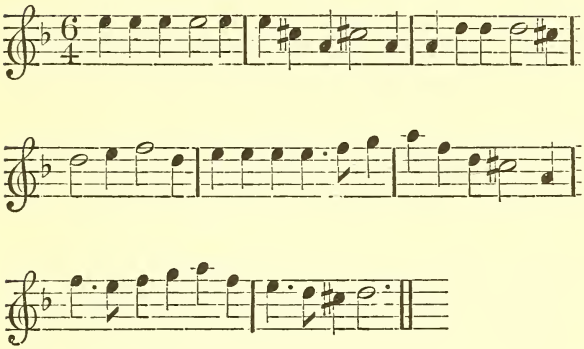
Your Chambers are hung with Cloth of *Arras*,
Our Meadows bedeck'd as fine as may be;
And from our Sport you never shall bar us,
Since *Joan* in the Dark, is as good as my Lady.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Courtiers clip and cull upon Beds,
We Jumble our Lasses upon the Grass;
And when we have gotten their Maiden-heads,
They serve to make a Courtier's Lass.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Dance Courants and the *French* Braul,
We Jig the Morris upon the *Green*;
And we make as good sport in a Country-Hall,
As you do before the King and the Queen.
With a Fadding, &c.

Then Ladies do not us disdain,
Although we wear no gaudy Cloaths;
You'll find as much Pith in a Country Swain,
When he plucks up your gay Embroider'd Cloaths.
With a Fadding, &c.

A BALLAD *call'd* COOK-LORREL. *The Words by* BEN. JOHNSON.



COok-*Lorrel* would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And bid him once into the *Peak* to Dinner;
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a Sinner.

His Stomach was queasie, (for coming there Coach'd)
The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise;
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And so recovered unto his Wish,
He sat him down, and he fell to Eat;
Promoter in Plumb-broth was the first Dish,
His own privy Kitchin had no such Meat.

Yet tho' with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spied the Bawd and Bacon,
By this you may note the Devil's a Wencher.

Six

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women, fit for his Pallet;
With Feather-Men and Perfumes put,
Some Twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.

A Rich fat Usurer stewed in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers Head and Green-sawce;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never seen Sawce.

Then Carbonado'd and Cook'd with pains,
Was brought up a Cloven Serjeant's Face;
The Sawce was made of the Yeoman's Brains,
That has been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board,
(The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Furr'd,
Their Chains like Sausages hung about 'em.

The very next Dish was the Mayor of a Town,
With a Pudding of Maintenance thrust in his Belly;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-Boys boil'd to a Jelly.

A *London* Cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit,
But the *Horns* were very near like to have choak'd him.

The Chine of a Letcher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick;
A Pandor's Pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was Warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd Meat into the Story;
A reverend Painted Lady was brought,
And Coffin'd in Crust till now she was hoary.

To

To these, an overgrown Justice of the Peace,
With a Clark like a Gizard thrust under each Arm ;
And Warrants for Sippets laid in his own Grease,
Set over a Chaffing-dish to be kept warm.

The Jowl of a Jaylor served for Fish,
A Constable sous'd with Vinegar by ;
Two Aldermen-Lobsters asleep in a Dish,
A Deputy-Tart, a Church-Warden-Pye.

All which devour'd he, then for a close,
Did for a full Draught of *Darby* call ;
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he drank up all.

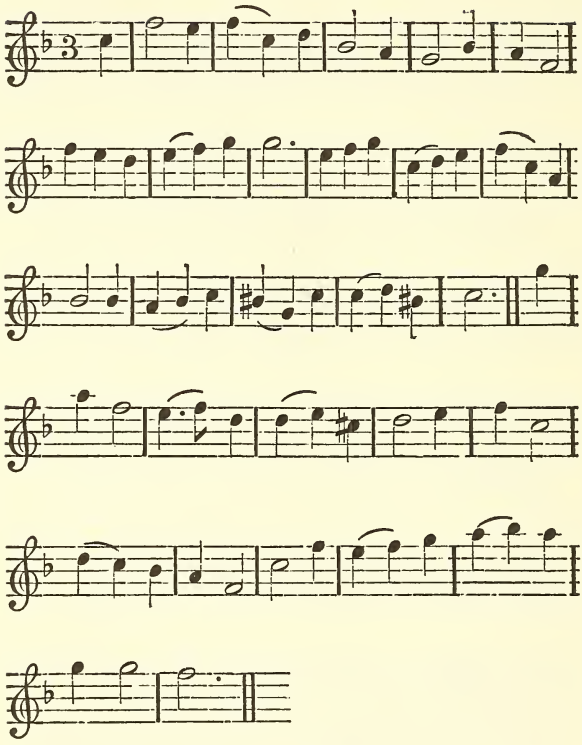
Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where Banquet and Wine were nothing scarce ;
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

And there he made such a breath with the Wind,
The hole too standing open the while ;
That the scent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco, the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court and Town ;
In the Devil's Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Polecat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

From which wicked Weed, with Swine's-flesh and Ling,
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend ;
Our Captain and we cry God save the King,
And send him good Meat and Mirth without end.

A Just BARGAIN.



I Am a Lover, and 'tis true ;
Fair *Daphne* I'm in Love with you :
Woman thou art, for ought I see,
Yet more assur'd I wish to be :

Such

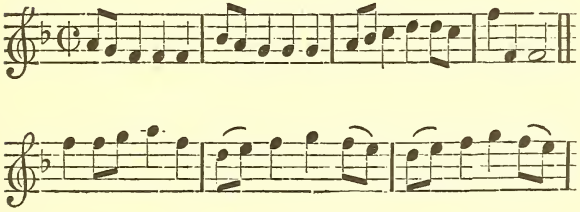
Such Trial then do not refuse,
As all Men in their Bargains use.

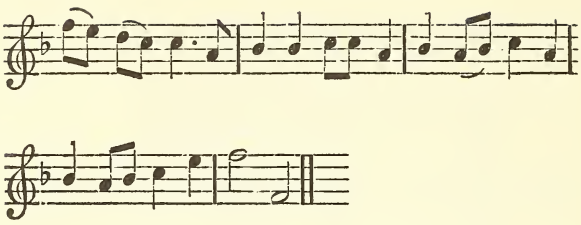
Men feel the Pullen when they lay,
If they be plump, and so wou'd I,
Men ride their Nags, and try their Pace,
The like would I do in this case.
Who will buy Land, e'er they do know,
VVhat Fruit on it is apt to grow?

Now if any of my Parts, or all,
You will then to Tryal call,
You shall both see, and feel, and taste,
Lest you repent your Bargain past:
Then Part with Part let us Compare,
There's no Deceit in open Ware.

Your Legs and Feet are strait and fine,
And look you here pray what are mine?
You have a round and lusty Thigh;
And look you here, pray what have I?
But yet that part that all must bind,
O shew not, least you strike me Blind.

Old English ALE.





I Have been *East*, and I have been *West*,
I have been far in the *North-Country;*
I have drank Wine and Beer of the best,
And Liquor that Men call *Ipse.*

I've been in *Flanders* and in *France*,
I've been in *Spain* and *Italy;*
And I've seen many a Man by chance,
Fall down to the Ground with *Ipse.*

The strongest Wine in *Flanders* or *Spain*,
Or yet in the *Palgrave's* Country,
'Tis nothing like t'our *English* Ale,
That Liquor of Life, called *Ipse.*

The strongest Soldier that ever did fight,
Or the bravest Commander of a *Marshalsea*,
May be brought to the Ground, I hold him a Groat,
If he swagger too long with Ipse.

The Preacher, the Teacher, the Priest and the Clark,
The Doctor of Law and Divinity;
May stumble and fall sometimes in the Dark
If their Caps be fudled with *Ipse.*

It makes grave Counsellors slumber and sleep,
When they should speak they cannot see,
They sit like Momes, for want of Wit,
When their Caps be fudled with *Ipse.*

The

The whiffling Gallants of the Inns of Court,
Do hinder their Studies certainly,
They're sometimes glad to pawn their Suit,
For fudling their Caps with *Ipse.*

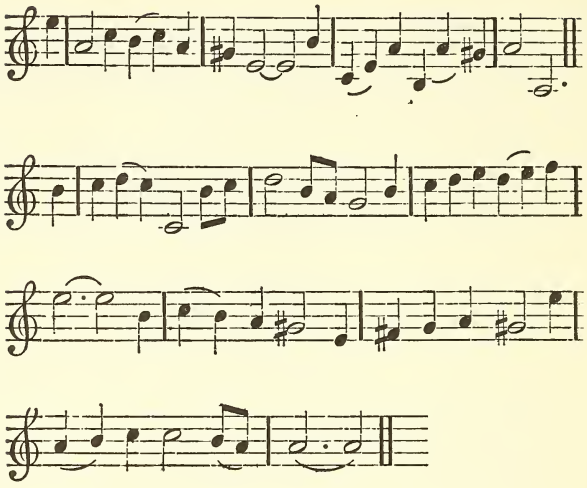
The Papist, the Puritan Protestant too,
And all other Religions whatever they be,
Altho' in some Points they cannot agree,
Yet none of them differ in *Ipse.*

The Taylor that eats more Bread at a Meal,
Than any Tradesman does at three,
A half-penny Loaf will serve him a Week,
If his Cap be fudled with *Ipse.*

The Smith and the Shoemaker is not behind,
They never were, nor never will be,
If they be Drunk, 'tis but their Kind,
To fuddle their Caps with *Ipse.*

If Tradesmen they would but forego,
The Vices that hinder their Quality,
The Malt-man may go hang himself,
And the Brewer with his strong *Ipse.*

The Growth of CUCKOLDOM.



I Find I am a Cuckold,
  I care not who doth know it;
It is my Doom, therefore welcome,
  I mean to undergo it.
Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
  All you that deride or scorn,
The proudest he who e'er he be,
  Perchance will wear the Horn.

The Parson of our Parish,
  That no Man thinks Polluted,
Along with me for Company,
  He kindly goes Cornuted.
Which makes me sing, come along, &c.

It

It is a darksom Passion,
And yet there is no fear on't,
Like an Ague Fit they come by it,
Few Gentlemen are clear on't.
Which, &c.

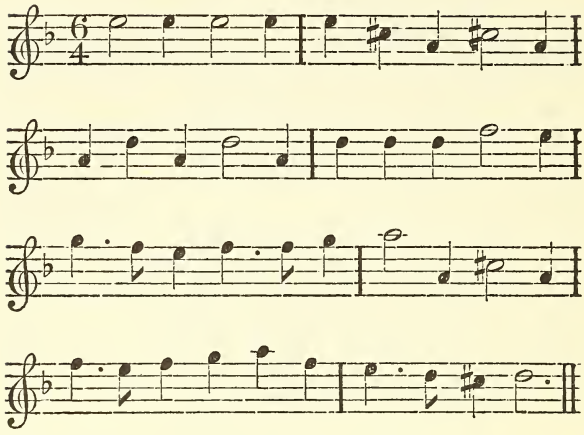
Ten thousand in this Kingdom,
Are subject to this Branding,
As Squires and Knights, and City Wights,
For want of Understanding.
Which, &c.

The best Jest that ever I heard,
One swore his Wife was Constant,
When behind the Screen, and a Door between,
He was Cuckold in an Instant.
Which, &c.

At *Westminster* in Term time,
When all the Lawyers Musters,
Like Bucks in *May* you may see them play,
VVith their Velvet Shooes in Clusters.
Which, &c.

If you walk the Town of *London*,
VVhere the Flat-caps call Men Cousins,
If you look about my Masters out,
You'll find Thirteen to the Dozen.
Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
All you that deride or scorn,
The proudest he who e'er he be,
Perchance will wear the Horn.

If every Woman was serv'd in her kind.



IF every VVoman was serv'd in her Kind,
And every Man had his due Desert,
The Rooms in Bridewel would be well lin'd,
And a Coach would not pass in the Streets for a Cart;
Yet I'm a little vex'd at the Heart,
And fain wou'd I have my grief to be known
The Parish would have me play a fine Part,
And Father a Child that is none of my own.

Full Twelve Months I cross'd the Seas,
Mean time I was crost as much on the Land,
For all the while my Wife sat at her ease,
And had her Companions at her Command;
There's never a Gallant but set at her Hand,
And said it was pity she should be alone,
And now they would have me subscribe to a Bond,
And Father, &c.

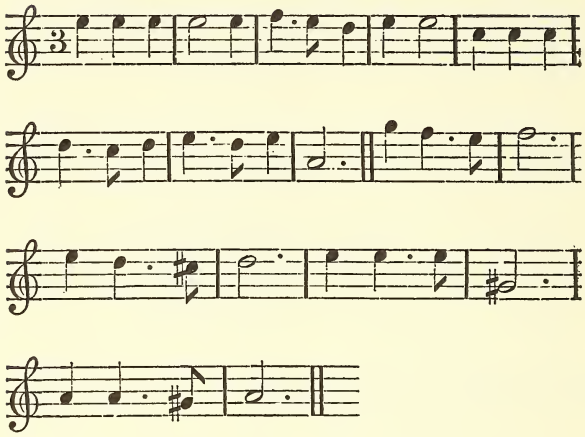
Let

Let every Father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that,
Altho' I'm a Buck, I am not so Wild,
To nail up my Horns for another Man's Hat,
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since 'tis my Fortune to be overthrown,
Altho' I'm an Ox, I'll ne'er be an Ass,
To Father, &c.

A Man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another Man's Child to Nurse,
And hoodwink his Horns with Ignorance,
But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse;
And that knows his Cross and his Curse,
And still will be led by a Strumpet's Moan,
May sit and sell Horns at *Britain's* Burse,
For Fathering, &c.

And if that you will be my Judge,
Isn't that Man wonderful base,
To be another Man's Slave and his Drudge,
And sell all his Credit for Disgrace?
No, I was never sprung from that Race,
To call that my Seed that another hath sown,
And I'll never look our King in the Face,
If I Father a Child that is none of my own.

A BALLAD *of Old* PROVERBS.



I Prithee Sweet-heart grant me my desire,
For I am thrown as the old *Proverb* goes,
Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire,
And there is none that pities my Woes.
Then hang or drown thy self, my Muse,
For there is not a T—d to chuse.

Most Maids prove Coy of late, tho' they seem Holier,
Yet I believe they are all of a Mind ;
Like unto like, quoth the Devil to the Collier,
And they'll be true when the Devil is Blind :
Let no one trust to their desire,
For the burnt Child still dreads the Fire.

What tho' my Love as white as a Dove is,
Yet you would say, if you knew all within ;
Shitten come Shite the beginning of Love is,
And for her Favour I care not a Pin :

No

No Love of mine she e'er shall be,
Sir-Reverence of her Company.

What tho' her Disdainfulness my Heart hath cloven,
Yet I am of so stately a Mind;
I'll not creep in her A— to bake in her Oven,
Tho' 'tis an old Proverb, that Cat will to kind:
But I will say until I die,
Farewel and be hang'd, that's twice Good-bye.

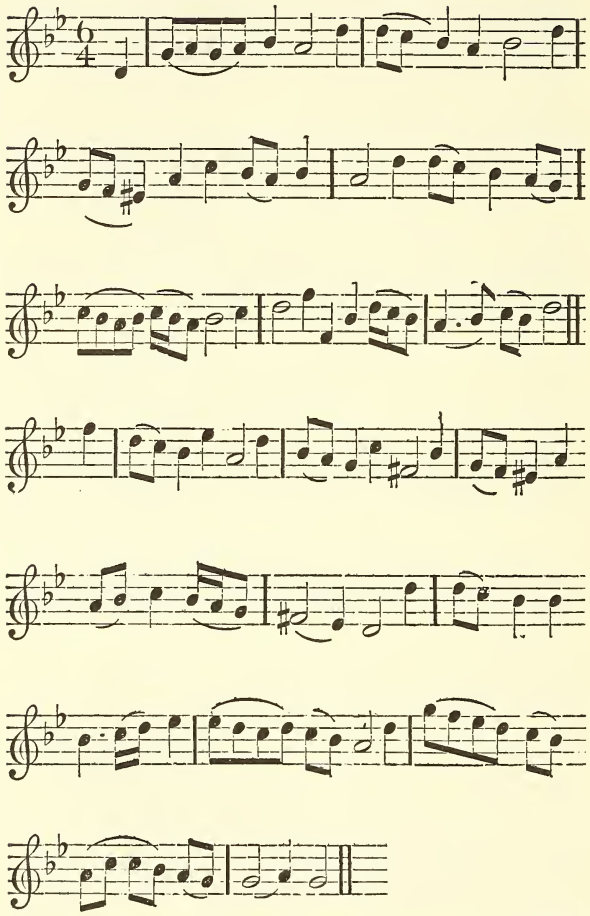
Alas, no Enjoyments, nor Comfort I can take,
In her that regards not the worth of a Lover;
A T— is as good for a Sow, as a Pancake:
Swallow that Gudgeon, I'll Fish for another,
She ne'er regards my aking Heart,
Tell a Mare a Tale, she'll let a Fart.

Now I'm sure as my Shoe is made of Leather,
Without good advisement and fortunate helps;
We two shall ne'er set our Horses together,
For she's like a Bear being rob'd of her Whelps:
But as for me it shall ne'er be said,
You've brought an old House over your Head.

Lo, this is my Counsel to young Men that Wooe,
Look well before you leap, handle your Geer;
For if you Wink and Shite, you'll ne'er see what you do,
So you may take a wrong Sow by the Ear:
But if she prove her self a Flurt,
Then she may do as does my Shirt.

Fall Back, or fall Edge, I never shall bound be,
To make a Match with Tag-rag, and Long-tail;
He that's born to hang, never shall drown'd be,
Best is best cheap, if you hit not the Nail:
Shall I toil Gratis in the Dirt,
First she shall do as does my Shirt.

CUPID *no* PHYSICIAN. *Set by* S. Teno.



A Rest-

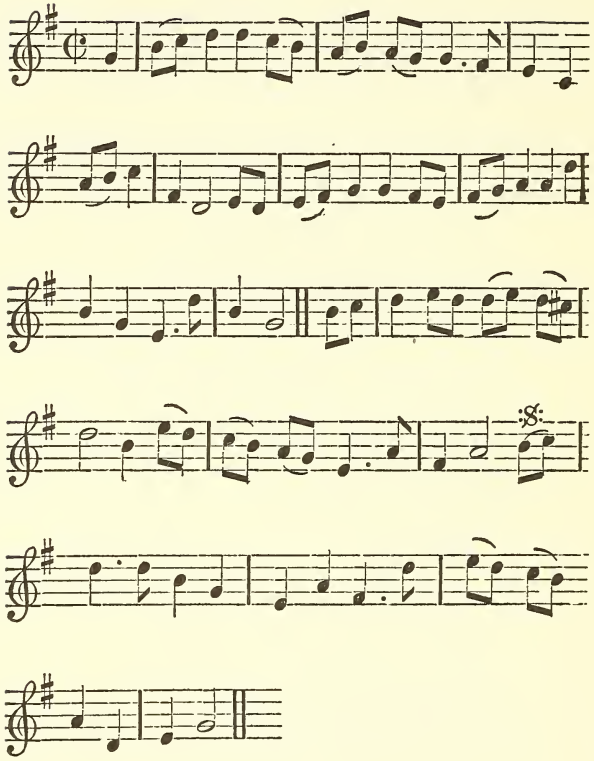
A Restless Lover I espy'd,
That went from Place to Place,
Lay down and turn'd from Side to Side,
And sometimes on his Face;
But when those Med'cines were apply'd,
In hopes of Intermission,
Like one that found no ease, he cry'd,
Has Cupid *no Physician.*

What do those Ladies with their Looks,
Their Kisses and their Smiles;
Can no Receipt in those fair Books,
Repair their former Spoils?
But they complain as well as we,
Their Pains have no remission;
And when both Sexes wounded be,
Hath Cupid *no Physician.*

Have we such Palsies and such Pains,
Such Fevers and such Fits,
No quick Essential Chimick Grains,
No *Æsculapius* Wits?
No Creature can beneath the Sun,
Prevail in opposition,
And when such Wonders may be done,
Hath, &c.

Into what Poisons do they dip,
Their Arrows and their Darts,
That touching but our Finger ends,
The pain doth prick our Hearts,
Now I perceive before I get,
Into the Inquisition,
Death never had a Surgeon yet,
Nor Cupid *a Physician.*

The Young Maid's PORTION.



NOw all my Friends are laid in Grave,
And nothing they have left me,
But a Mark a Year my Mother gave,
By which for to protect me :

Yet

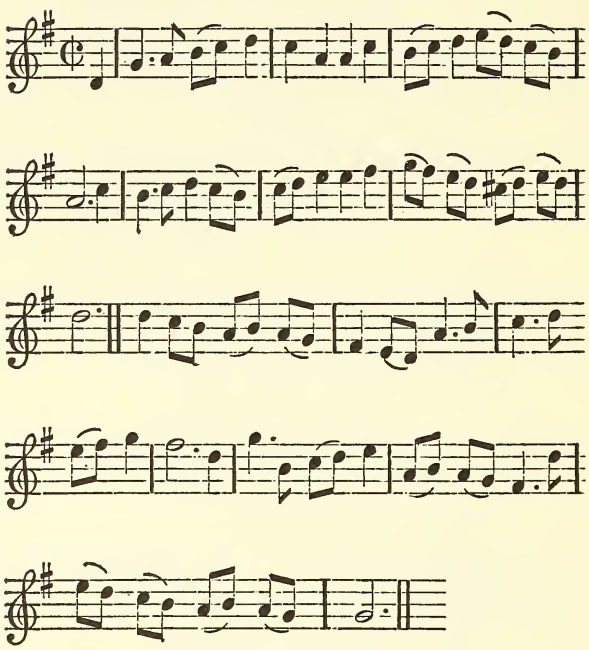
Yet I live on the Leagure still,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
My Coach upon me tending,
If any one be cut or slash'd,
Or any one Offending,
They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

My high Commode, my Damask Gown,
My lac'd Shoes of Spanish Leather,
A Silver-Bodkin in my Head,
And a dainty Plume of Feather,
I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
Is welcome to my Oven;
The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
Whose Beard's but newly shaven,
All's one to me, whoe'er he be,
He's welcome still as may be,
God a mercy Mother, for thy Gift
It's a Portion for a Lady.

The RESOLUTION. *Set by Mr.* King.



NOw fie upon a Jealous Brain,
That doth his Love mistrust,
Whose scorching Blood runs through each Vein,
To Judge his Looks unjust :
Give me that noble minded Heart,
That never will do so,
But Loves by Nature, not by Art,
And let all others go.

Let

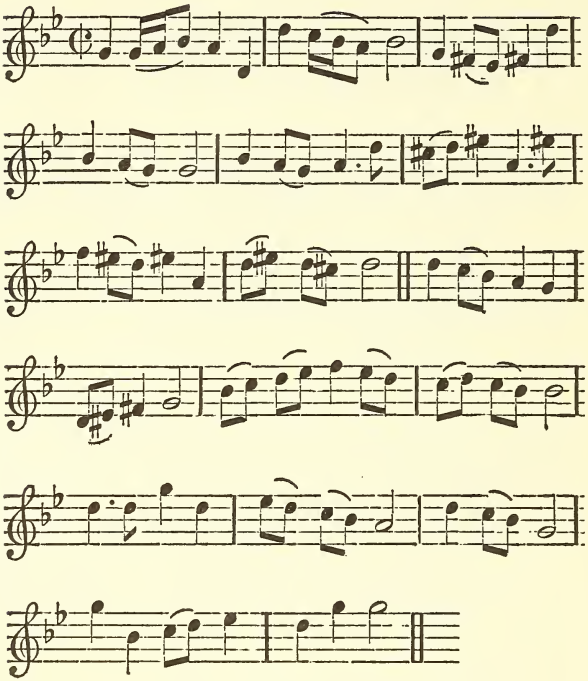
Let no Man think that *Cupid's* Shot,
Can wound an Honest Breast,
He that still fears a Jealous Plot,
Will never live at rest:
That Man I love that hates to fear
The slander of a Foe,
'Tis he that shall my Favour wear,
And let all others go.

If any do my Vertue Praise,
And thinks to flatter me,
His Subtile Tongue his Heart betrays,
His Follies I can see;
That Man I'll have, will not suspect,
An honest Woman's No,
'Tis he shall be my choice Elect,
And let, &c.

Some Men by Witchcraft seek to gain,
Their Love with charmed Spice,
Such Love I scorn to entertain,
Fram'd by a base device;
I'll humour him that seeks no Charms,
Nor *Cerberus* Cups below,
I'll hug him in my Ivory Arms,
And let, &c.

He that threatens when I smile,
I'll vex him when he weeps;
He that Loves but a Watching while,
I'll Horn him when he Sleeps:
But he that with unspotted Breast,
Bears Love as pure as Snow,
Shall be my Guest at *Cupid's* Feast,
And let all others go.

LOVE *for* LOVE. *Set by Mr.* King.



SHall I wasting in Despair,
Die because a Woman's Fair,
Or make pale my Cheeks with Care,
Because anothers Rosie are:
Be she Fairer than the Day,
Or the flowry Mead in *May*,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how Fair she be.

Shall

Shall my foolish Heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a Woman's kind ;
Or a well-disposed Nature
Joined with a comely Feature?
Be she mild, or kinder than
The *Turtle-Dove*, or *Pelican:*
If she be not so to me,
What care I how Kind she be.

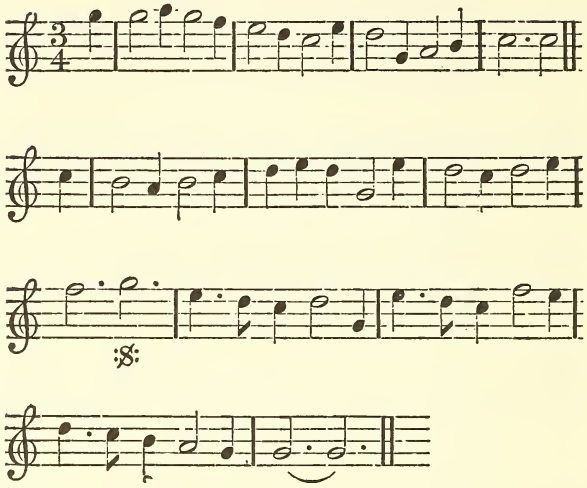
Shall a Woman's Vertue move,
Me to Perish for her Love ;
Or her Merits Value known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with Goodness blest,
As may deserve of Men the best ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be.

'Cause her Fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and Die ?
She that bears a noble Mind,
If not outward Helps she find :
Thinks what with them she will do,
That without them she dares Wooe ;
And unless that Mind I see,
What care I how good she be.

Be she Good, or Kind, or Fair,
I will ne'er the more Despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall Grieve :
If she slight me when I Wooe,
I will scorn and slight her too ;
For if see be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

The

The Country Man's DELIGHT.



IN Summer time, when Flowers do Spring,
And Birds sit on a Tree;
Let Lords and Knights say what they will,
There's none so Merry as we;
There's *Will* and *Moll*,
Here's *Harry* and *Doll*,
With *Brian* and bonny *Betty;*
Oh, how they did jerk it,
Caper and ferk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

Our Musick in a little Pipe,
That can so sweetly play;
Whom we do hire from *Whitsontide*,
Till latter *Lamas-day:*

On

On Sabbath-days,
And Holy-days,
After Evening-Prayer comes he:
And then, &c.

Come play us *Adam* and *Eve*, says *Dick*,
What's that, says little Pipe?
It is the beginning o' th' World, quoth *Dick*,
For we are Dancing-ripe:
It's that you call,
Then have at all,
He plaid with a merry Glee:
O then, &c.

In comes our Gaffer *Underwood*,
And sets him on the Bench;
His Wife and Daughter *Ne'er-be-good*,
That pretty round-fac'd Wench:
There's Neighbour *Chuck*,
And *Habakkuk*,
They all come there to see:
O how, &c.

From thence we go to Sir *William's* Ground,
And a Rich Old Cub is he;
And there we Dance around, around,
But the Devil a Penny we see:
From thence we get,
To *Sommerset*,
Where Men be frolick and free:
And there, &c.

The Second PART

MY Lord's Son must not be forgot,
So full of merry Jest;
He laughs to see the Girls so hot,
And jumps in with the rest:

He

He doth them assail
With his Calves-Tail,
And he thrusts it in to see,
O how they do, &c.

A Pox of all those snuffling Knaves,
That do our Sports despise:
We value not the sneaking Slaves,
They're more precise than Wise:
Bots on them all,
Both great and small,
And such Hypocrise:
For we will, &c.

Tho' bonny *Nell* do bear the Bell,
'Mongst Gallants gay and gaudy;
Our *Margery's* as light as she,
And yet she is not Baudy:
When she with trusty *Arthur* meets,
And *Bob* with *Barnaby;*
O! how they do frig it,
Jump it and Jigg it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

We fear no Plots of *Jews* or *Scots*,
For we are jolly Swains;
With Plow and Cow, and Barley-Mow,
We busie all our Brains:
No City Cares,
Nor Merchant's Fears
Of Wreck, or Piracy;
Therefore we can Flant it,
Revel and Rant it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, and *Whitson-Ales*,
We Dance a Merry fit;
When *Susan* sweet with *John* doth meet,
She gives him Hit for Hit:

From

From Head to Foot,
She holds him to't,
And Jumps as high as he;
O how they do spring it,
Flounce it and fling it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

With Ribbond red in Hat on Head,
Young *Ralph* doth skip and jump;
Joan has a new long Scarf of blue;
That reaches to her Rump:
With Petticoats
As light as Moats,
Which in the Sun we see;
O! how they did skip it,
Trample and Trip it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

No time is spent with more content,
In City, Court, or Camp;
We fear no *Covent-Garden* Gout,
Nor *Pickadilly* Cramp:
From Scurvy we
Are always free,
And evermore shall be;
So long as we Whisk it,
Frig it and frisk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
Like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs;
We have no twinge to make us cringe
Or crinkle in the Hams:
When some Disease
Doth on us seize,
With one Consent go we;
To Jigg it and Jirk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

When

When we're well fir'd, and almost tir'd,
That Night is drawing on :
And that we must confess (as just)
Our Dancing day is done ;
The Night is spent
With more content,
For then we all agree ;
To Cock it and Dock it,
Smock and Knock it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

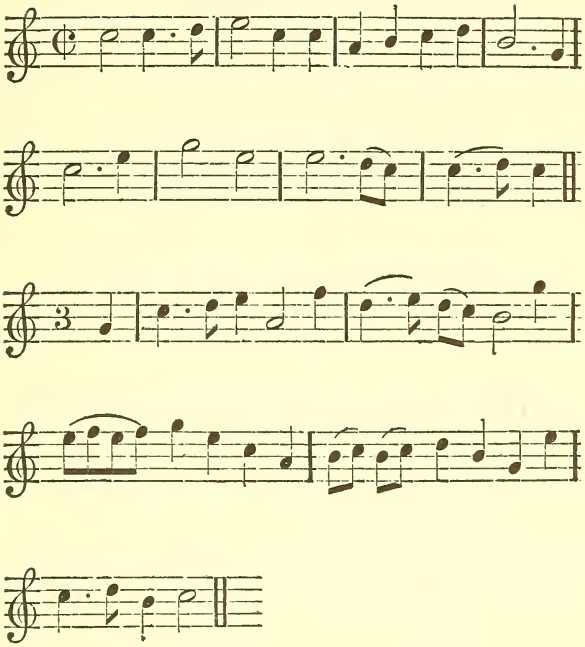
A Mock SONG *to, Oh, lead me to some Peaceful Gloom. To the same Tune.*

OH, oh, lead me, lead me to some peaceful Room,
Where none but honest, none but honest, honest Fellows come ;
Where our Wives, our Wives Clappers never sound, never, never sound,
But an eternal Hush, an eternal Hush goes round:
There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
And never, never think of Home, never, never think of Home, never, never think of Home,
Never, never, never, never, never think of Home again :
What Comfort, what Comfort, what Comfort can a Husband have?
Who Marries, who Marries to be a Slave?
What Comfort, what Comfort can a Husband have,
Who Marries, who Marries, who Marries to be more,
More a Slave, to, to be more, to, to be more, to, to be more, more a Slave.

Three

Three Glorious Things.

Set by Mr. *TENOE.*



IT is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may;
Three Things be glorious,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Sun, an Angel, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may.

Three

Three things be Precious,
I'll tell you if I can,
Bright Pearl, fine Gold, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things there be Lowring,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Pidgeon, a Turtle-Dove, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things there be Loving,
I'll tell you if I can,
An Ape, an old Fox, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will be Angry,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Wasp, a Weasel, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will be scratching,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Cat, a Brier, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will be a Chattering,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Pye, a Popinjay, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will lie close to a Man,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Flea, a Louse, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things must be Beaten,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Stock-fish, a Mill-stone, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

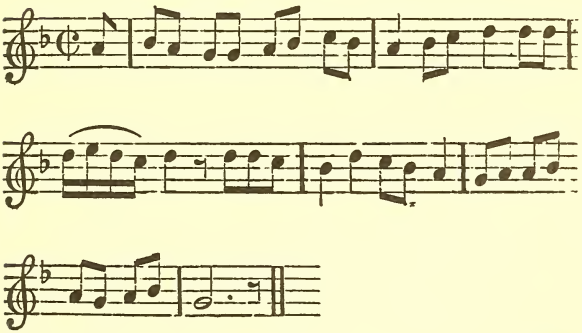
Three things must be stuffed,
I'll tell you if I can ;
A Pudding, a Cushion, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there are ill to Tame,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Devil, a Wild-Colt, and a Woman,
It is, &c.

Three things there are will make you Lean,
I'll tell you if I can,
Brown Bread, small drink, and a curst Quean.
It is, &c.

From these three Plagues, I'll pray as I can,
To bless and to keep every Honest Man.
It is, &c.

A RIDDLE *Wittily Expounded.*



THere was a Lady in the North-Country,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And she had lovely Daughters three,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

There was a Knight of Noble worth,
Lay the Bent, &c.
Which also lived in the North,
Fa, la, &c.

The Knight of Courage stout and brave,
Lay the Bent, &c.
A Wife he did desire to have,
Fa la, &c.

He knocked at the Lady's Gate,
Lay the Bent, &c.
One Evening when it was late,
Fa la, &c.

The youngest Sister let him in,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And pinn'd the Door with a Silver Pin,
Fa la, &c.

The second Sister she made his Bed,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And laid soft Pillows under his Head,
Fa la, &c.

The Youngest that same Night,
Lay the Bent, &c.
She went to Bed to this young Knight,
Fa la, &c.

And in the Morning when it was Day,
Lay the Bent, &c.
These words unto him she did say,
Fa la, &c.

Now you have had your will (quoth she)
Lay the Bent, &c.
I pray Sir Knight you Marry me,
Fa la, &c.

The

The young brave Knight to her reply'd,
Lay the Bent, &c.
Thy Suit, Fair Maid shall not be deny'd,
Fa la, &c.

If thou can'st answer me Questions three,
Lay the Bent, &c.
This very Day I will Marry thee,
Fa la, &c.

Kind Sir, in Love, O then quoth she,
Lay the Bent, &c.
Tell me what your three Questions be,
Fa la, &c,

O what is longer than the Way?
Lay the Bent, &c.
Or what is deeper than the Sea?
Fa la, &c.

Or what is louder than a Horn?
Lay the Bent, &c.
Or what is sharper than a Thorn?
Fa la, &c.

Or what is greener than the Grass?
Lay the Bent, &c.
Or what is worse than a Woman was?
Fa la, &c.

The Damsel's Answer to the Three Questions.

O Love is longer than the way,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And Hell is deeper than the Sea,
Fa la, &c.

And Thunder's louder than the Horn,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And Hunger's sharper than a Thorn,
Fa la, &c.

And Poyson's greener than the Grass,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And the Devil's worse than the Woman was,
Fa la, &c.

When she these Questions answered had,
Lay the Bent, &c.
The Knight became exceeding glad,
Fa la, &c.

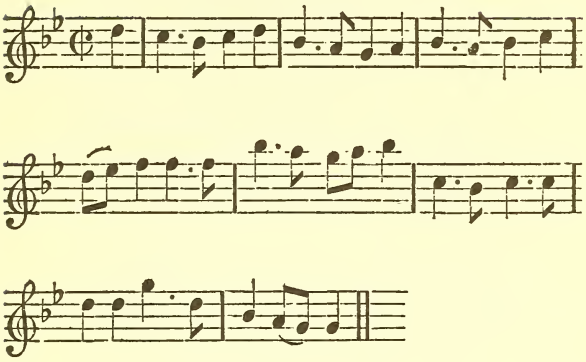
And having truly tried her Wit,
Lay the Bent, &c.
He much commended her for it,
Fa la, &c.

And after as 'tis verifi'd,
Lay the Bent, &c.
He made of her his lovely Bride,
Fa la, &c.

So now fair Maidens all adieu,
Lay the Bent, &c.
This Song I dedicate to you,
Fa la, &c.

I wish that you may Constant prove,
Lay the Bent to the bonny Broom,
Unto the Man that you do Love,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The Cumberland *LASS.*



THere was a Lass in *Cumberland*,
A bonny Lass of high Degree:
There was a Lass, her Name was *Nell*,
The blithest Lass that e'er you see:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well,
So did her Brother fancy *Nell:*
But all their Loves came short of mine,
As far as *Tweed* is from the *Tyne*,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me, &c.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
Four of them she gave to me;
She cut her Mother's Winding-Sheet,
And all to make a Sark for me,
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me, &c.

She

She pluck'd a Box out of her Purse,
Of four Gold Rings she gave me three ;
She thought herself no whit the worse,
She was so very kind to me,
Oh ! to Bed to me, to Bed to me, &c.

If I were Lord of all the North,
To Bed and Board she should be free,
For why, she is the bonniest Lass,
That is in all her own Country,
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

Her Cherry-Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
Doth with the Damask Rose agree,
With other Parts which I'll not Name,
Which are so pleasing unto me :
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

For I have rid both East and West,
And been in many a strange Country,
Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
Compared with *Cumberland Nelly.*
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

When I embrace her in my Arms,
She takes it kind and courteously,
And hath such pretty winning Charms,
The like whereof you ne'er did see :
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

There's not a Lass in *Cumberland*
To be compar'd to smiling *Nell,*
She hath so soft and white a Hand,
And something more that I'll not tell,
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
There I did treat her courteously,
I told her, I thought it was her Lot
To stay all Night and Lig with me,
Oh! to Bed to me, &c.

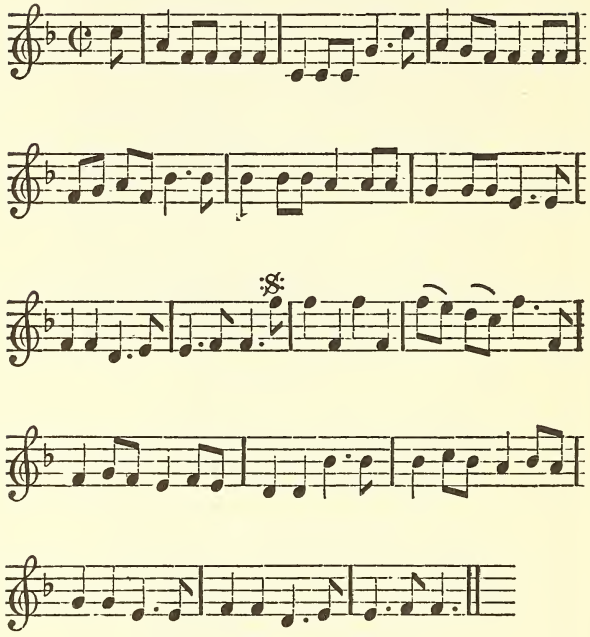
She, pretty Rogue, could not say nay,
But by consent we did agree,
That she for a fancy, there should stay,
And come at night to Bed to me:
Oh! to Bed to me, &c.

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
And with her Hand she smooth'd it down;
She kiss'd me thrice, and smiling said,
My Love, I fear thou wilt sleep to soon:
Oh! to Bed to me, &c.

Into my Bed I hasted strait,
And presently she follow'd me,
It was in vain to make her wait,
For a Bargain must a Bargain be,
O! to Bed to me, &c.

Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass,
And strok'd her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest we'll let it pass,
For she afterward sung Lulaby;
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that came to Bed to me,
Blith and Bonny sure was she,
The Lass that came to Bed to me.

The Northumberland *BAGPIPE.*



A Shepherd set him under a Thorn,
He pull'd out his Pipe and began for to play,
It was on a *Midsummers-day* in the Morn,
For Honour of that Holy-day:
A Ditty he did chant along,
That goes to the Tune of *Cater-Bordee*
And this was the burthen of his Song,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad I'll dance to thee,
to thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

And

And whilst this Harmony he did make,
A Country Damsel from the Town,
A Basket on her Arm she had,
A gathering Rushes on the Down;
Her Bongrace of Wended Straw;
From the Sun's hot Beams her Face is free,
And thus she began when she him saw,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee, &c.

Then he pull'd out his Pipe, and began to sound,
Whilst tempting on her Back she lay,
But when his quavering Note she found,
How sweetly then this Lass could Play:
She stopp'd all Jumps, and she reveal'd,
She kept all Time with Harmony,
And looking on him, sighing said,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll Dance to thee, &c.

She never so much as blush'd at all,
The Musick was so charming sweet,
But e'er anon to him she'd call,
And bid him active, turn and meet;
As thou art a boon Shepherd's Swain,
I am a Lass am come to Wooe thee,
To play me another double Strain,
And doubt not but I will Dance to thee, &c.

Altho' I am but a silly Maid,
Who ne'er was brought up at Dancing-School,
But yet to the Jig that thou hast plaid,
You find that I can keep Time and Rule!
Now see that you keep your Stops aright,
For Shepherd, I am resolv'd to view thee,
And play me the Damsel's chief Delight,
Then never doubt but I'll Dance to thee, &c.

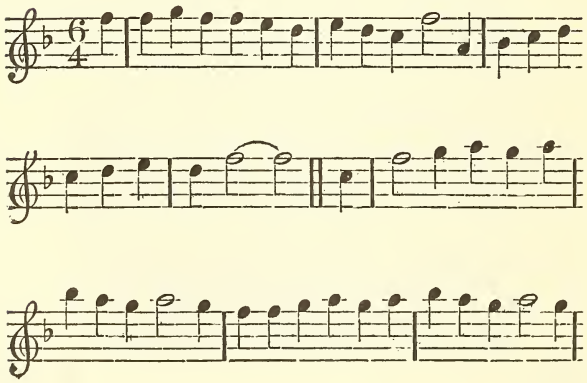
The Shepherd again did Tune his Pipe,
And plaid her a Lesson loud and shrill,
The Damsel his Face did often wipe,
With many a Thank for his Good Will;

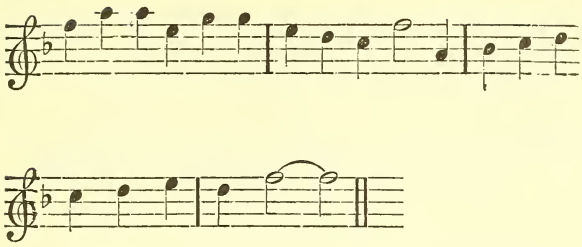
And

And said, I was ne'er so pleas'd before,
  And this is the first time that I knew thee,
Come play me this very Jig once more,
  And never doubt but I'll Dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd, he said, as I am a Man,
  I have kept Playing from Morning till Noon,
Thou know'st I can do no more than I can;
  My Pipe is clearly out of Tune;
To ruin a Shepherd I'll not seek,
  Said she, for why should I undo thee,
I can come again to the Down next Week,
  And thou shalt Pipe, and I'll Dance to thee,
  to thee, to thee, derry, derry to thee.

The Hide-Park FROLICK.





ONE Evening a little before it was dark,
sing, tan tara rara tan-vivee;
I call'd for my Gelding, and rid to *Hide-park*,
on tan tara, rara tan-tivee;
It was in the merry Month of *May*,
When Meadows and Fields were gaudy and Gay,
And Flowers apparell'd as bright as the Day,
I got upon my Tan-tivee.

The *Park* shone brighter than the Skies,
sing tan tara, rara Tan-tivee,
With Jewels and Gold, and Ladies Eyes,
that sparkled, and cry'd, come see me;
Of all parts of *England*, *Hide-park* hath the Name,
For Coaches and Horses and Persons of Fame,
It looked at first sight like a Field full of Flame,
Which made me Ride up Tan-tivee.

There hath not been such sight since *Adam's*,
for Perriwig, Ribbond, and Feather,
Hide-park may be term'd the Market of Madams,
or, *Lady-Fair*, chuse you whither:
Their Gowns were a Yard too long for their Legs,
They shew'd like the Rain-bow cut into Rags,
A Garden of Flowers, or a Navy of Flags,
When they did all mingle together.

Among

Among all these Ladies, I singled out one,
to prattle of Love and Folly;
I found her not Coy, but jovial as *Joan*,
or *Betty*, or *Marget*, or *Molly:*
With honours and Love, and stories of Chances,
My Spirits did move, and my Blood she advances,
With Twenty *Quadundrums*, and Fifty Five Fancies,
I'd have been at her Tan-tivee.

We talk'd away time until it grew dark,
the Place did begin to grow privy;
For Gallants began to draw out of the Park,
to their Horses did gallop Tan-tivee:
But finding my Courage a little to come,
I sent my Bay Gelding away by the Groom,
And proffer'd my Service to wait on her Home,
In her Coach we went both Tan-tivee.

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her strait-lac'd,
she cry'd I shall never believe ye;
This Arm full of Sattin I bravely embrac'd,
and fain would have been at Tan-tivee:
Her Lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,
And like a bold Archer, I aim'd at the White,
Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee.

With many Denials she yielded at last,
her Chamber being wondrous privy,
That I all the Night there might have my repast,
to run at the Ring Tan-tivee.
I put off my Cloaths, and I tumbled to Bed,
She went to her Closet to dress up her Head,
But I peep'd in the Key-hole to see what she did,
Which put me quite beside my Tan-tivee.

She took off her Head-tire, and shew'd her bald Pate,
Her Cunning did very much grieve me,
Thought I to my self, if it were not so late,
I would home to my Lodgings believe me.

Her

Her Hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hag,
Her bald-pate did look like an *Ostrich's* Egg,
This Lady (thought I) is as right as my Leg,
She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which did unto amazement drive me;
She put up her Finger, and out dropt her Eye,
I pray'd that some Power would relieve me:
But now my resolves was never to trouble her,
Or venture my Carcase with such a blind Hobler,
She look'd with One Eye, just like *Hewson* the Cobler,
When he us'd to Ride Tan-tivee.

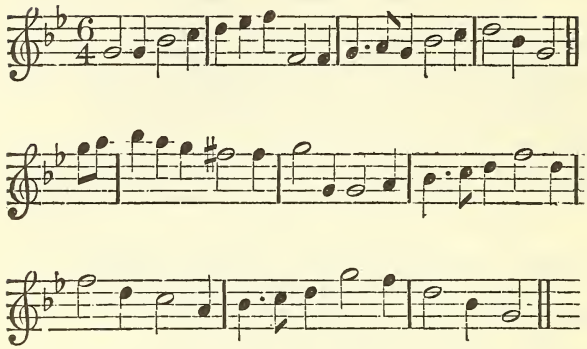
I peep'd, and was still more perplexed therewith,
Thought I, tho't be Midnight I'll leave thee;
She fetch'd a yawn, and out fell her Teeth,
This Quean had intents to deceive me:
She drew out her Handkerchief as I suppose,
To wipe her high Fore-head, off dropt her Nose,
Which made me run quickly and put on my Hose,
The Devil is in my Tan-tivee.

She washt all the Paint from her Visage, and then
She look'd just (if you will believe me)
Like a *Lancashire Witch* of Four score and Ten,
And as the Devil did drive me:
I put on my Cloaths, and cry'd Witches and Whores,
I tumbl'd down Stairs, broke open the Doors,
And down to my Country again to my Boors,
Next Morning I rid Tan-tivee.

You *North*-Country Gallants that live pleasant Lives,
Let not Curiosity drive ye;
To leave the fresh Air, and your own Tenants Wives,
For Sattin will sadly deceive you:
For my part I will no more be such a Meacock,
To deal with the plumes of a *Hide-Park* Peacock,
But find out a Russet-coat Wench and a Hay-cock,
And there I will ride Tan-tivee.

The

The Beggar's DELIGHT.



COurtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm,
That silly poor Swains in Love should be;
For Love lies hid in Rags all torn,
As well as Silks and Bravery:
For the Beggar he loves his Lass as dear,
As he that hath Thousands, Thousands, Thousands,
He that hath Thousand Pounds a Year.

State and Title are pitiful things,
A lower State more happy doth prove;
Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,
With the Beggar hath equal Joys in Love:
And my pretty brown *Cloris* upon the Hay,
Hath always as killing, killing, killing,
Hath always as killing Charms as they.

A Lord will purchase a Maiden-head,
Which perhaps hath been lost some Years before;
A Beggar will pawn his Cloak and his Trade,
Content with Love to lye, and live Poor:

Our

Our eager Embraces in Coal-sheds,
Are always more pleasing, pleasing, pleasing,
Than theirs that are dull in downy Beds.

Our *Cloris* is free from Patches and Paint,
Complection and Features sweetly agree;
Perfections which Ladies often do want,
Is always intail'd on our Pedigree:
Sweet *Cloris* in her own careless Hair,
Is always more taking, taking, taking,
Than Ladies that Towers and Pendants do wear.

A Dutchess may fail, created for Sport,
By using of Art, and changing of Things;
Tho' she were the Idol and Goddess o'th' Court,
The Joys and the Pleasure of Don, Prince, or Kings,
Yet *Cloris* in her old Russet-Gown,
She's sound, she's sound, she's sound,
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

A Beggar's as boon aud as brisk in the dark,
As she that is Painted Red and White;
And pleases her Mate, tho' not such a Spark,
As lies by the side of a Lord or Knight:
And *Cloris* hath Beauty to Content,
So long as she's wholsom, wholsom, wholsom,
She pleases us, we don't repent.

What tho' all the Day she's attir'd in Rags,
Yet once a Week she changes her Smock;
And she that has Gold and Silver in Bags,
She can do no more than match a good Cock:
She's willing and ready to show her Art,
And still with her Kisses, Kisses, Kisses,
She'll conquer the Senses and the Heart.

All the Night long we do hug and embrace,
The greatest and Rich can do no more;
And when to the Swain she joins her Face,
He thinketh what Joys there's for him in store:

By

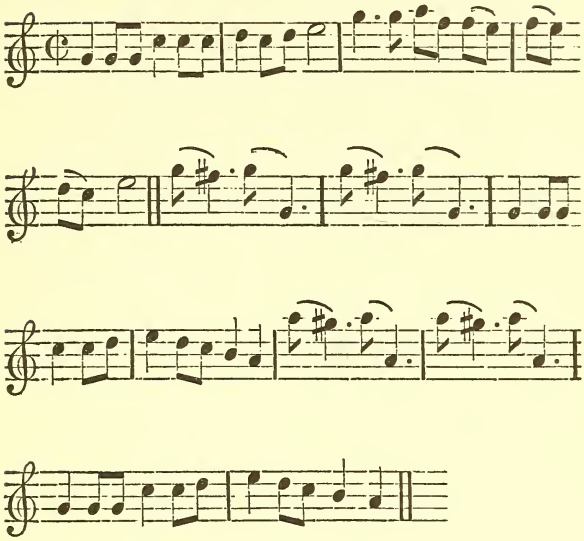
By the taste of the Blisses, so happy's he,
He crys there's no Beggar, Beggar, Beggar,
Could so blest, or so fortunate be.

The touch of her Hand encreases his Flame,
Who conquer'd by Charms a Captive doth lie;
And when he but thinks of his true Love's Name,
He vows for her sake he could freely Die:
Then she revives him again with a Kiss,
He cries you undo me, undo me, undo me,
Had ever poor Soul such Pleasure as this?

Then Gallants, ne'er envy the Poor's Delight,
'Tis Pleasure to Love, and a Plague to be Free;
Tho' some for our Poverty do us slight,
There's none alive more happy than we:
We well are content with what we enjoy,
And once in a twelvemonth, twelvemonth, twelvemonth
We are blest with a Girl, or a Boy,

Content is a thing we strive to possess,
And better it is than a Golden Mine:
Since us with the same the Heaven do bless,
What cause have we for to repine:
No, we've enough our Hearts to suffice,
And he that doth murmur, murmur, murmur,
Will never be happy nor wise.

JOAN *to the MAY-POLE.*



JOan to the *May-pole* away let's run,
The time is swift, and will be gone:
There go the Lasses away to the Green,
Where their Beauties may be seen;
Nan, *Noll*, *Kate* and *Moll*,
Brave Lasses have Lads to attend 'em,
Hodge, *Nick*, *Tom*, *Dick*,
Brave Country Dancers, who can amend 'em?

Did you not see the Lord of the *May*,
Walk along in his rich Array?
There goes the Lass that is only his,
See how they meet, and how they Kiss!

Come *Will*, run *Gill*,
Or dost thou list to lose thy Labour?
Kit Crowd, scrape aloud,
Tickle her *Tom*, with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Lately I went to a Masque at Court,
Where I see Dances of ev'ry sort;
There they did Dance with Time and Measure,
But none like Country Dance for Pleasure:
There they did Dance, just as in *France*,
Not like the *English* lofty manner;
And every She must furnished be
With a feather'd knack, when she sweats, for to fan her.

But we, when we Dance, and do happen to sweat
Have a Napkin in hand for to wipe off the wet;
And we with our Doxies do jigg it about,
Not like the Court, which often are out:
If the Tabor do play, we thump it away,
And turn, and meet our Lasses to Kiss 'em;
Nay, they will be as ready as we,
That hardly at any time can miss 'em.

Yonder comes *Dolly* over the down,
And *Roger* he gives her a fair Green-Gown,
See how he Hands her up again,
And how they trip along amain:
They pass o'er the Grass,
And at every Stile they are Billing,
He gives, she receives,
Being Youthful, Ready, and Willing.

There is not any that shall out-vie,
My little pretty *Joan* and I;
For I'm sure I can Dance as well,
As *Robin*, *Jenny*, *Tom* and *Nell:*
Last Year we were here,
When rough *Ralph* he play'd us a Boree,
And we merrily
Thump'd it about, and gain'd the Glory.

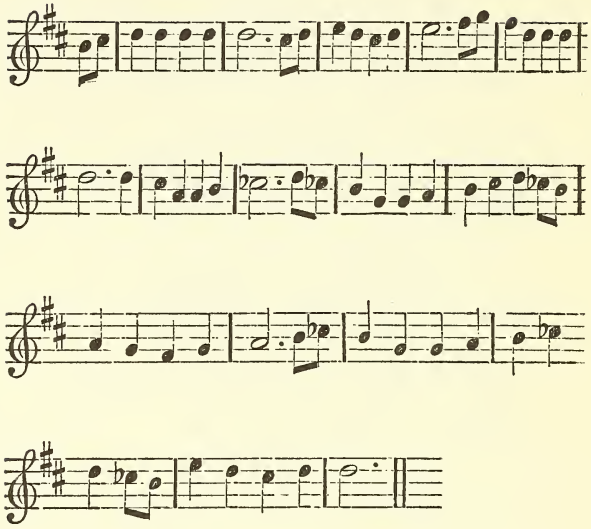
Come,

Come, sweet *Joan*, let us call a New Dance,
That we before 'em may advance ;
Let it be what you desire and crave,
And sure the same sweet *Joan* shall have:
She cry'd, and reply'd,
If to please me thou wilt endeavour,
Sweet Pig, the Wedding-Jig,
Then my Dear I'll love thee for ever.

Sure I will grant thee thy request,
And learn thee that amongst the rest ;
For e'er it be long, we'll Married be,
And then my pretty *Joan* shall see,
Fine Toys, sweet Joys,
And soft Kisses too, out of Measure,
Sweet Charms in my Arms,
This will be a Fountain of Pleasure.

And if we hold on as we begin,
Joan, thee and I the Garland shall win ;
Nay, if thou live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the *May*,
Dance about, in and out,
Turn and Kiss, and then for Greeting ;
Now *Joan*, we have done,
Fare thee well till next merry Meeting.

The Wiltshire *WEDDING.*



ALL in a misty Morning,
cloudy was the Weather,
I meeting with an old Man,
was cloathed all in Leather,
With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
but Wool unto his Skin ;
With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen ?

The Rustick was a Thresher,
and on his way he hy'd,
And with a Leather Bottle,
fast Buckl'd by his side :

And

And with a Cap of Woollen,
which cover'd Cheek and Chin,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

I went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking,
a Milking Sir, she said:
Then I began to Compliment,
and she began to Sing;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

This Maid her Name was *Dolly*,
cloath'd in a Gown of Gray,
I being somewhat Jolly,
perswaded her to stay:
Then strait I fell to Courting her,
in hopes her Love to win,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

Then having time and leisure,
I spent a vacant hour,
Telling of all my Treasure,
whilst sitting in the Bower:
With many kind Embraces,
I stroak'd her double Chin:
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

I told her I would Marry'd be,
and she should be my Bride,
And long we should not tarry,
with twenty things beside:
I'll Plow and Sow, and Reap and Mow,
while thou shalt sit and Spin;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

Did

Did you not know my Father,
the Damsel then reply'd,
His Jerkin was of Leather,
a Bottle by his side:
Yes, I did meet him trudging,
as fast as he could win,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

Kind Sir, I have a Mother,
beside a Father, still,
Those Friends above all other,
you must ask their good will:
For if I be Undutiful
to them, it is a Sin;
With how, &c.

Now there we left the Milk-pail,
And to her Mother went,
And when I was come thither,
I asked her Consent,
And doft my Hat, and made a Leg,
for why she was within;
With how, &c.

My Husband is a Thresher,
who is her Father dear,
He'll give with her his Blessing,
kind Sir, you need not fear:
He is of such good Nature,
that he would never lin,
With how, &c.

For by your Courteous Carriage,
you seem an honest Man,
You may have her in Marriage,
my Husband he anon,
Will bid you very welcome,
tho' he be poor and thin,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do agen.

Her

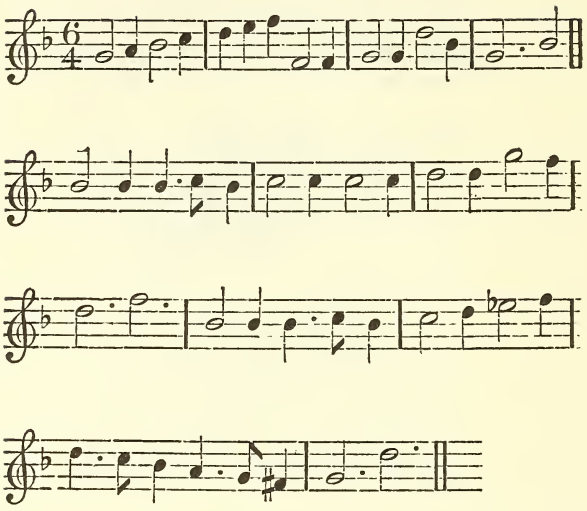
Her Dad came home full weary,
alas! he could not chuse;
Her Mother being Merry,
She told him all the News:
Then he was mighty Jovial too,
his Son did soon begin,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

Her Parents being willing,
all Parties was agreed;
Her Portion thirty Shilling,
they Marry'd were with speed;
Then *Will* the Piper he did play,
while others Dance and Sing;
With how, &c.

In pleasant Recreation,
they pass'd away the Night,
And likewise by relation,
with her he takes delight,
To walk abroad on Holy-days,
to visit Kiff and Kin:
With how, &c.

Then lusty *Ralph* and *Robin*,
With many Damsels gay,
Did ride on *Roan* and *Dobbin*,
to Celebrate the day:
When being met together,
their Caps they off did fling,
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen.

The Country LASS.



WHat tho' I am a Country Lass,
A lofty mind I bear *a*;
I think my self as good as those,
That Gay Apparel wear *a*:
What tho' my Coat be Home-spun Gray,
My Skin it is as soft *a*,
As those that in their Cypress Veils,
Do carry their Heads aloft *a*.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
'Tis a thing that must be done *a*,
A Garland of the choicest Flow'rs,
Shall shade me from the Sun *a*;

And

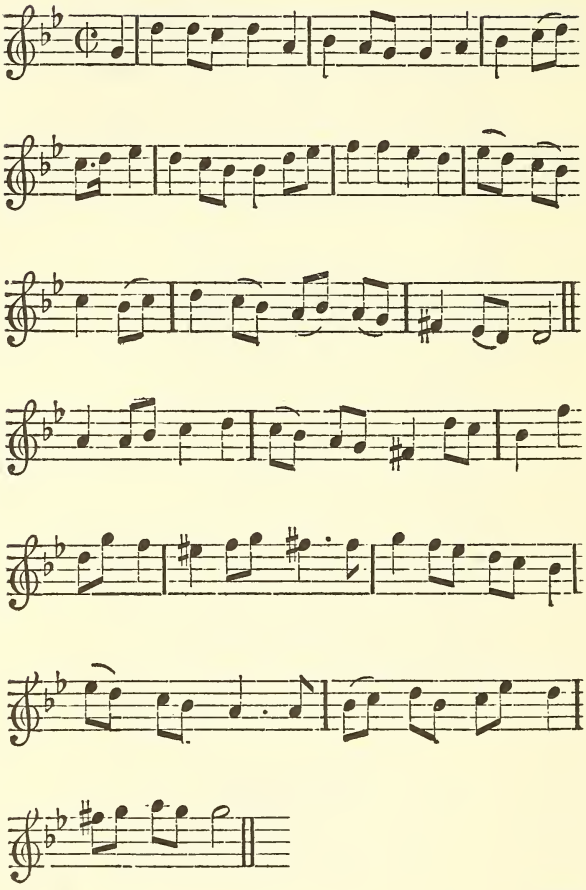
And where I see the feeding Bee,
When Grass and Flowers spring *a*,
Hard by a Chrystal Fountain Stream,
I sit me down and Sing *a*.

My Leather Bottle stufft with *Sage*,
My Drink it is but thin *a*,
No Wine hath taught my brains to rage,
Nor tempt my Blood to sin *a;*
My Country *Curds*, my Wooden *Spoon*,
My things are very Fine *a*,
And on some Flow'ry Bank at Noon,
I sit me down and Dine *a*.

What tho' my Portion will allow,
No Bags of shining Gold *a*,
As Farmers Daughters now adays,
Like Swine are Bought and Sold *a;*
I'll keep my Naked Body sound,
And an Honest Soul within *a*,
And for a Hundred Thousand Pounds,
I value it not a Pin *a*.

I have no *Jewels* in my Ears,
Nor *Jems* to deck my Neck *a;*
Nor Glittering Rings with Stones I wear,
My Fingers for to Deck *a*
But for the Man when e'er it chance,
That I shall Grace to Wed *a*,
I'll keep a *Jewel* worth them all,
I mean my Maiden-Head *a*.

Poor ANTHONY.



Was

WAs ever a Man so vext with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony*, since I was Wed,
For I never got my Belly full,
But e're I have supp'd, I must hasten to Bed:
Else she'd begin to Scold and to Brawl,
And to call me Puppy, and Cuckold, and all;
Yet she with her Cronies must troul it about,
Whilst I in my Kennel must snore it out.

I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But she in a trice did fetch me away,
We both but Two-pence a-piece did spend,
Yet proved to me Execution-day.
For she flew in my Face, and call'd me Fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legged Stool;
Nay, she furnish'd my Face with so many Scratches,
That for a whole Month 'twas cover'd with Patches.

Whatever Money I get in a day,
To keep her in quiet, I give her at Night;
Or else she'll license her Tongue to play,
For two or three Hours, just like a Sprite,
Then to the Cupboard Peel garlick must hie,
To see for some Crusts that long have lain dry,
So steep 'em in Skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

And once a Month for fashion's sake,
She gives me leave to come to her Bed,
But most of that time I must lie awake,
Lest she in her Fits should knock me o'th head.
But as for the Bed I lie on my self;
You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken Shelf:
For the Tick it is made of Hempen Hurds,
And yet for all this, I must give her good words.

We commonly both do piss in a pan,
  But the Cullender once was set in the place ;
She then did take it up in her Hand,
  And flounc'd it out on my Stomach and Face.
I told her then she went beside,
But she call'd me Rogue, and told me I ly'd,
And swore it was not up to her Thumb.
And then threw the pan i'th' middle o'th' Room.

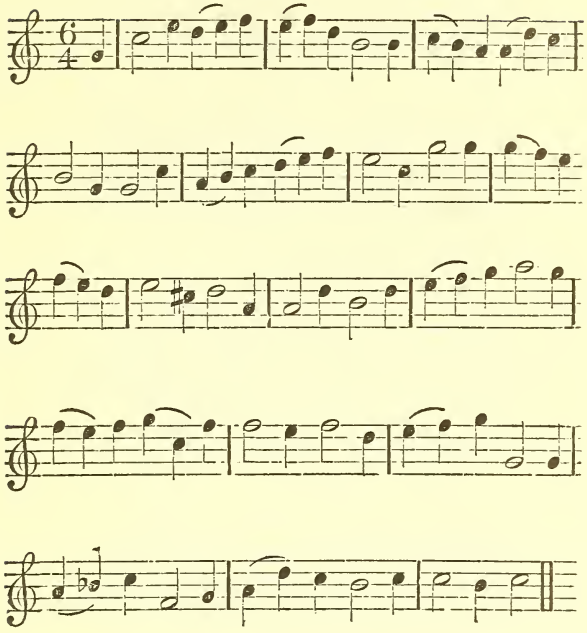
Then a Maid that was my Sweet-heart before,
  Did come to the House to borrow a Pail;
I Kiss'd her but once, and I thought on't no more,
  But she flew in her Face Tooth and Nail.
But the Wench stood to her and claw'd her about,
That for a whole Fortnight she never stir'd out ;
For her Face was so swell'd, and her Eyes were so sore,
That I never saw Jade so mangl'd before.

She then did bid me drop in her Eyes,
  A sovereign Water sent her that Day :
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
  Made of Henbane and Mercury steep'd in Whey,
I dropt in and anointed her Face,
Which brought her into a most dev'lish case ;
For she tore and ranted, and well she might,
For after that time she never saw sight.

I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
  To lead her about from place to place ;
And now *'tis Husband I hope ye are well;*
  Before 'twas Cuckold and Rogue to my Face,
Then blest be that Henbane and Mercury strong,
That made such a change in my Wife's Tongue ;
You see 'tis a Med'cine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'll say no more.

The

The Ballad of the CAPS.



THE Wit hath long beholding been,
Unto the Cap to keep it in,
But now the Wits fly out amain
In praise to quit the Cap again:
The Cap that keeps the highest part
Obtains the place by due desert:
For any Cap, whate'er it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.

The

The *Monmouth* Cap, the Sailors Thumb,
And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
The Physick Cap, the Cap Divine,
And that which Crowns the Muses nine,
The Cap that Fools do Countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
For any Cap, &c.

The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
The Fudling Cap how ever bought,
The Worsted, Furr'd, the Velvet, Sattin,
For which so many pates learn Latin,
The Cruel Cap, the Fustian Pate,
The Periwig a Cap of late:
For any Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the *Monmouth* were,
On Castle-tops their Ensigns rear;
The Sea-man with his Thrumb doth stand
On higher parts than all the land;
The Tradesman's Cap aloft is born,
By 'vantage of a stately horn.
For any Cap, &c.

The Physick Cap to dust can bring,
Without controul the greatest King,
The Lawyers Cap hath Heavenly might
To make a crooked action straight;
And if you'll line him in the Fist,
The Cause he'll warrant as he list,
For any Cap, &c.

Both East and West, and North and South,
Where'er the Gospel hath a mouth,
The Cap Divine doth thither look;
'Tis Square like Scholars and their Books:
The rest are Round, but this is Square,
To shew their Wits more stable are:
For any Cap, &c.

The

The Jester he a Cap doth wear,
Whick makes him fellow for a Peer,
And 'tis no slender piece of Wit
To act the Fool where great Mensit
But O, the Cap of *London* Town,
I wis, 'tis like a goodly Crown,
For any Cap, &c.

The Sickly Cap tho' wrought with Silk,
Is like Repentance, white as Milk;
When Caps drop off at health a pace,
The Cap doth then your head uncase,
The sick man's Cap, (if wrought) can tell
Tho' he be sick, his Cap is well,
For any Cap, &c.

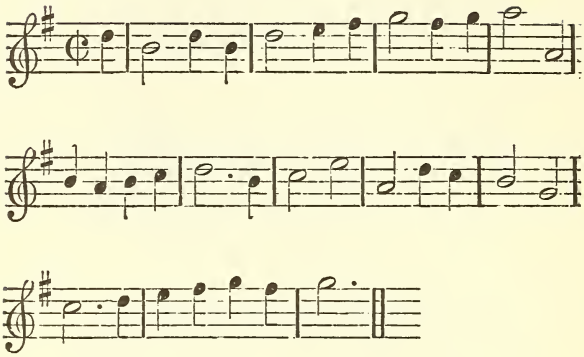
The Fudling Cap by *Bacchus's* might,
Turns Night to Day, and Day to Night;
We know it makes proud Heads to bend,
The lowly Feet for to ascend;
It makes Men richer than before,
By seeing doubly all their Store,
For any Cap, &c.

The Furr'd and Quilted Cap of age,
Can make a mouldy Proverb sage,
The Sattin and the Velvet hive
Into a Bishoprick may thrive;
The Triple Cap may raise some hope,
If fortune serve to be a Pope,
For any Cap, &c.

The Periwig, O, this declares
The rise of flesh, tho' fall of hairs,
And none but Gransirs can proceed
So far in sin till they this need,
Before the King who cover'd are,
And only to themselves stand bare,
For any Cap, whate'er it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.

The

The Ballad of the BEARD



THe Beard thick or thin on the Lip or Chin,
Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
That her silence in the Beards defence
May do her Neighbour wrong.

Now a Beard is a thing that Commands in a King,
Be his Scepters ne'er so fair:
Where the Beard bears the sway, the People obey,
And are subject to a Hair.

'Tis a Princely sight, and a grave delight,
That adorns both young and old;
A well thatcht face is a comely grace,
And a shelter from the Cold.

When the piercing North comes blustering forth
Let a barren Face beware;
For a trick it will find, with a Razor of wind,
To shave the Face that's bare.

But

But there's many a nice and strange device
That doth the Beard disgrace,
But he that is in such a foolish sin
Is a Traitor to his Face.

Now of the Beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a Beard;
Tho' it be ne'er so long.

The Roman T, in its bravery,
Doth first it self disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
With the flames of a Torrid Nose!

The Stilletto Beard, oh! it makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a Dagger in's Face,
What wears he in his Sheath?

But methinks I do itch to go thro' stitch
The Needle Beard to amend,
Which without any wrong, I may call too long,
For a Man can see no end.

The Soldiers Beard, doth march in shear'd;
In figure like a Spade,
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
And think their Graves are made.

The grim Stubble eke on the Judges Cheek
Shall not my verse despise;
It is more fit for a Nutmeg, but yet,
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.

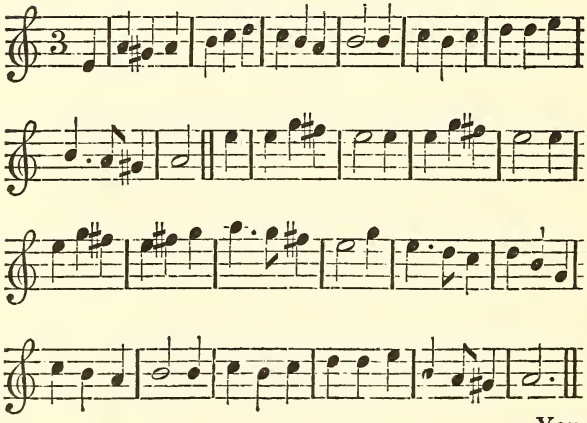
What doth invest a Bishop's Breast
But a Milk-white spreading hair?
Which an Emblem may be of Integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen on a Woman's Chin
A hair or two to grow,
But alas the Face, it is to cold a place!
Then look for a Beard below.

But oh! let us tarry for the Beard of King *Harry*
That grows about the Chin,
With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
And a Champion ground between.

Last the Clown doth out rush, with his Beard like a bush,
Which may be well endur'd;
For tho' his Face be in such a case,
His Land is well manur'd.

The Tunbridge *Doctors.*



You

YOU *Maidens* and *Wives*,
And young *Widows* rejoyce,
Declare your thanksgiving,
With Heart and with Voice;
Since Waters were Waters
I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such cause
Of a Thanksgiving day.

For from *London-Town*
There's lately come down,
Four Able *Physicians*
That never wore Gown:
Their Physick is pleasant,
Their Dose it is large,
And you may be Cur'd
Without Danger or Charge.

No *Bolus* nor *Vomit*,
No *Potion* nor *Pill*,
Which sometimes do Cure,
But oftner do Kill,
Your Taste nor your Stomach
Need ever displease,
If you'll be advised
But by one of these.

For they've a new *Drug*
Which is call'd *the close Hug*,
Which will mend your Complexion,
And make you look smug,
A Sovereign *Balsom*
Which once well apply'd,
Tho' griev'd at the Heart
The Patient ne'er Dy'd.

In the Morning you need not
Be robb'd of your rest,
For in your warm Beds
Your Physick works best:

And tho' in the taking
Some stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant
You cannot be tir'd.

For on your Backs you must lie,
With your Body rais'd high,
And one of these Doctors
Must always be by,
Who still will be ready
To cover you warm,
For if you take cold
All physick doth harm.

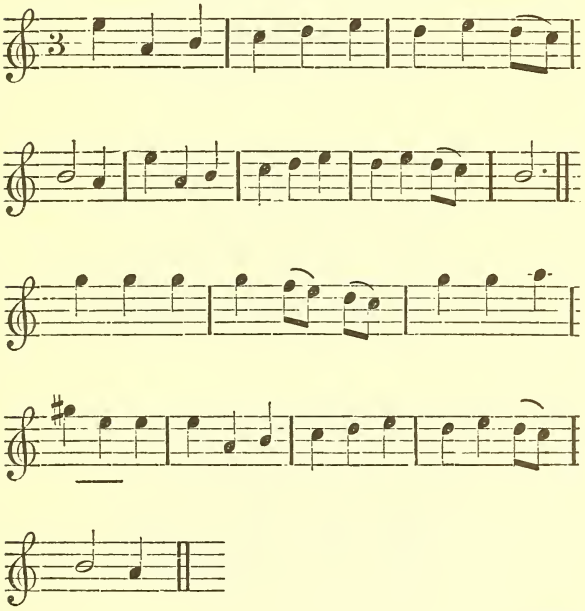
Before they do venture
To give their direction,
They always consider
Their Patients complexion;
If she have a moist Palm
Or a Red Head of Hair,
She requires more Physick
Than one man can spare.

If she have a long Nose,
The Doctor scarce knows
How many good handfuls
Must go to her Dose:
You Ladies that have
Such ill symptoms as these,
In reason and conscience
Should pay double fees.

But that we may give
To these Doctors due praise;
Who to all sorts of people
Their favours conveys:
On the ugly for pity sake
Skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom,
They're Cur'd for their own.

On the Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely
They scorn should be sold:
Then joyn with the Doctors,
And heartily pray,
Their power of Healing
May never decay.

A Ballad on New BETHLEM.



This

THis is a Structure fair,
Royally raised,
The pious Founders are
Much to be praised;
That in such times of need,
When Madness doth exceed,
To build this House of Bread
Noble *New-Bedlam.*

'Tis beautiful and large
In constitution,
Deserves a Liberal Charge
Of contribution,
If I may reach so high,
To sing a Prophecy,
Their Names shall never die
That built *New-Bedlam.*

Methinks the Lawyers may
Consult together,
And Contribute, for they
Send most Men thither;
They put 'em to much pain,
With Words that cramp the Brain,
Till *Bedlam's* fill'd with Plaintiff and Defendant.

Quacking Physicians shou'd
Give Money freely,
They maculate Mens Blood,
And make them silly;
With *Hydragargyrum* Pills,
Their Reasons and their Wills
They ruine, and this fills
Most part of *Bedlam.*

So

So good a Work as this
Cannot want Actors,
But I'll no more insist
On Benefactors,
But hint such as I see
Hypocondriack be,
And are in some degree
Fit for *New-Bedlam.*

That Amorous Soul that is
In Love a Quaker,
And doth adore a Miss
More than his Maker,
Decks her in Silk and Furr,
Then turns Idolater,
Kneels down and Worships her,
He's fit for *Bedlam.*

The young Man that has got
A golden Talent;
And hath a brain-sick Plot
To seem a Gallant;
That richly is array'd,
Spends Land, and Shop, and Trade,
To be a *Hector* made;
Is fit for *Bedlam.*

The City-Lad that sings,
Rhimes, Drolls and Dances,
And all his business flings
Away for Fancies;
He that lets his Angels fly,
'Till he's not worth one Penny,
To Study Poetry,
Is fit for *Bedlam.*

Whilst

Whilst some with Brandy burn
Their Guts with drinking,
Philosophers do turn
Their Heads with thinking;
He who is such a one,
As studies for the Stone,
Till's Brain and his Money's gone,
Prepares for *Bedlam.*

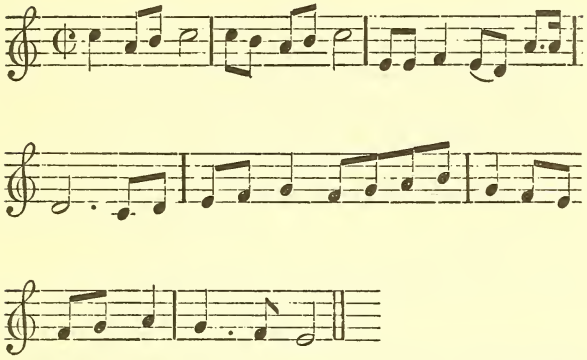
That Churl who Gold hath won,
And dares not use it,
But hath a squandring Son
Doth Game and lose it:
His Brain doth greatly err,
He that with Water clear
Would fill a Colander,
Must do't in *Bedlam.*

He that with an Estate
Weds a poor Beauty,
Who to Disdain and Hate,
Turns Love and Duty;
It doth his Reason daunt
He has a Bargain on't,
Whose then the Elephant,
And's fit for *Bedlam.*

I could tell many more;
(I have enroll'd 'em)
Sould I declare my store,
As I have told 'em;
With Mortar, Brick and Stone,
Could they their Building run
From thence to *Islington*,
'Twould never hold 'em.

An

An Ancient Song *of* Bartholomew-Fair.



IN Fifty five, may I never Thrive,
If I tell you any more than is true ;
To *London* che came, hearing of the Fame
Of a Fair they call *Bartholomew.*

In Houses of Boards, Men walk upon Cords,
As easie as Squirrels crack Filberds ;
But the Cut-purses they do Bite and rub away,
But those we suppose to be Ill-Birds.

For a Penny you may zee a fine Puppet-play,
And for Two-pence a rare piece of Art ;
And a Penny a Cann, I dare swear a Man,
May put zix of 'em into a Quart.

Their Zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
The Heart of a very fine Man *a ;*
Here's *Patient Grisel* here, and Fair *Rosamond* there,
And the History of *Susanna.*

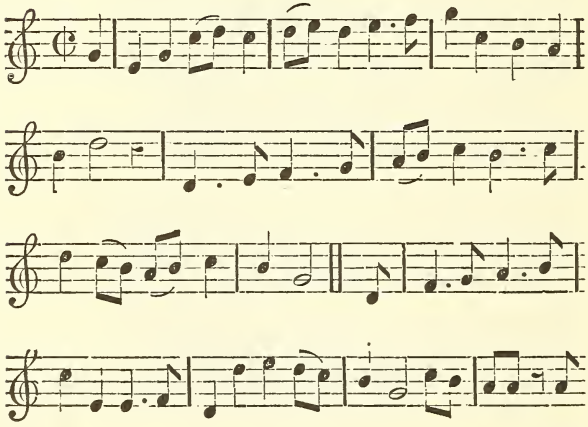
At

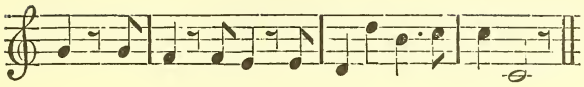
At *Pye-corner* end, mark well my good Friend,
'Tis a very fine dirty place ;
Where there's more Arrows and Bows, the Lord above knows,
Then was handl'd at *Chivy-Chase.*

At every Door lies a Hag, or a Whore,
And in *Hosier-Lane*, if I a'n't mistaken ;
Zuch plenty there are of Whores, you'll have a pair,
To a zingle Gamon of Bacon.

Then at *Smithfield-Bars*, betwixt the Ground and the Stars,
There's a place they call *Shoemaker-Row ;*
Where that you may buy Shoes every day,
Or go bare-foot all the Year I tro.

TWO *to* ONE.





THere were two Bumpkins lov'd a Lass,
And striving who should have her;
She presum'd of what she had,
And they of what they gave her:
Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
Carouse away all Sorrow;
Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
She shall be thine to Morrow.

But we were both of one Consent,
And something had some Savour;
And let a poor Man be content
With half a Wenches Favour:
Hey ho, &c.

But this is still against all Sence,
Which ever more hath vex'd us;
That ev'ry Lobcock hath his Wench,
And we but one betwixt us.
Hey ho, &c.

Good Brother, let us not dismay,
What hap so e'er betide us;
For fear a Third should come this way,
And pull our Wench beside us:
Hey ho, &c.

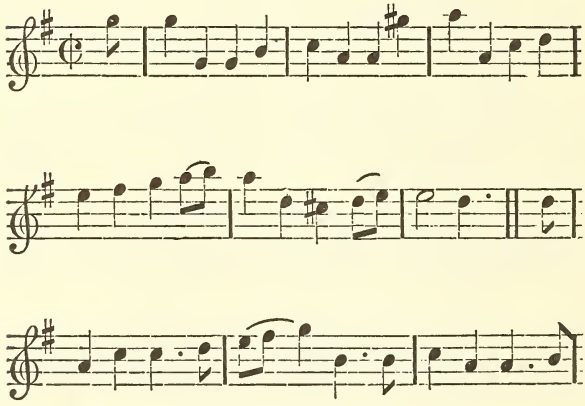
For Women they are Winning things,
As mutable as may be;
No Bird that ever flew with Wings,
So subtile is as they be.
Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
Carouse away all Sorrow,
Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
She shall be thine to Morrow.

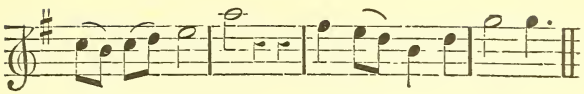
No matter who shall pledge her first,
Affections are but blindness;
And let the World say what they list,
We'll take her double Kindness.
Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
Carouse away all Sorrow;
Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
She shall be thine to Morrow.

For she hath granted both our Sutes,
When we came first unto her;
And he shall Ride in both our Boots,
That comes the next to Wooe her:
Hey ho, &c.

The ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. BUTLER, *Author of* HUDIBRAS.





WHAT Creature's that with his short Hairs,
His little Band, and huge long Ears,
That this new Faith hath founded?
The Saints themselves were never such,
The Prelates ne'er rul'd half so much,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
And counts their Calling Reprobate,
Cause by the *Pope* Propounded;
And thinks a Zealous Cobler better,
Than learned *Usher* in every Letter,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he, that doth High-Treason say,
As often as his Yea and Nay,
And wish the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. *Pim*,
Is fitter for the Crown than him,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,
Doth think his Conscience wounded;
Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
And meet a Sister by the way,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that met a Holy *Sister*,
And in a Hay-cock gently Kiss'd her?
O then his Zeal abounded;
'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round-head.

The

The OXFORD *Expedition.*

Tune of, *Which no Body can deny.*

A Late Expedition to *Oxford* was made
By a Protestant P. and his Brothers o'th' Blade.
Who from *Gloucester* in Triumph his Lordship convey'd,
Which no Body can deny, deny; which no Body can deny.

Had you seen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
Equipp'd in their sturdy grey Coats and high Shoes,
You'd have sworn not the Goals, but all Hell was broke loose,
Which no Body, &c.

In Rank and in File there rode many a Man,
Some in the Rear March'd, and some in the Van,
Tho' some had no Hats, yet they had Head-pieces on,
Which no Body, &c.

Some had two lusty Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted, they stood stoutly to't,
For the name of a Horse, they'd as good gone a Foot,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' Steel was not plenty, yet Armed they come,
With stout Oaken Plants, and with Crab-tree stick some,
To Cudgel the Pope and the Bald-pates of *Rome*,
Which no Body, &c.

For in these gay Troops among twenty, scarce one
Had Holsters or Pistols, Sword, Carbine or Gun,
A sign they did mean no great Harm should be done,
Which no Body, &c.

Here many a Gallant I'll warrant you that
Had Ribband of *Orange* and Seaman's Cravat,
The defects of their Arms, were made up in State,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

One's

One's Horse wore a Halter among all the rest,
Nor had the dull Wight half the Sence of his Beast,
And he of the two, deserv'd the Rope best,
Which no Body, &c.

Here *M—t* and *G—on* their pamper'd Steeds prance,
Jack B— Grace, next *Jack Willis* advance,
Who look'd fierce as *Switzer*, who drub'd him in *France*,
Which no Body, &c.

In this Cavalcade for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord *L—* rod first, and the rest follow'd after,
They gallop'd up Town, and then down to the Water,
Which no Body, &c.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous fashion,
Bid him welcome to Town in a fine penn'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking such care of the Nation,
Which no Body, &c.

His Honour next day in Courtship exceeding,
Return'd a smart Speech, to shew 'em his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in Print, 'twill be well worth your reading,
Which no Body, &c.

Having taken it thus, to secure the Town,
The Guards are all set, and the Bridges pull'd down,
And tho' little Courage, his Conduct was shown,
Which no Body, &c.

Next Night an Alarm our Warriors surprise,
Drums beat, Trumpets sound, and at Midnight all rise,
To Fight the King's Army, who came in disguise,
Which no Body, &c.

Next Morning at Eight, his Lordship did call,
And ask'd if they'd got any Powder or Ball,
But they Manfully answer'd, they had none at all,
Which no Body, &c.

Among

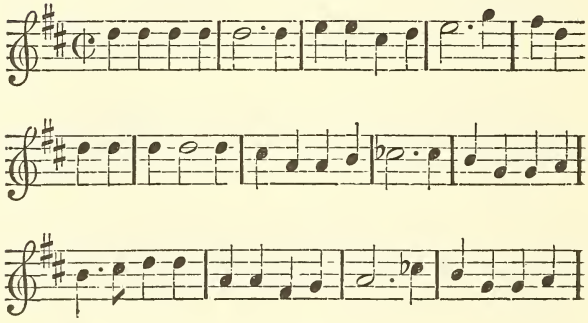
Among the Crowd, two fat Draymen appear,
To guard Mr. Ensign, a huge nasty Tar,
Who flourish'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
Which no Body can deny.

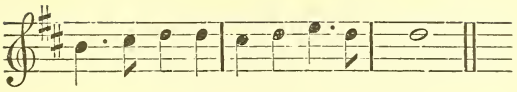
At foot of the Colours, blith *Crendon* did go,
Who play'd a new Tune, which you very well know,
For his Bag-pipes squeak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero,*
Which no Body, &c.

Ah! had the dear Joys but come in the nick,
I fancy they'd show'd 'em a slippery Trick,
For they'd March'd more nimbly without his Musick,
Which no Body, &c.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er scarce,
So Pleasantly Burlesqu'd the angry God *Mars*,
Or of Affairs Warlike, e'er made such a Farce,
Which no Body can deny, deny; which no Body can deny.

The FRYER *and the* NUN.





FLY merry News among the Crews,
That love to hear of Jests;
The oldest Sport that e'er was us'd,
Yet chiefly in request:
If any one do carp at thee,
Or do thee Bawdy call;
Say thou do'st write as they delight,
Of Up-tails all.

There hath a Question been of late,
Among the Youthful sort;
What Pastime is the pleasantest,
And what the sweetest Sport?
And it hath been adjudged
As well by great as small,
That of all Pastimes none is like
To Up-tails all.

Batchelors will to this Game,
And Marry'd Men likewise;
Yea, Wives. yea Maids, and Widows,
Will use it all their Lives:
And old Men they will have a snatch,
Altho' their Game's but small;
Yet these old Colts will have a Bout
At Up-tails all.

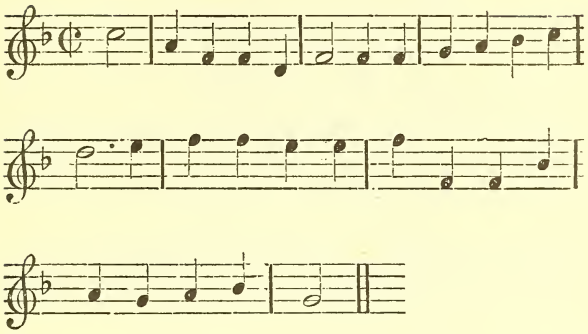
If it were Unlawful,
Then Lawyers were to blame:
And if it were Ungodly,
To Priests it were a shame:
For they no doubt do use it,
Tho' it a Vice they call;
Yet Priests and Lawyers both will play
At Up-tails all.

It cannot be Unwholsome,
Physicians do it use;
And if that it were Noysome,
They would it then refuse:
And if it hurt the Body,
Then sure their Skill is small;
For why the best of these will play,
At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Pastime,
And do the Pleasure crave,
And if it were a base thing,
Then it they would not have:
But yet the Fairest Women,
Will soonest for it call;
There is no she but that will play,
At Up-tails all.

If it were a costly thing,
Then Beggars could not buy it;
And if it were a Loathsom thing,
Then Genteels would defie it:
But it is a sweet thing,
And pleasing unto all;
There is not one but that will play
At Up-tails all.

TOTTINGHAM *Frolick.*



AS I came from *Tottingham*
Upon a Market-day,
There I met with a bonny Lass
Cloathed all in Gray,
Her Journey was to *London*,
With Butter-milk and Whey.
To come Down adown,
To come Down, down a down a.

Sweet-heart quoth he,
You're well overtook,
With that she cast her Head aside,
And lent to him a Look;
Then presently these two
Both Hands together shook:
To come, &c.

And as they rode together,
A long side by side,
The Maiden it so chanced,
Her Garter was unty'd;

For fear that she should lose it,
Look here, Sweet-heart, he cry'd,
Your Garter is down a down, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she,
I pray you take the Pain,
To do so much for me,
As to take it up again,
With a good will, quoth he,
When I come to yonder Plain,
I will take you down, &c.

And when they came unto the Place,
Upon the Grass so green,
The Maid she held her Legs so wide,
The Young man slipt between,
Such tying of a Garter,
You have but seldom seen.
To come down, &c.

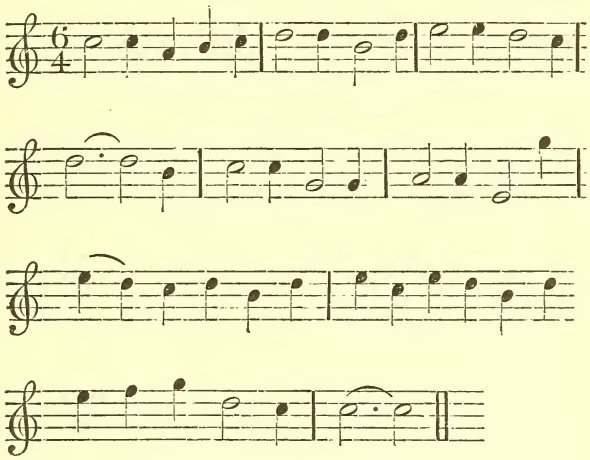
Then she rose up again,
And thank'd him for his pain:
He took her by the middle small,
And Kiss'd her once again:
Her Journey was to *London*,
And he from *Highgate* came,
To come down, &c.

Thus *Tibb* of *Tottingham*,
She lost her Maiden-head,
But yet it is no matter,
It stood her in small stead,
For it did often trouble her,
As she lay in her Bed.
To come down, &c.

But when all her Butter-milk
And her Whey was sold,
The loss of her Maiden-head,
It waxed very cold:
But that which will away,
Is very hard to hold.
To come, &c.

You Maids, you Wives, and Widows,
That now do hear my Song,
If any young man proffer Kindness,
Pray take it short, or long ;
For there is no such Comfort
As lying with a Man.
To come Down a down,
To come Down, down a down a.

A BALLAD *of a Good Wife and a Bad.*



SOme Wives are Good, and some are Bad,
[Reply.] *Methinks you touch them now,*
And some will make their Husbands mad,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my Wife, and thy Wife,
And my Wife so will do.

Some

Some Women love to breed Discord,
Methinks, &c.
And some will have the latter Word,
[Cho.] *And so*, &c.

Some Women will Spin, and some will Sow,
Methinks, &c.
And some will to the Tavern go,
And so, &c.

Some Women will say, they're sick at Heart,
Methinks, &c.
And some will let a rousing Fart,
And so, &c.

Some Women will ban, and some will Curse,
Methinks, &c.
And some will pick their Husbands Purse,
And so, &c.

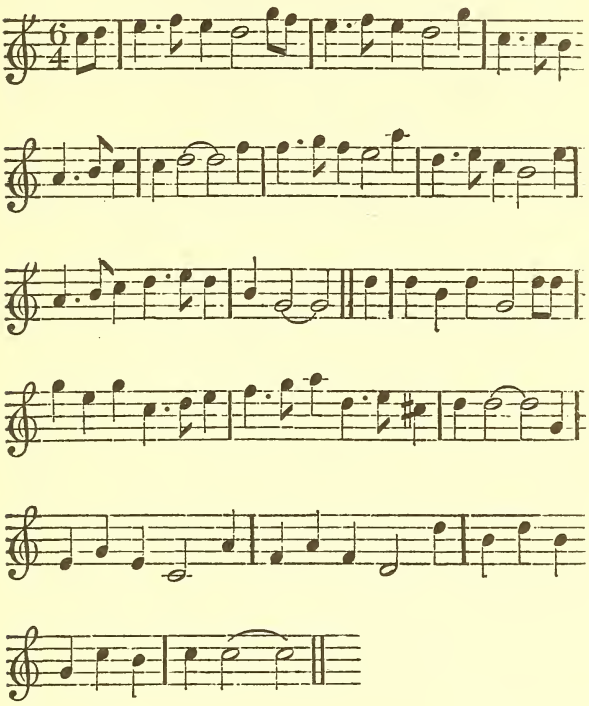
Some Women will Brawl, and some will Scold,
Methinks, &c.
And some will make their Husbands Cuckolds,
And so, &c.

Some Women will Drink and some will not,
Methinks, &c.
And some will take the other Pot,
And so, &c.

Some Women are sick and some are sound,
Methinks, &c.
And some will take it on the Ground,
And so, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
Methinks, &c.
Hoping all Women will amend,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, and thy Wife,
And my Wife so will do.

A Song *in Praise of Chalk. By* W. Pittis.



While the Citizens prate
Over Ale of the State,
And talk of Bank-Bills and Exchequer,
Let us, who drink Wine,
Now summon the *Nine*,
In the Praise of what pays for our Liquor:

Let

Let other Folks sing,
Of a Lord, or a King
Or some Quality Fopling Petition,
Till Footman comes down,
With thanks, or a Crown,
And smiles at the Mortal's Condition.

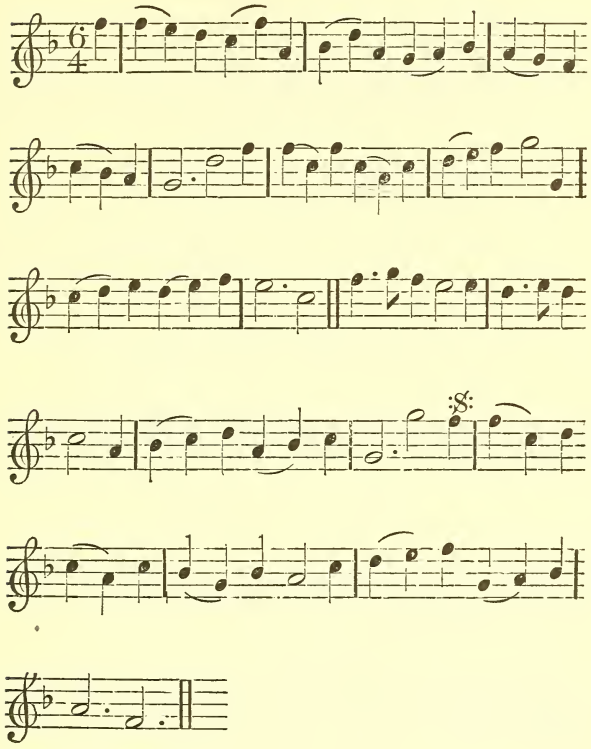
We the Lads at the *Rose*,
A Patron have chose,
Who's as void as the best is of Thinking,
And without Dedication,
Will assist in his Station,
And maintain us in Eating and Drinking.

Boys out with your Chalk,
And let the Glass walk,
'Tis a crying Sin not to be grateful,
While there's Pit of this Coin,
We will swim all in Wine,
And reel home to our Beds, with our Pate full.

Tho' Relation or Friend
Will not Give us or Lend,
Wherewithal for to down with the Ready,
Yet our good Landlord *Bliss*,
Makes acceptance of this,
And this Boys must Cloath ye, and Feed ye.

With the *White* then in hand,
The *Red* let's command,
And keep drinking and scoring brisk Claret,
Till the Bar runs on Wheels,
And *Will* takes to his Heels,
And sculks home from the Watch, to his Garret.

Cælia's *Rundlet of Brandy. By* T. Brown.



TO Charming *Cælia's* Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feasted,
No God such Transport ever knew,
Or Mortal ever tasted.

Lost

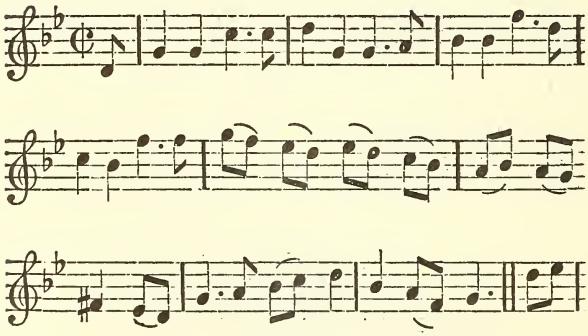
Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And bless'd beyond Expressing,
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing?

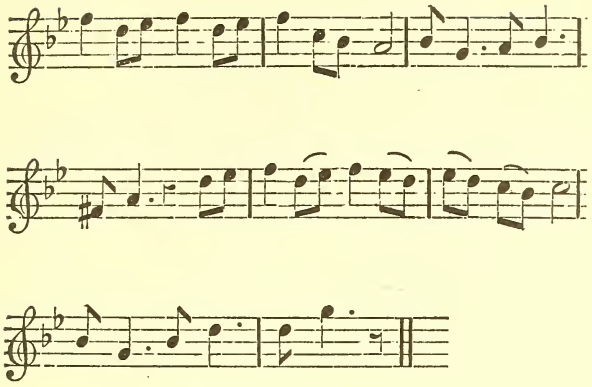
The whole Creation's Wealth survey,
O'er both the *Indies* wander,
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And Fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air,
The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,
Since *Cælia* thus you Fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantzy*.

Cousin TAFFEY.





THere was a Man, a Shentleman,
And hur was porn, where twas twell,
In truth, hur was a gallant Man,
As all hur Country Folk can tell:
Was a great deal of House, was a great deal of Land,
Taffy, *Taffy*, *Taffy:*
Was Hawk, was Hound at her Command,
Cousin *Taffy*, *Taffy*.

Hur Mother was porn of Noble Plood,
And hur was come of a great pig House,
And every day was wear French Hood,
Was kill her Capon, Pig, and Coose,
And every day was make great Pye, *Taffy*, *Taffy*,
In truth it is true, I tell you no Lie, Cousin *Taffy*.

And to the Poor hur did bequeath,
A great deal of Victuals every day;
But there was one was call her Death,
Was fetch this Shentleman away:
Of House, of Land hur was berefen *Taffy*, *Taffy:*
Now hur was forc'd to twell in Heaven, Cousin *Taffy*.

Behind

Behind hur hur was leaf a Son,
And hur was pear a gallant Mind;
Was kill twey *Spaniards* with a Gun,
Hur was not of a Coward kind:
At *Killberry* Camp, a great deal afore, *Taffy*, *Taffy*,
O hur was there, and a Thousand more, Cousin *Taffy*.

Bowoyne hur was at *Tellenton*,
At *Greenwich* Park before hur Grace,
Was shew hur self a gallant Man,
And not a Coward in the place:
Was a great deal of Horse, was a great deal of Foak,
Taffy, *Taffy*
Was a great deal of Gun, was a great deal of Smoak,
Cousin *Taffy*.

But her was meet with a great Mischance,
As hur was pass a gay Lady by,
Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
Was steal behind hur Cowardly,
With a rousty, fousty, dousty Dart, *Taffy*, *Taffy*,
Was miss hur Skin, was prick her Heart, Cousin *Taffy*.

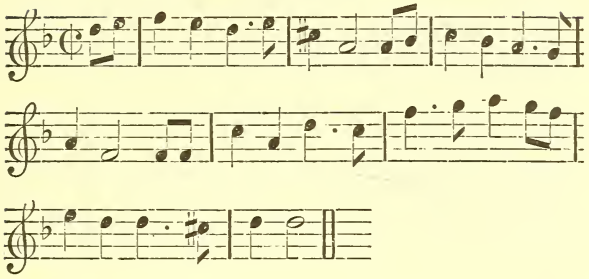
But was not this a great Mischance,
As by hur Fortune does appear?
Sir *Cupid* prick her with a Lance,
Was almost Dead, was ferry near:
Was bid *Tom* Sexton Toll the Bell, *Taffy*, *Taffy*,
Shudge you if *Cupid* us'd her well, Cousin *Taffy*.

Well a go to, was hold hur a Groat,
Was petter a gone and kill hur Geese,
Hur would not be in *Cupid's* Coat,
Not for a great deal of Toasted-Cheese,
For if ever *Cupid* come in *Wales*, *Taffy*, *Taffy*,
Hur shall ne'er go to make more Prauls, Cousin *Taffy*.

Mad

Mad MAUDLIN,

To find out TOM *of* BEDLAM.



TO find my *Tom* of *Bedlam* Ten Thousand Years I'll Travel,
Mad *Maudlin* goes with dirty Toes to save her Shoes from Gravel.
Yet will I sing Bonny Boys, bonny Mad Boys, Bedlam *Boys are Bonny;*
They still go bare and live by the Air, and want no Drink, nor Money.

I now repent that ever poor *Tom* was so disdain'd,
My Wits are lost since him I crost, which makes me go thus Chain'd:
Yet will I sing, &c.

My Staff hath Murder'd Gyants, my Bag a long Knife carries,
To cut Mince-pyes from Children's Thighs, with which I feast the *Faries:*
Yet I will sing, &c.

My Horn is made of Thunder, I stole it out of Heav'n,
The Rain-bow there is this I wear, for which I thence was driv'n:
Yet will I sing, &c.

I went to *Pluto's* Kitchin, to beg some Food one Morning,
And there I got Souls piping hot, with which the Spits were turning:
Yet will I sing Bonny Boys, bonny Maa Boys, Bedlam *Boys are Bonny;*
They still go bare and live by the Air, and want no Drink, nor Money.

Then took I up a Cauldron where boyl'd Ten Thousand Harlots,
'Twas full of Flame, yet I drank the same to the health of all such Varlets.
Yet will I, &c.

A Spirit as hot as Lightning, did in that Journey guide me,
The Sun did shake, and the pale Moon quake, as soon as e'er they spi'd me:
Yet will I, &c.

And now that I have gotten a Lease, than Dooms-day longer,
To live on Earth with some in Mirth, ten Whales shall feed my Hunger:
Yet will I, &c.

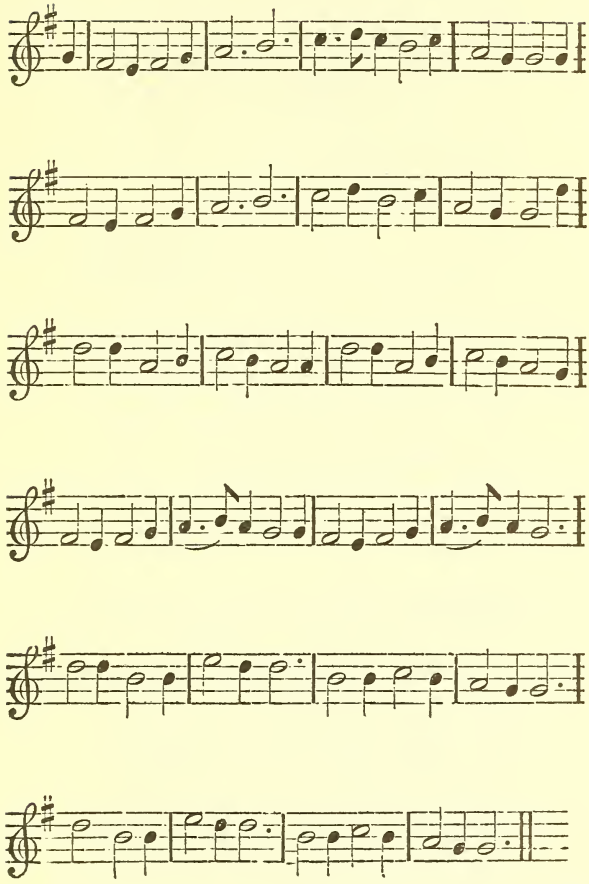
No Gipsie, Slut, or Doxy, shall win my mad *Tom* from me,
We'll weep all Night, and with Stars fight, the Fray will well become me:
Yet will I, &c.

And when that I have beaten the Man i'th' Moon to Powder,
His Dog I'll take, and him I'll make as could no *Dæmon* louder:
Yet will I, &c.

A Health to *Tom* of *Bedlam*, go fill the Seas in Barrels,
I'll drink it all, well Brew'd with Gall, and Maudling-Drunk, I'll Quarrel:
Yet will I, &c.

John

JOHN *and* JOAN.



If't

IF't please you for to hear,
And listen a while what I shall tell;
I think I must draw near,
Or else you won't hear me well:
There was a Maid the other Day,
Which in her Master's Chamber lay;
As Maidens they must not refuse,
In Yeomens Houses thus they use
In a Truckle-bed to lye,
Or another standing by:
Her Master and her Dame,
Said she shou'd do the same.

This Maid cou'd neither rest nor Sleep,
When that she heard the Bed to crack;
Her Master Captive busie was,
Her Dame cry'd out, you hurt my Back:
Oh Husband you do me wrong,
You've lain so hard my Breast upon;
You are such another Man,
You'd have me do more than I can:
Tush Master, then says *Joan*,
Pray let my Dame alone;
What a devilish Squalling you keep,
That I can neither rest nor Sleep.

This was enough to make a Maiden sick
And full of Pain;
She begins to Fling and Kick,
And swore she'd rent her Smock in twain:
But you shall hear anon,
There was a Man his Name was *John*,
To whom this Maid she went alone,
And in this manner made her moan;
I prithee *John* tell me no Lie,
What ails my Dame to Squeak and Cry?
I prithee *John* tell me the same,
What is't my Master gives my Dame?

It

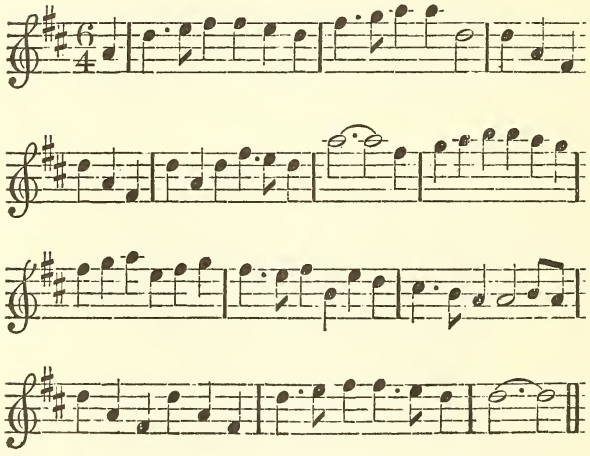
It is a Steel, quoth *John*,
My Master gives my Dame at Night:
Altho' some fault she find,
I'm sure it is her Heart's Delight:
And you *Joan* for your part,
You love one withal your Heart:
Yes, marry then quoth *Joan*,
Therefore to you I make my moan;
If that I may be so bold,
Where are these things to be sold?
At *London* then said *John*,
Next Market day I'll bring thee one.

What will a good one cost,
If I shou'd chance to stand in need?
Twenty Shillings, says *John*,
And for Twenty Shillings you may speed:
Then *Joan* she ran unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him Twenty Shillings just;
John, said she, here is your Coin,
And I pray you have me in your Mind:
And out of my Love therefore,
There is for you two Shillings more;
And I pray thee honest *John Long*,
Buy me one that's Stiff and Strong.

To Market then he went,
When he had the Money in his Purse;
He domineer'd and vapour'd,
He was as stout as any Horse:
Some he spent in Ale and Beer,
And some he spent upon good Cheer;
The rest he brought home again,
To serve his turn another time:
Welcome home honest *John*,
God a mercy gentle *Joan;*
Prithee *John* let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a Steel.

Yes, marry then quoth *John*,
And then he took her by the Hand;
He led her into a Room,
Where they cou'd see neither Sun nor Moon:
Together *John* the Door did clap,
He laid the Steel into her Lap:
With that *Joan* began to feel,
Cuts Foot, quoth she, 'tis a dainty Steel:
I prithee tell me, and do not lye,
What are the two Things hang thereby?
They be the two odd Shillings, quoth *John*,
That you put last into my Hand:
If I had known so much before,
I wou'd have giv'n thee two Shillings more.

A SONG.



A Lusty young Smith at his Vice stood a Filing,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho;
When to him a Buxom young Damsel came smiling,
And ask'd if to Work at her Forge he wou'd go:
With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho:
A match quoth the Smith, so away they went thither,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho;
They strip'd to go to't, 'twas hot Work and hot Weather,
She kindl'd a Fire, and soon made him blow;
With a Rub, rub, &c.

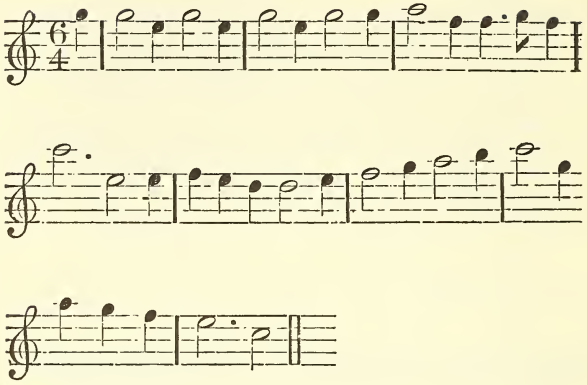
Her Husband she said could scarce raise up his Hammer,
His strength and his Tools were worn out long ago;
If she got her Journey-men, could any blame her,
Look here quoth our Workman, my Tools are not so:
With a Rub, rub, &c.

Red-hot grew his Iron as both did desire,
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so;
Quoth she, what I get, I get out of the Fire,
Then prithee strike home and redouble the blow:
With a Rub, rub, &c.

Six times did his Iron by vigorous heating,
Grow soft in the Forge in a Minute or so;
As often 'twas harden'd, still beating and beating,
But the more it was soften'd it harden'd more slow:
With a Rub, rub, &c.

The Smith then wou'd go, quoth the Dame full of sorrow,
Oh what wou'd I give, cou'd my Cuckold do so!
Good Lad with your Hammer come hither to Morrow,
But pray can't you use it once more e'er you go:
With a Rub, rub, &c.

The Country WAKE.



IN our Country, and in your Country,
Where Rufflers they were a raking
The rarest Pastime that ever you see,
Was when Hay-cocks they were a making.

Timmy and *Tom*, with Bottle and Bag,
So merrily they were a quaffing;
If you'd but zeen how *Joan's* Buttocks did wag,
You'd burst your Heart with Laughing.

On another Hay-cock was *Vulcan* the Smith,
With *Dolly* that came from the Dairy;
She thought that his Back was so full of Pith,
Which made her so willing to tarry.

Then rustling *Joan* came brustling in,
And said you are vull of your Froliks;
If you will not let black *Maggy* alone,
Beshrew she will take you by th' Bald-Pate.

Then

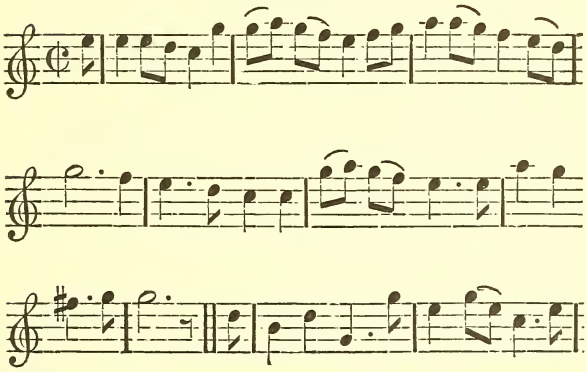
Then Satchel-arse *Ciss*, she went to P——
And they went home to conduct her ;
And all the way after they did Kiss,
And all the way homeward they pluckt her.

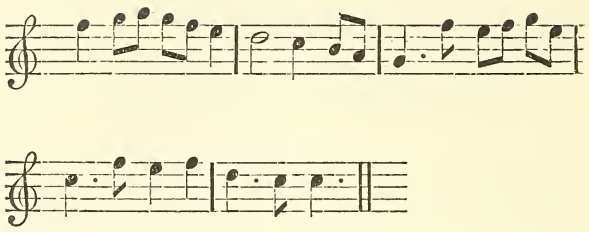
Then down in a Dale was tumble-down *Dick*,
The Wenches they caught him and held him ;
Because he could not give 'em the Thing they did lack
Poor Fellow, they threaten'd to Geld him.

Then did you not hear of a Country Trick ?
They say that *Tuskin's* no Dastard ;
For when Country *Gillians* do play with their *Dicks*,
Then *London* must Father their Bastards.

The Chorus *to be Humour'd by the Hands and Elbows, as the* Souldier *and the* Sailor.

The DEVIL *and the* COLLIER.





THE Devil he was so Weather-beat,
He was forc'd to take to a Tree,
Because the Tempest was so great,
his way he could not see :
Then under an Oak, instead of a Cloak,
he stood to keep himself dry,
There as he stood, a Fryer in his Hood
by chance came walking by.

The next that came by, was a Collier with his Cart,
that Coals was used to carry;
What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
and he caus'd him a while to tarry ?
For why do I think, with thee for to Drink,
and he call'd for a Glass Claret ;
I know thee so well, that thou comest from Hell,
and I think thou hast stole my Chariot.

The next that came by, was a Chimny-sweeper,
with his Brooms, his Poles and Shackles ;
What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
thou usest all these Tackles ?
I prithee gentle Blade, come tell me thy Trade,
thy Face it is so besmear'd,
If thou hadst not been so black, with thy Tackles at thy Back,
thou hadst made me damnable afraid.

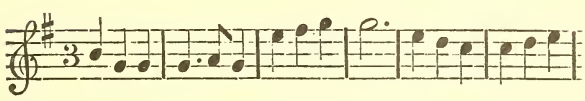
The

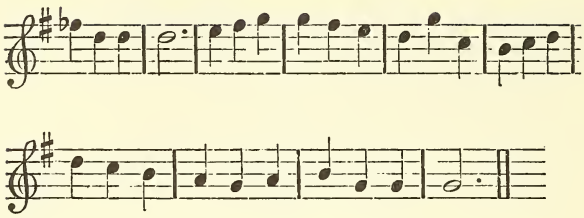
The next that came by, was a Tawny-moor,
as soon as the Devil did him 'spy,
He leared on his Tawny Skin,
saying Friend, art any kin to me?
For why, thy Skin doth resemble our kin,
therefore let us walk together,
And tell me how thou dost allow
of this Tempestuous Weather.

The next that came by, was a Gun-powder grinder,
with Coals and Brimstone Sifted,
Who for three-quarters of a Year,
himself he had not Shifted:
Then up the Devil rose, and he snuff'd up his Nose,
he could endure no longer,
Away with this Fume, out of the Room,
it will neither quench Thirst nor Hunger.

What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said
methinks I know thee well?
My Trade it is Gun-powder for to make,
to blow the Devil out of Hell:
Oh, had I but him here, his Bones I would tear,
he should neither scratch nor bite
I'd plague the Devil for all his Evil,
and make him leave wandring by Night.

The IRISH *Hallaloo.*





INstead of our Buildings and Castles so brave,
Into our Caverns we're forc'd for to crave,
When we are driven along the Bogs,
We root up Putatoes like the wild Hogs.

Instead of their Beavers, and Castors so good,
In their picked Caps they are forc'd to the Wood:
And when they are driven along the Passes,
They've nothing but Tatters to hang on their Arses.

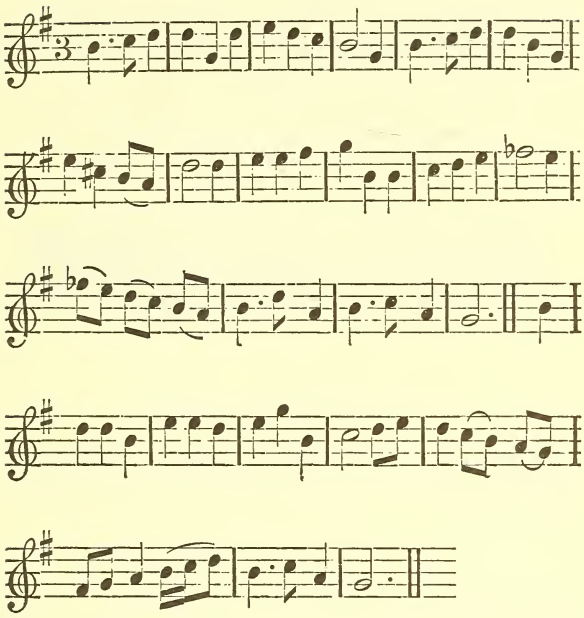
Instead of their Mantles lined with Plush:
They're forc'd to seek Rags off every Bush;
When they have gotten a very good Cantle,
They go to the Botchers and there make a Mantle.

Instead of their Boots with Tops so large,
I'm sure they are rid of that same Charge;
Now they have gotten a thin pair of Brogues,
And into the Woods among the wild Rogues.

Their Mutton and Beef they are all wild Runts,
Their Wives are all nasty, and so are their —
But I'll keep my Fiddle-stick out of their Cases,
They stink like Privies, a Pox of their A—ses.

The LADY'S New-Years-Gift.

The Tune call'd Newington Butts.

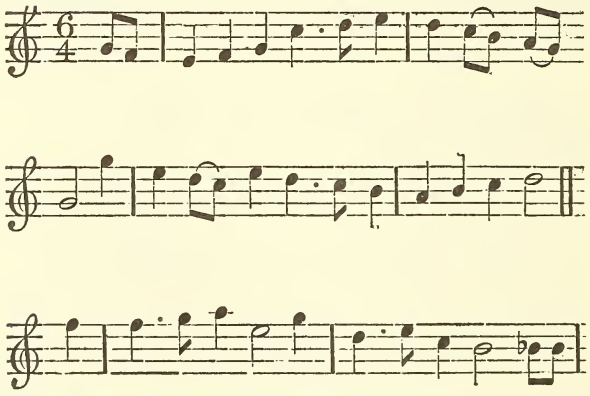


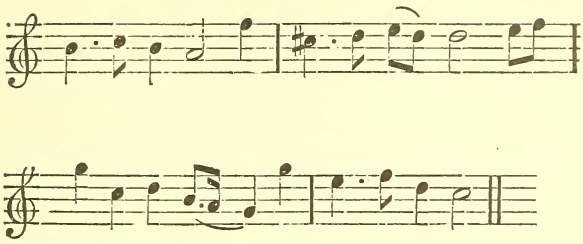
WOmen are wanton, yet cunningly Coy;
Lascivious, yet Crafty, to make us obey:
When once they have Noos'd us, triumphant they ride,
And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
Cho. *But let them remember their Grannum* Eve's *Fate,*
Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.
This

This Creature was made a Help-meet for the Man,
And so he approv'd her, deny it who can ;
But surely poor *Adam* was soundly asleep,
Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.
Cho. *But let them remember*, &c.

Old Painters did from them resembling the Snail,
Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail,
Implying that Modesty kept something in,
Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin.
Cho. *But let them remember their Grannum* Eve's *Fate*,
Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

On a Campaign MISS.





WHat if *Betty* grows old,
and her Features decay;
She's Young while she Drinks,
'tis the Grape makes her gay:

See how her Eyes shine,
they sparkle with Drink,
Such a Lustre has Wine,
they never can sink,
Such a Lustre has Wine they never can sink.

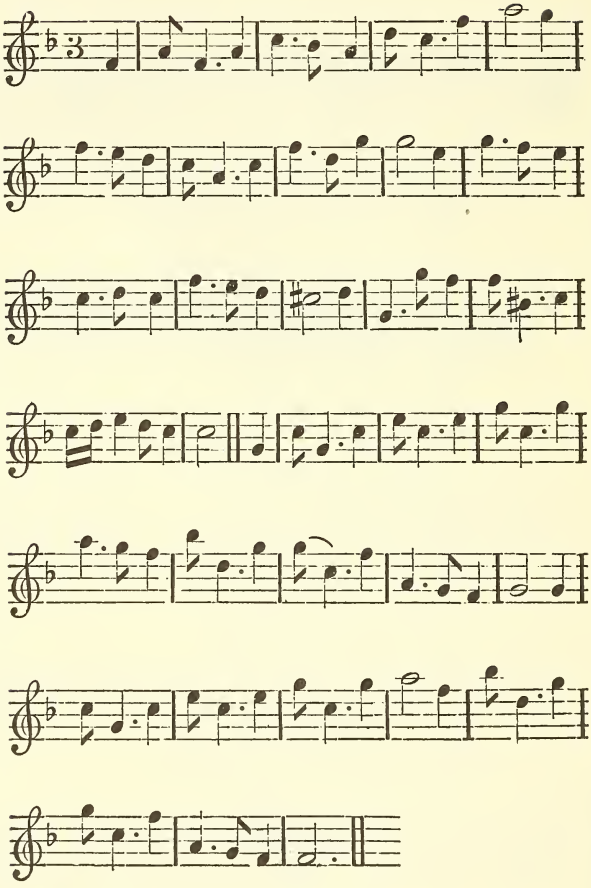
Let the Fops doat on Faces,
her Soul's my delight,
She can't want for Graces,
Who Tipples all Night.

Long Marches o'er Furrows,
no place can her find,
In spite of Camp sorrows,
poor *Betty* will be kind.

Boy fill up our Glasses,
not a Wrinkle will stand,
They're Fools who use Washes,
when *Claret's* at hand.

A Scotch SONG.

Set by Seignior BAPTIST.

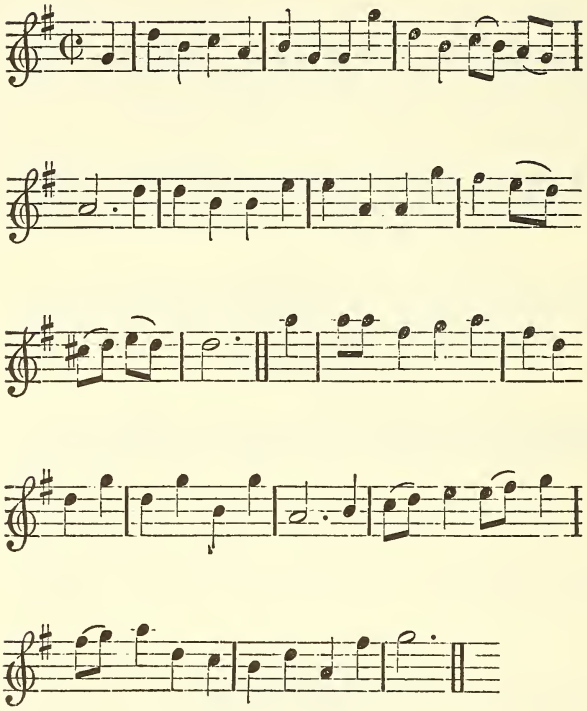


THE Weather's too bleak now to gang out of Doors,
And faith by the Chimny Ize pass the long Hours;
And gin that my Dear wilt now stay with me there,
It may for blest *Jockey* Freeze on the whole Year:

My bonny blith *Jenny*, then never let's part,
No Cold here I fear, but that of thy Heart;
This Weather together weze dally and play,
Enjoying and toying, as if it were *May*.

In Summer 'tis sweet to trip o'er the Land,
And in the green Meadows to walk hand in hand;
When every Loon
Of his Lass begs a Boon,
Or on the soft Grass gives her a Green-Gown;
Our Leisure, and Pleasure
Shall now be as great,
Weze Tattle, and Prattle,
And Blessing reap;
And when I my *Jenny* fast by me do hold,
She'll say it is rather too warm than too cold.

The Sound Country LASS.



THese *London* Wenches are so stout,
They care not what they do ;
They will not let you have a Bout,
Without a Crown or two.

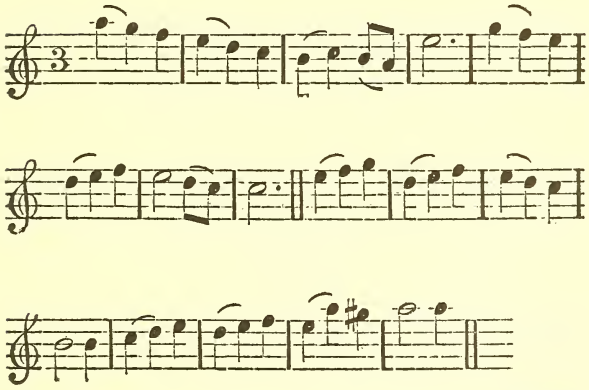
They

They double their Chaps, and Curl their Locks,
Their Breaths perfume they do ;
Their Tails are pepper'd with the Pox,
And that you're welcome to.

But give me the Buxom Country Lass,
Hot piping from the Cow ;
That will take a touch upon the Grass,
Ay, marry, and thank you too.

Her Colour's as fresh as a Rose in *June*,
Her Temper as kind as a Dove ;
She'll please the Swain with a wholesome Tune,
And freely give her Love.

CUCKOLDS *Creation.*



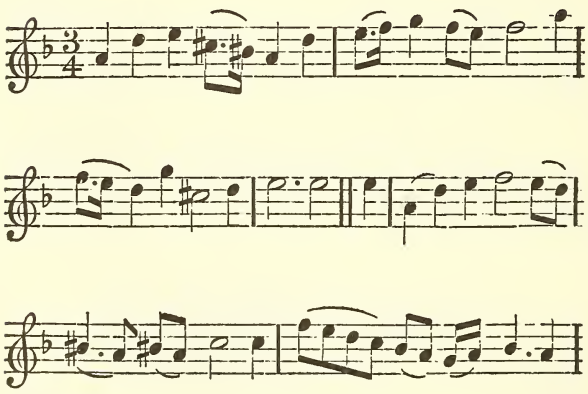
What's

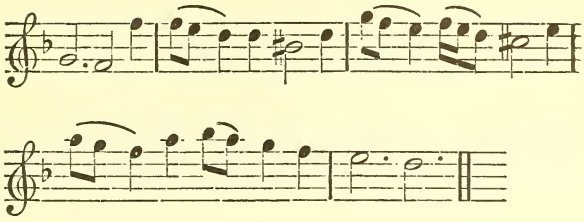
WHAT's a *Cuckold*, learn of me,
Few can tell his Pedigree,
Or his subtile Nature Conster,
Born a Man, yet dies a Monster.

Yet great Antiquarians say
They spring from old *Methuselah*,
Who after *Noah's* Flood was found
To have his Crest with Branches crown'd.

But in *Eden's* happy shade,
Such a Creature ne'er was made;
Then to cut off all mistaking,
Cuckolds are of Woman's making.

A SONG.





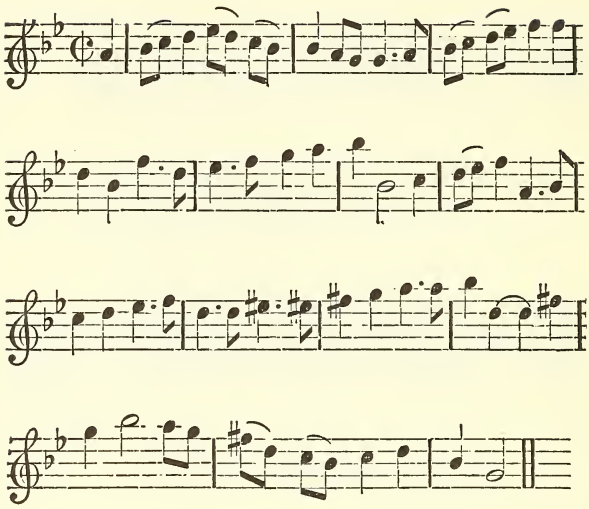
NOthing than *Cloe* e'er I knew
By Nature more befriended;
Cælia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more Hearts attended.

No Nymph alive with so much Art,
Receives her Shepherd's firing;
Nor does such Cordial drops impart
To Love, when just Expiring.

Why thus, ye Gods, who cause our smart,
Do you Love's Gifts dissever?
Or why those happy Talents part,
Which shou'd be join'd for ever?

For once perform an Act for Grace,
Implor'd with such devotion;
And give my *Cælia Cloe's* Face,
Or *Cloe Cælia's* Motion.

Dunmore KATE.



THere lately was a Maiden Fair,
With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown hair,
Who up to Town did trudge, Sir;
This pretty Maid, whose Name was *Kate*,
Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little e'er it did grow Dark,
She needs must walk into the Park,
The Gentry for to see, Sir;
Where soon she met a Footman gay,
That stop'd her short, and made her stay,
To sit down under Tree, Sir.

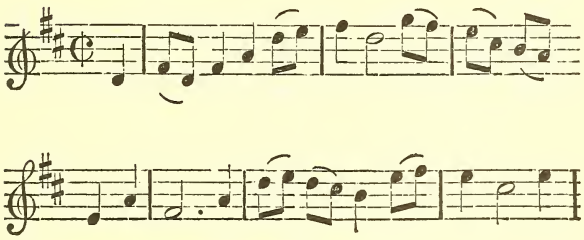
This

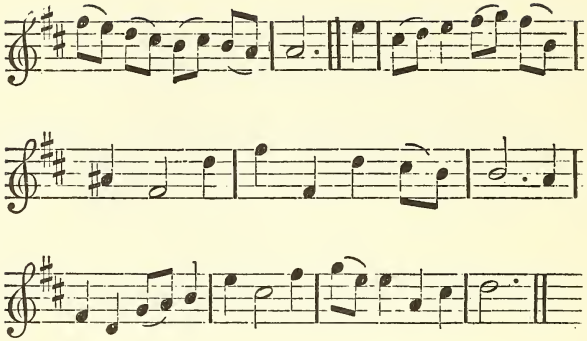
This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She Kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country store,
And let him take his fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out *John*,
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone
To Trot before the Chair, Sir;
Which made this Damsel all alone
To sigh and sob, and make great moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London* Tricks,
God send me down amongst my *Dicks*,
That live on *Dunsmore Heath*, Sir;
If ever I come here again,
Or e'er believe one Man in Ten,
May the De'll come stop my Breath, Sir.

A Song, *Set by Mr.* Leveridge.



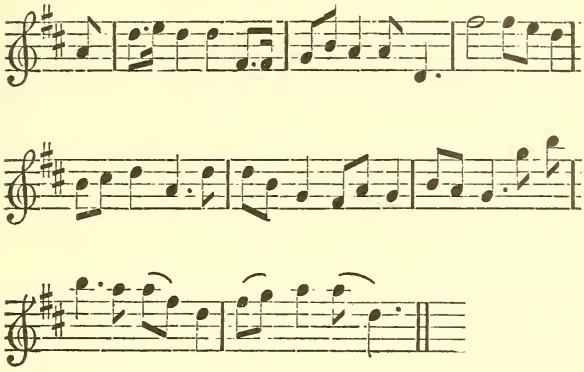


WHEN *Sawney* first did Wooe me, he did at distance stand,
Advancing to undoe me, he gently took my Hand;
He gently rais'd it higher, with pish and much ado,
His Lips still creeping nigher, at last he Kiss'd it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's inchanting grace,
He drew himself more nigh me, and gently touch'd my Face;
He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado,
His Lips approaching nigher, at last he Kiss'd me too.

Compleatly to undo me, he clasp'd me in his Arms,
As tho' he wou'd go through me, and search out all my Charms;
As though he wou'd go through me, with Oh, and much ado,
As sure as e'er he knew me, at last he did it too.

Mr. Dogget's SONG.



I'LL sing you a Song of my Mistriss that's pretty,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
It tickles my Fancy to tune her sweet Ditty,
For Love was all her Play.

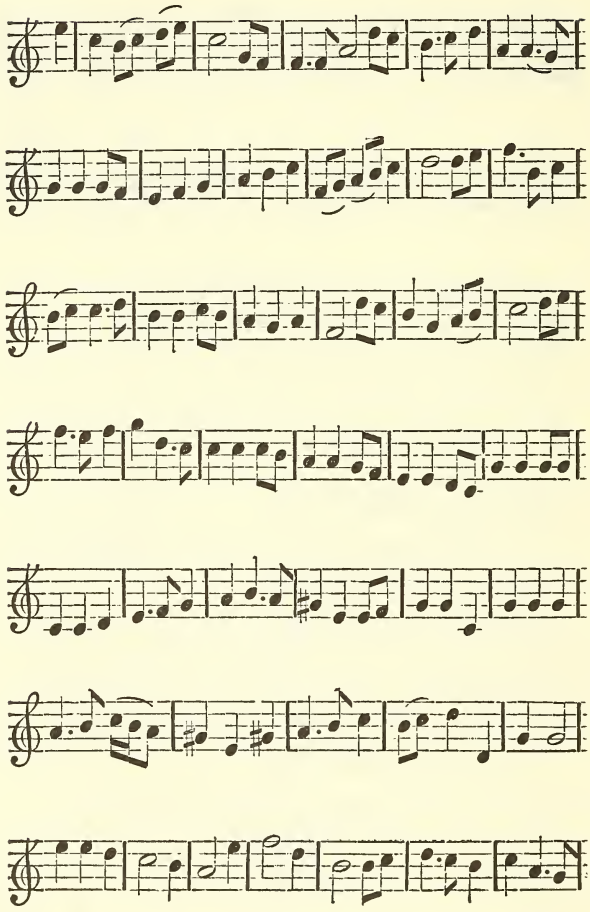
She's witty and pretty, and tunes like a Fiddle,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
She begins at both Ends, and ends in the Middle,
For Love was all her Play.

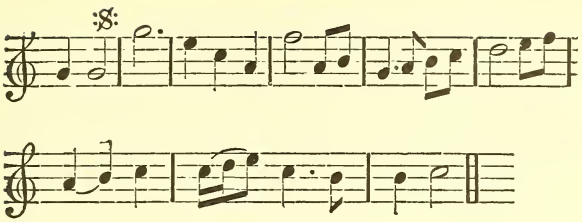
She hugs and she Kisses without a Word speaking,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
She falls on her Back without flinching and squeaking,
For Love was all her Play.

She's laden with Graces of Virtue and Honour,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
'Twixt a fair pair of Sheets with warm Love upon her,
For Love was all her Play.

The

The World drown'd in a GLASS.



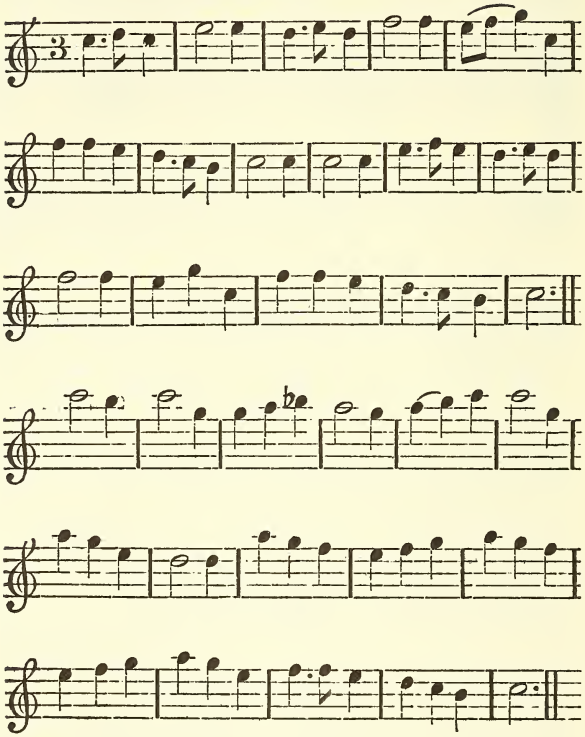


WHAT need we take care for *Platonical* Rules,
Or the Precepts of *Aristotle;*
Those that think to find Learning in Books are but Fools,
True Philosophy lies in the Bottle:
And the Mind that's confin'd to the Modes of the Schools
Ne'er arrives to the height of a Pottle:
Let the Sages of our Ages keep a talking of our walking,
Demurely, whilst we that are wiser
Do abhor all that's Moral in *Cato* and *Plato*,
And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer:
Then let full Bowls, full Bottles and Bowls be hurl'd,
That our Follity may be compleater;
For Man, tho' he be but a very little World,
Must be Drown'd as well as the greater.

We will drink till our Cheeks are as Star'd as the Skies,
Let the pale colour'd Student flout us;
Till our Noses like Comets, set Fire on our Eyes,
And we bear the Horizon about us:
And if all make us fall, then our Heels shall divine;
What the Stars are a doing without us:
Let *Lilly* go tell ye of Thunders and Wonders,
And Astrologers all divine;
Let *Booker* be a looker in our Natures and Features,
He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.
Then let full Bowls, &c.

My

My THING *is my Own.*



I A tender young Maid have been courted by many,
Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any:
A spruce *Haberdasher* first spake me fair,
But I would have nothing to do with Small ware.
My Thing is my Own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A

A sweet scented *Courtier* did give me a Kiss,
And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some *Courtiers* do promise much more than they do.
My thing is my own, &c.

A fine Man of Law did come out of the *Strand*,
To plead his own Cause with his Fee in his Hand;
He made a brave Motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and Nonsuit him too.
My thing is my own, &c.

Next came a young Fellow, a notable Spark,
(With Green Bag and Inkhorn, a Justices Clark)
He pull'd out his Warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a Flea in his Ear.
My thing is my own, &c.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on.
My thing is my own, &c.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his Lash,
He profer'd me Jewels, and great store of Gold,
But I would not Mortgage my little Free-hold.
My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my Placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I mustered my Spirits up and became bold,
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.
My thing is my own, &c.

A Crafty young Bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his Bargains to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a Sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my Tenant in tayl.
My thing is my own, &c.

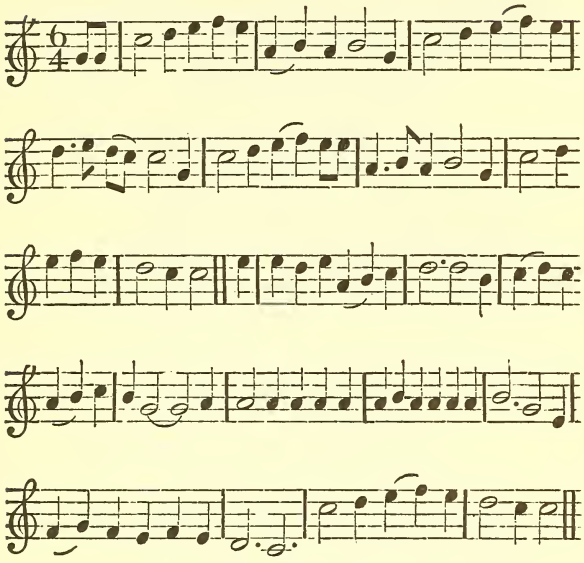
A fine dapper Taylor, with a Yard in his Hand,
Did profer his Service to be at Command,
He talk'd of a slit I had above Knee,
But I'll have no Taylors to stitch it for me.
My thing is my own, &c.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his Grounds,
His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his Grey-hounds,
Put in for a Course, and us'd all his Art,
But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start,
My thing is my own, &c.

A pretty young Squire new come to the Town,
To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
Did profer a kindness, but I would have none,
The same that he us'd to his Mother's Maid *Joan*.
My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But as young as I was I understood Trap,
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Until I be Marryed, say Men what they will.

The Gard'ners SONG : *Words by Mr.* Samuel Wilde.



IN the World can ever a Trade be found,
Like Gardiners, which replenish the Ground;
And makes the Earth by Providence's Hand,
Yield great fruition unto the Land?
To Mortals we render plenty
Of Dishes fine and dainty,
As Fruit and Sallads,
To pleasure the Palates
Of each Man,
Which is a Lesson to teach Man
How we Gard'ners gain the Praise.

Before

Before that *Adam* in *Paradise* he
Had tasted of the forbidden Tree;
It was unlawful for any to Kill,
Or the Blood of living Creatures to spill:
The Fruit and the Herbs were ordained
Whereby they should be sustained,
Without any Strangling,
Or Killing and Mangling
Each Creature;
Can any Maxim be greater,
For the Gardiners chiefest Praise?

The Metropolitan Gardiners Trade,
While Earth continues, can never Fade;
For from the Ground we raise up a store,
To pleasure the Rich, and nourish the Poor:
Our Trade is the World's Physician,
To suit each Patient's Condition;
For whatever ceases,
We heal most Diseases
Of all Men,
That happens, or ever befal Men:
Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The skilful Doctors might pick their Nails,
If ever the Trade of the Gardiners fails;
For by our Herbs, the rarest Compounds
Are made to cleanse, and to heal the Wounds:
That incident happens to any,
And is well known unto many,
That have been pained,
And sorely complained
Of Sorrow,
Yet have found Ease on the Morrow:
Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The Second PART.

IN the Gardiners Paradise sweetly grows,
Carnations, Pinks, and the Damask Rose;
With hundreds of Flowers, whose fragrant Scent
Enjoyns in one for to yield Content:
Where Mortals may ravish their Senses,
With Odours and sweet Influences
That comes from the Flowers,
Which favouring Showers
Sets Springing,
And pretty Birds are singing,
Pleasant Notes in the Gardiners Praise,

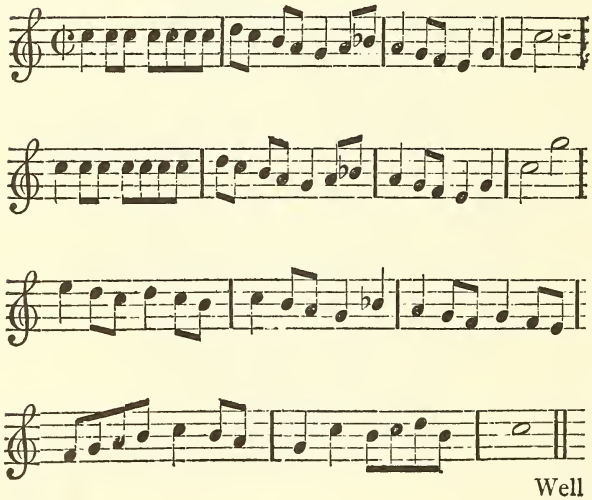
All sorts of Apples, with Pears and Mulberries,
Nuts, Grapes and Pippins, with black and red
Cherries;
Rare Peaches, Plumbs, Apricocks and Quinces,
To Pleasure the Eye and the Pallate of Princes:
Can any possess such a Treasure,
And not be enjoyed with Pleasure;
Where Currants and Gooseberries,
Rasberries and Strawberries
Invites you,
Then taste of the Fruit that Delights you,
And you'll render the Gardiners Praise.

What Flesh is fitting for Man to Eat,
Until our Herbs do savour the Meat?
To Roast or Boil'd, they answer both,
As Sawce and Sallads, and Herbs for Broth,
Our fragrant Garden presents you
Each several Kinds to content you;
Baum, Thime, Winter-Savory,
Mint, Sage, and Rosemary,
Whose Sweetness
Orders the Food with Compleatn ess:
This aspires the Gardiners Praise.

What

What Plants and Roots, and various things,
To pleasure the World in the Garden Springs;
The Artichoak, Cabbage and Colliflower,
And Coleworts, our Garden affords a power:
With Parsnips, and Carrots, and Onions,
Young Cucumbers, Beets and Muskmelons;
And all things to eat
VVith those kinds of Meat
That's Ordained,
Or in the VVorld is contained:
Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

Sir William Butler's *Bald Colt.*



Well

WEll I'll say that for Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,
He's as good as any's in the Town *a;*
Nay, more than that, Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt
Has kick'd many a Man down *a.*
Toll, toll, &c.

My Gaffer *Hunt* ran after Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,
Crying out, Ho, *Ball,* Ho stand *a;*
Why, that was as much as to say, as if Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,
VVas at my Gaffer *Hunt's* Command *a.*
Toll, toll, &c.

Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt clapt his Ears in his Pole,
And ran most lamentable;
But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to catch Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,
G—z—s he was not able.
Toll, toll, &c.

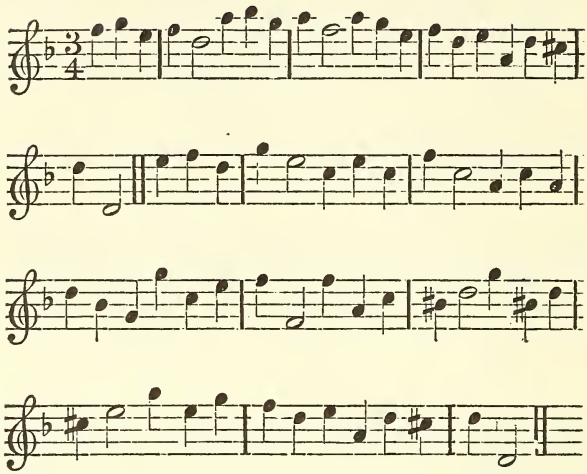
My Gaffer *Hunt* follow'd Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
As far as *Ensham* Church *a;*
And if my Gaffer *Hunt* had caught Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
He had claw'd his Arse with Birch *a.*
Toll, toll, &c.

Or if he had'nt claw'd his Arse with Birch,
He had firk'd his Cods with Holly;
But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to set his VVit to Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
G—z—s, 'twas but a Folly.
Toll, toll, &c.

At last Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt
Jump'd into another Man's Ground *a;*
And there my Gaffer *Hunt* he caught Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
And put him into the Pound *a.*
Toll, toll, &c.

En-

ENFIELD *Common*.



ON *Enfield Common*, I met a VVoman,
A bringing *North-Hall* VVater to the Town;
Said I fair Maiden, you're heavy laden,
I'll light and give you ease in a Green Gown:
Says she, 'tis good Sir, to stir the Blood, Sir,
For the Green-sickness, Friend, will make me like it;
Then in a Minute I left my Gennett,
And went aside with her into a Thicket:
Then with her leave there, a Dose I gave her,
She straight confess'd her Sickness I did nick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
For panting on the Grass she did complain;
Saying Physician, my Sick Condition,
I fear will suddenly return again:

If

If you deny me, and don't supply me
  VVith many Potions of your sweetest Pleasure:
Then prithee Gallant improve thy Talent,
  Since we have Opportunity and Leisure;
VVith such like Greeting, my pretty Sweeting,
  She seem'd to press upon me without measure.

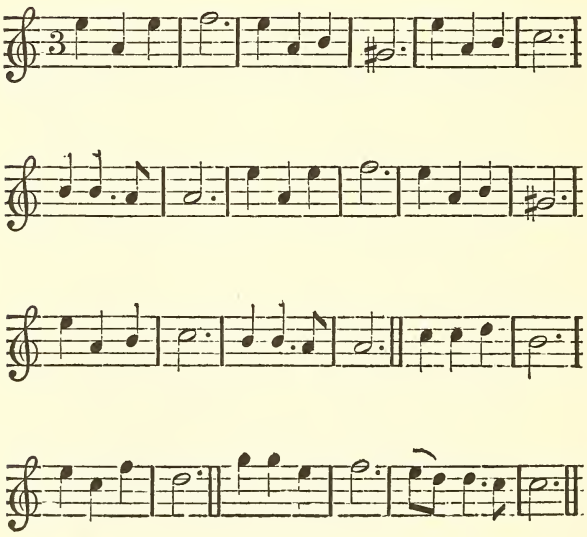
'Twas Summer VVeather, we sat together,
  And chatted all the pleasant Afternoon;
No one was near us, to over-hear us,
  At length I said I'd put my Pipes in Tune:
To give a Glister, with that I kiss'd her,
  She cry'd another Fit do's round me hover;
With the Green Rushes I'll veil my Blushes,
  For in my Cheeks I know you may discover
VVhat's my desire, Love never Tire,
  For Oh! I long, I long, to be a Mother.

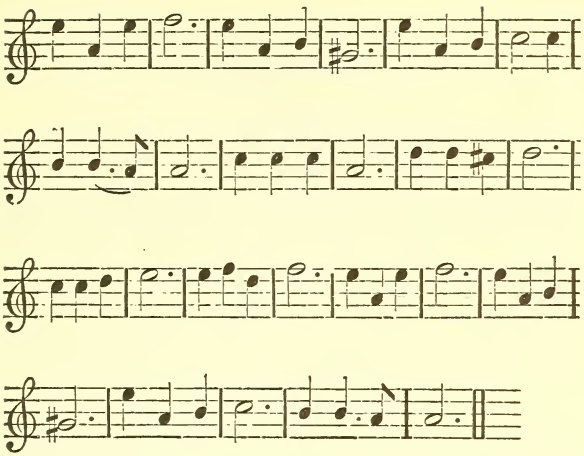
VVith that I told her, that I wou'd hold her,
  A Guinea to a Groat it should be so;
In Nine Months after, a Son or Daughter,
  VVill be your lucky Lot, Dear Love I know:
Quoth she, you Vapour, and draw your Rapier,
  But yet methinks too soon you seem to tire;
I'll lay a Shilling, if you are willing,
  That Nine Months hence I have not my desire;
Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
  Alas! the Name of Mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
  I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lass;
Who was a Beauty, and knew her Duty,
  The Night we did in youthful pleasures pass,
With melting Blisses, and charming Kisses,
  On downy Beds secure from Wind and Weather;
And in the Morning, by Day's adorning,
  We rose and drank a Glass of Wine together:
With Joys I crown'd her, for then I found her,
  To have a Heart far lighter than a Feather.

I have cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
If e'er it was my luck to come that way;
I'd pawn my Honour, to call upon her,
But for that time I could no longer stay:
The loving creature, of pure good nature,
She gave me Twenty Kisses when we parted;
Because she never had found such favour,
In Loves soft Pleasures to be so diverted:
Then straight I mounted, for why I counted,
'Twas time I had her company deserted.

A SONG.



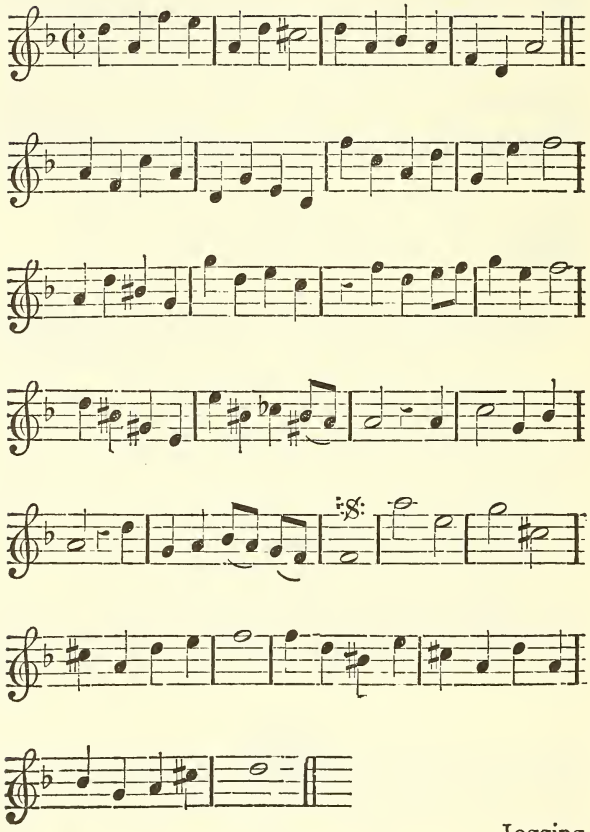


LET Monarchs Fight for Pow'r and Fame,
With Noise and Arms Mankind Alarms:
Let daily Fears, their Quiet fright,
And Fear disturb their Rest at Night:
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul enthrall,
Give me Content, and I have all.

Hear mighty Love, to thee I call,
Give me *Astrea*, she's my all,
That Soft, that Sweet, that charming Fair,
Fate cannot hurt while I have her;
She's Wealth and Pow'r, and only she,
Astrea's all the World to me.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

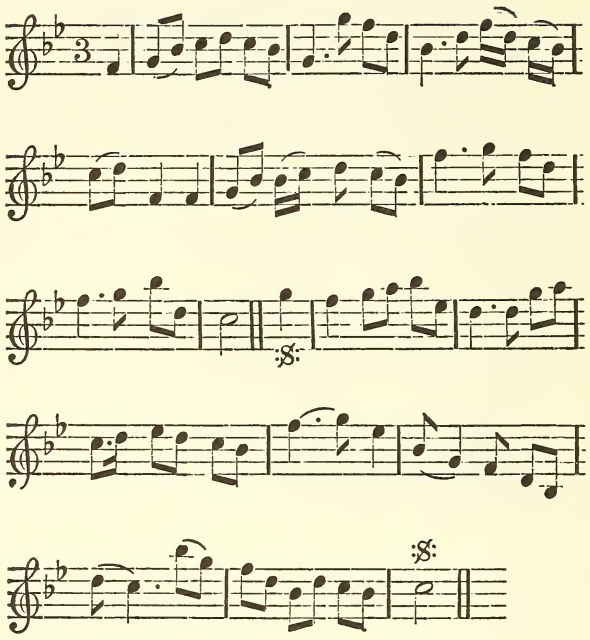


Jogging

JOgging on from yonder Green,
Oh the pleasant sight I've seen;
John and *Dolley* jog, jog, jogging,
John and *Dolley* jogging on,
Themselves Cooling, *Johney* was fooling,
Cry'd she will you ne'er have done,
Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on:
The Sun shines, make Hay,
Make Hay, make Hay, make Hay good *John*;
Hey ho, hey ho, that I might do so,
Jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging,
Jog, jog, jog, jogging on.

John to ease her of her Pain,
Ended, and begun again,
He grew weary, jog, jog, jogging,
She more Cheary, jogging on,
Cry'd my deary, prithee tarry,
Sure you han't already done;
Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on;
The Sun's down, pray stay,
Pray stay, pray stay, good *John*,
Hey ho, that I might do so,
Jog, jog, jogging on.

A Scotch SONG.



FArweel bonny *Wully Craig*,
Farweel to au thy broken Vows to me;
Thou wast a lovely Lad,
When on the Grass thou tempted'st me:
Full oft have I dry'd mine Eyn,
When by my seln to Milking I have gean;
Oft have I gist the Green,
Where *Wully* vow'd to be my Swain.

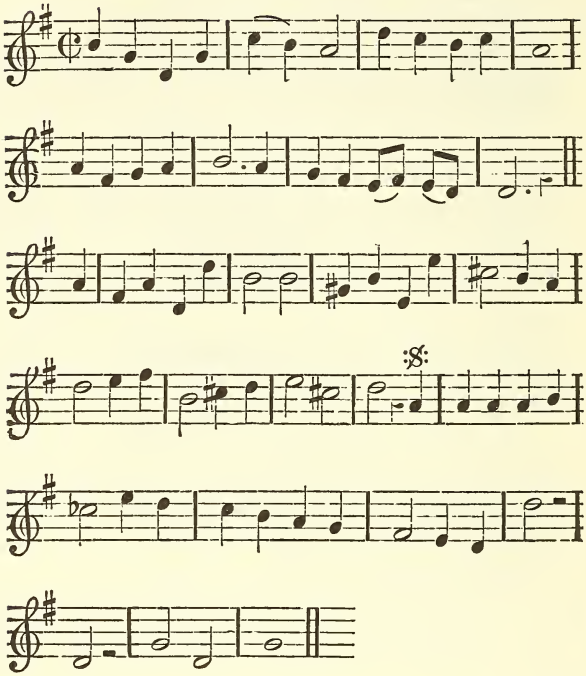
Sea

Sea neat was my conny Lad,
With new Russet Shoon, and *Holland* Band;
But now he's won his way,
With Maiden-head, and Leve and au:
His Locks were sea finely seam'd
And shone as bright as any in the Land;
But now he's won his way,
With Maided-head, and Leve and au.

Ise ene thraw away my Skeel,
And gang nea mere to yonder fatal Brow;
Where I was pleas'd sea weel,
But now I feel meer ner others do:
He took me by the wulling Hand,
And vow'd to Hea'n how he wad constant be;
When levingly we laid
Under the shade of the Wullow-tree.

But ah! when the Loon had deun,
He nothing more of Love cou'd shew;
But now he's won his way,
VVith Maiden-head, and Leve and au:
My VVeam now begins to fill,
And seun the bonny Bird will crow:
Tho' he was won his way,
VVith Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* Leveridge.



EArly in the dawning of a Winters morn,
Brother *Dick* and I went forth into the Barn;
To get our selves a heat,
By Thrashing of the Wheat,
From the Stack, from the Stack, from the Stack, the Stack:
The Straws they flew about,
And the Flails they kept a rout,
With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.

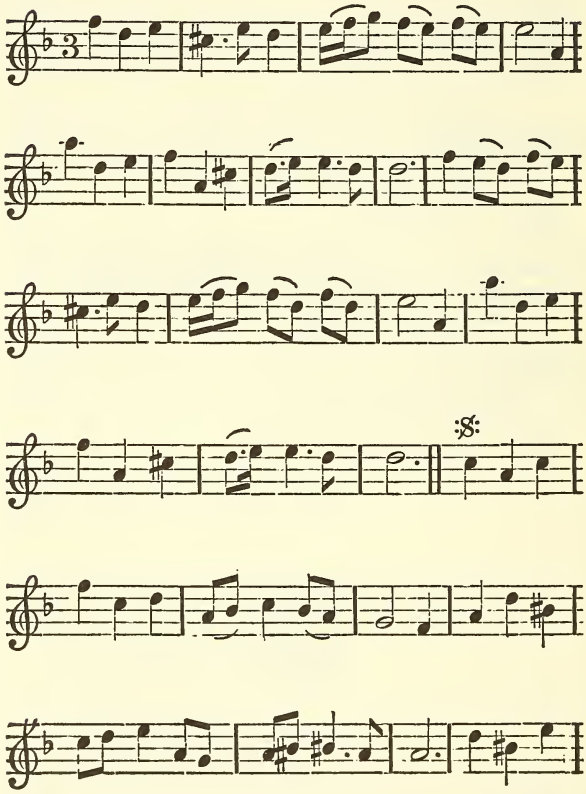
Margery

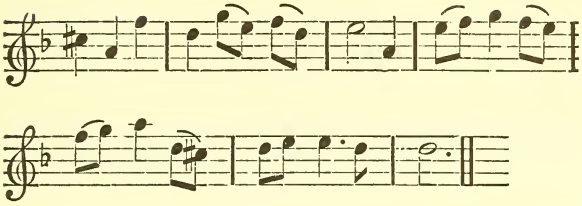
Margery came in then with an Earthen Pot,
Full of Pudding that was piping hot;
I caught her by the Neck fast,
And thank'd her for my Breakfast,
With a Smack, &c.
Then up went her Tail,
And down went the Flail,
With a Thwack, &c.

Dick Threshing on, cry'd out fie for shame,
Must I beat the Bush while you catch the Game;
Sow your wild Oats,
And mind not her wild Notes,
Of alack, &c.
Faith I did the Jobb,
While the Flail bore a bob,
With a Thwack, &c.

She shook off the Straws and did nothing ail,
Swearing there was no defence against a Flail,
But quietly lay still,
And bid me fill, fill, fill,
Her Sack, &c.
But 'twas all in vain,
For I had spilt my Grain,
With a Thwack, &c.

A SONG.

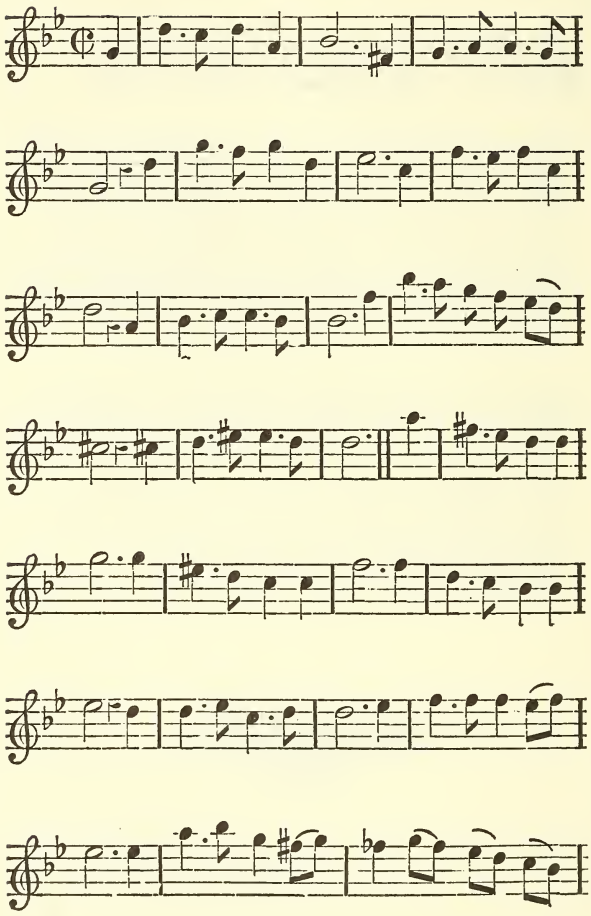


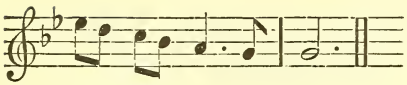


WHat shall I do to shew how much I love her,
How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
That which wins other Hearts ne'er can move her,
Those common methods of Love she'll despise:
I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, and melt all the Night,
'Till for her own sake at last she'll implore me,
To Love her less to preserve our delight.

Since Gods themselves could not ever be Loving,
Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wish my Soul could be ever improving,
Tho' eager Love, more than sorrow destroys.
In fair *Aurelia's* Arms, leave me expiring,
To be Imbalm'd with the sweets of her Breath;
To the last moment I'll still be desiring;
Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

A SONG.

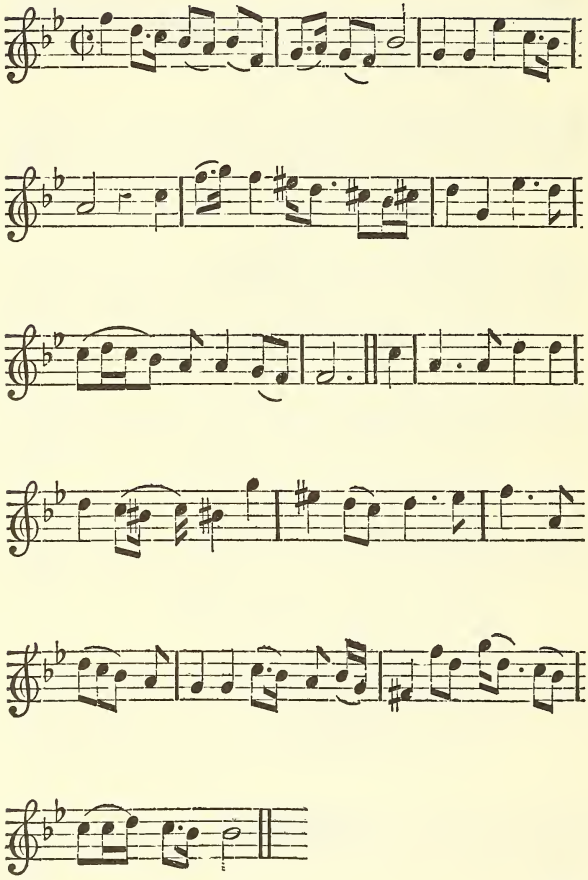




COuld Man his Wish obtain,
How happy would he be?
But Wishes seldom gain,
And Hopes are but in vain,
If Fortune disagree:
Pity ye Pow'rs of Love,
Our Infelicity,
Why should the Fates conspire,
To frustrate my desire,
Since Love's a gentle Fire,
That keeps the World alive:
But me it puts to Pain:
It makes me wish in vain, in vain,
Nor promise any hopes to give.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my Mind;
Should I my Flames pursue,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A Blessing far above,
More lasting, rich and kind;
Though Hopes successful prove
My Heart shall ne'er remove
From wishing of her Love,
In *Fortune's* Triumphs lead:
And tho' it banish me,
If she but happy be,
'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.

A SONG.

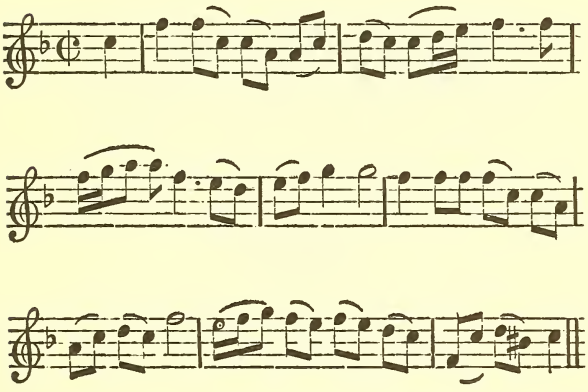


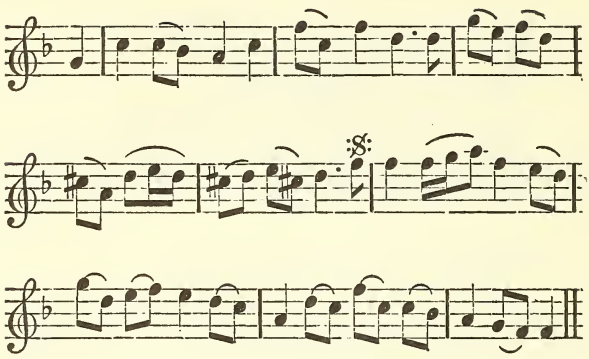
Why

WHy does the Morn in Blushes rise,
Tell me, O God of Days?
Clarona, oh! *Clarona's* Eyes,
Out-shine the brightest Rays,
'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright,
Dim taper God be gone,
And hide thy baffled Beams in Night,
Let her rule Day alone.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
Celestial Crowns to gain:
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I pursue
The endless search of Joys above,
But find out Heav'n in you.

A Song.

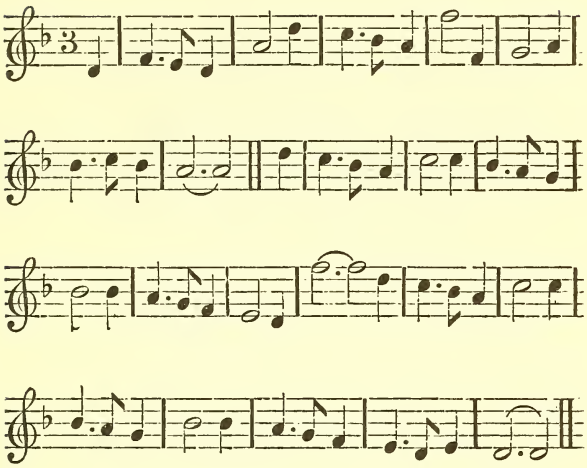




FArewel the Darling Shades I love,
The calm retirement of my Life,
VVhere Pleasures boundless as above,
Free from all Envy, Noise, or Strife:
No Passions e'er infest the Plains,
Contentment there immortal reigns;
No Passions e'er infest the Plains, *&c.*

Were I to chuse what Fate denies,
Could I command my Frowning Stars,
Cities should in Confusion lie,
E'er I'd embrace their restless Cares;
Oh! that I might near gentle Streams,
Spend my dull Hours in Golden Dreams.

A New SONG. *The Good Fellow.*



ALL Hail to the Days that merit more Praise,
Than all the rest of the Year;
And welcome the Nights that bringeth delights,
As well to the Poor as the Peer.
Good Fortune attend each merry Man's Friend,
That doth but the best he may;
Forgetting old Wrong with Cup or a Song,
To drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

Let Misery pack with a Whip at his Back,
Down to the *Tartarian* Flood;
In *Lethe* profound let Envy be drown'd,
That pines at another Man's Good:

Let Sorrow's Expence come a thousand Years hence,
All Payments have great delay;
And spend the long Nights in honest Delights,
To drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

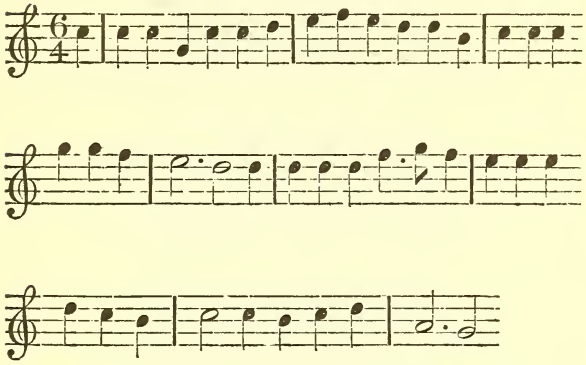
The Court in his State sets open his Gate,
And gives free welcome to most:
The City likewise, tho' something Precise,
Yet willingly parts with their Roast:
But yet by Report from City and Court,
The Country gets the Day;
More Liquor is spent with better Content,
To drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

The Gentry there, for Cost doth not spare,
The Yeomanry fast not till Lent;
The Farmers and such, think nothing too much,
So they keep but to pay for their Rent:
The poorest of all do merrily call,
When at a fit place they stay,
For a Song or a Tale, or a Cup of good Ale,
To drive the Cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

'Tis ill for a Mind to Envy inclin'd,
To think of small Injuries now:
If Wrath be to seek, do not let her thy Cheek,
Nor yet to Inhabit thy Brow:
Cross out of thy Books all Malecontent Looks,
Let Beauty and Youth decay,
And wholly consert with Mirth and with Sport,
To drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

A BALLAD

Upon the New INN, *with the famous Sign-Post, called the* WHITE-HART, *at* SKOLE *in* NORFOLK.



DID not you hear
Of a Wonder last Year,
That thro' all *Norfolk* did ring,
Of an *Inn* and an *Host*,
With a *Sign* and a *Post*,
That might hold (*God bless us*) the King.

The Building is great
And very compleat,
But cannot be compar'd to the *Sign*,
But within Doors I think
Scarce a drop of good Drink,
For *Bacchus* drinks all the best Wine

But here's the design,
What's amiss in the *Wine*
By *Wenches* shall be supply'd;
There's three on a row
Stands out for a show,
To draw in the Gallants that Ride.

The first of the Three,
Diana should be,
But she Cuckolded poor *Acteon*,
And his Head she adorns
With such visible Horns,
That he's fit for his Hounds for to prey on.

'Tis unsafe we do find
To trust Woman-kind,
Since Horning's a part of their Trade:
Diana is patch'd
As a Goddess that's chaste,
Yet *Acteon* a Monster she made.

The next Wench doth stand
With the *Scales* in her Hand
And is ready to come at your beck;
A new trick they've found,
To sell Sack by the Pound,
But 'twere better they'd sell't by the Peck.

The last of the three,
They say *Prudence* must be,
With the *Serpent* and Horn of Plenty;
But *Plenty* and *Wit*
So seldom doth hit,
That they fall not to *one* in *Twenty*.

But above these things all
Stands a Fellow that's small,
With a *Quadrant* discerning the Wind,
And say's he's a Fool
That Travels from *Skole*,
And leave his good Liquor behind.

Near

Near the top of the Sign
Stands there on a Line,
One is *Temperance* still pouring out;
And *Fortitude* will
Drink what *Temperance* fill,
And fears not the Stone or the Gout.

The next to these three,
You'll an *Usurer* see,
With a Prodigal Child in his Mouth:
'Tis *Time* (as some say)
And well so it may,
For they be devourers both.

The last that you stare on,
Is old Father *Caron*,
Who's wafting a Wench o'er the Ferry,
Where *Cerbeus* does stand,
To watch where they Land,
And together they go to be Merry.

Now to see such a change,
Is a thing that is strange,
That one, who as Stories do tell us;
His Money has lent,
At Fifty *per Cent*,
A College should build for *good Fellows*.

But under this Work,
Does a Mystery lurk,
That shews us the Founder's Design;
He has chalk'd out the way,
For Gallants to stray,
That their Lands may be his in fine.

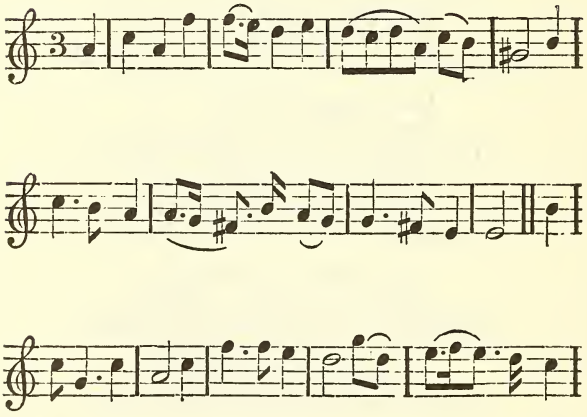
That's first an *Ale-Bench*,
Next Hounds, then a *Wench*,
With these three to roar and to Revel;
Brings the Prodigal's Lands,
To the *Usurer's* Hands,
And his Body and Soul to the *Devil*.

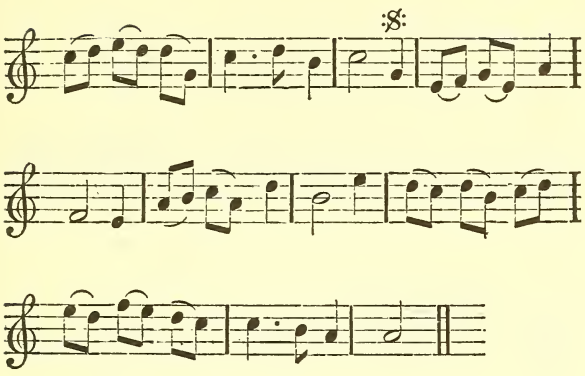
Now

Now if you would know
After all this ado,
By what name this Sign shou'd be known ;
Some call it this, and some that,
And some I know not what ;
But 'tis many Signs in one.

'Tis a sign that who built it,
Had more Money than Wit,
And more Wealth than he got or can use ;
'Tis a sign that all we
Have less Wit than he,
That come thither to drink, and may chuse.

A SONG.

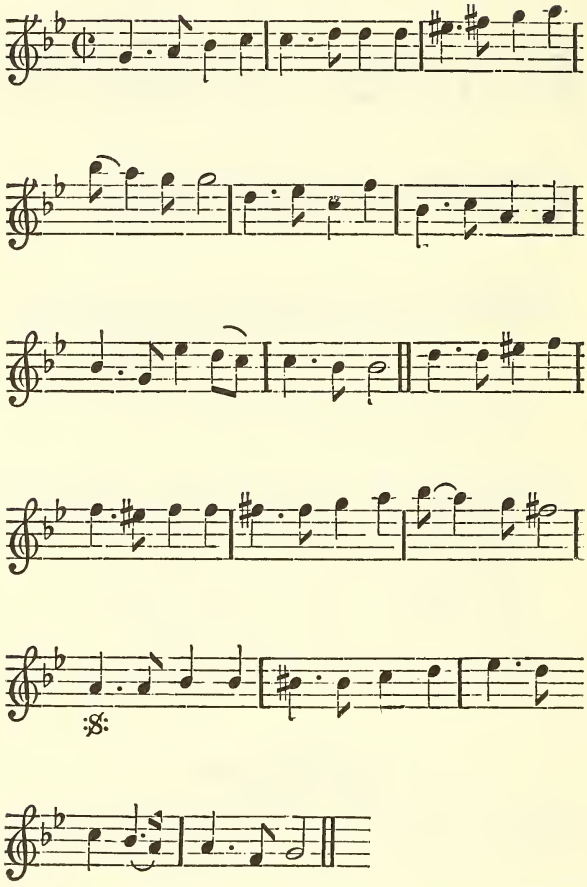




FOR *Iris* I sigh and hourly die,
But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye;
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
Oh! these are the Virtues that Captivate me:
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear and say things of course,
We mean not the taking for better for Worse,
When present we Love, when absent agree,
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me:
The Legend of Love, no couple can find,
So easie to part, and so easily joyn'd.

A SONG.

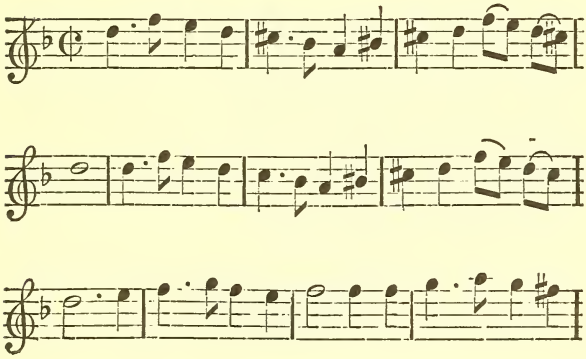


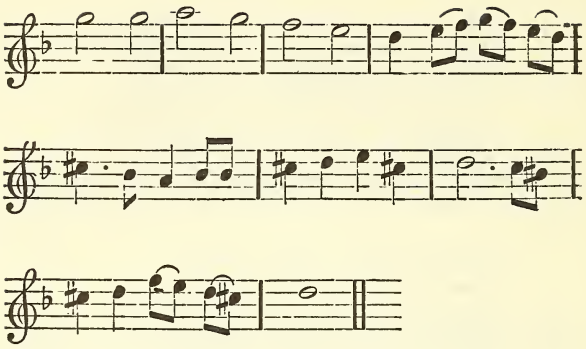
When

WHen *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too;
Killing Pleasures when she sported,
And her Charms were ever New:
Conqu'ring Time does now deceive her;
Which her Glories did uphold:
All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

The Airy Spirits which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more;
And her Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore:
Want of these abates her Merits,
Yet I've Passion for her Name:
Only kind and Active Spirits
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.

A SONG.

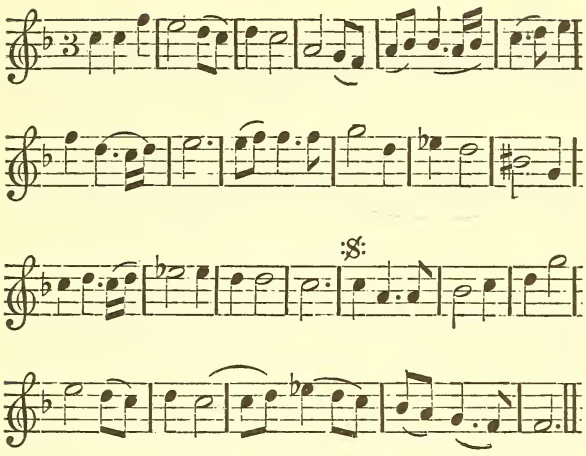




IN the Shade upon the Grass,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lye;
Will was courting of a Lass,
And *Nell* stood list'ning by:
Quoth *Will*, You will not tarry
Two Months before you Marry,
Fye, no, fye, no, never tell me so;
For a Maid I'll live and dye,
Quoth *Nell*, So will not I.

Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
With Kisses mixt between,
With a Song he charm'd her Ears,
How Minds have alter'd been:
Finding his Love grown stronger,
For fear of staying longer,
Cry'd, Good now, pray now, If you love me let me go,
For fear you change my Mind,
And leave my Heart behind.

A SONG.

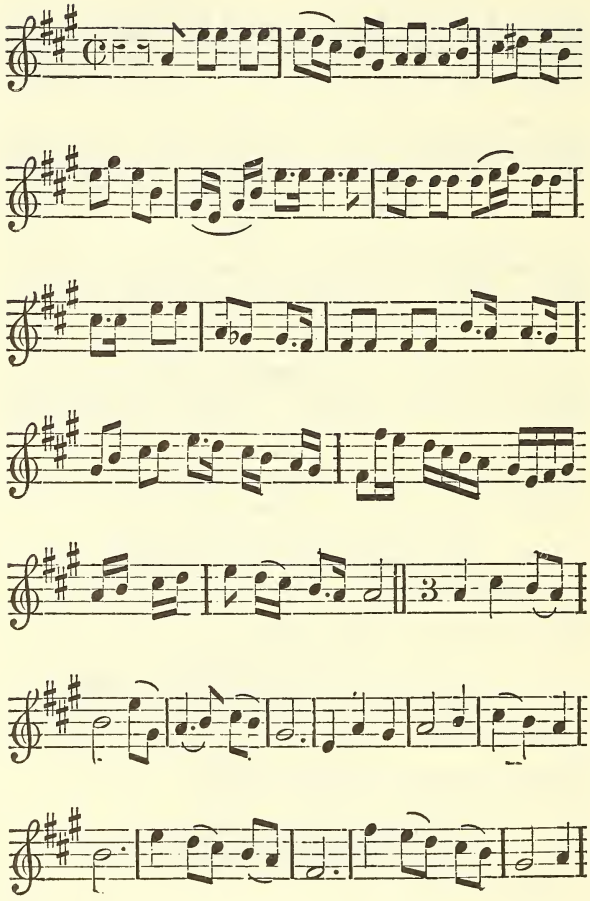


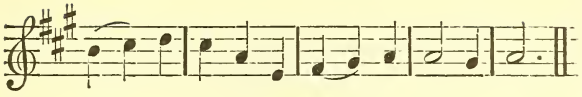
HAppy the Time when free from Love,
I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
I minded not the Great One's Fall,
Nor whom Ambition did enthrall,
I minded not, &c.

My only care was how to keep,
From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
None could my Heart from Love protect.
But tho', &c.

There is not one upon these Plains,
That Loves like me of all the Swains;
But I have learn'd now to my cost,
That who Love's best must suffer most.
But I have, &c.

A SONG.





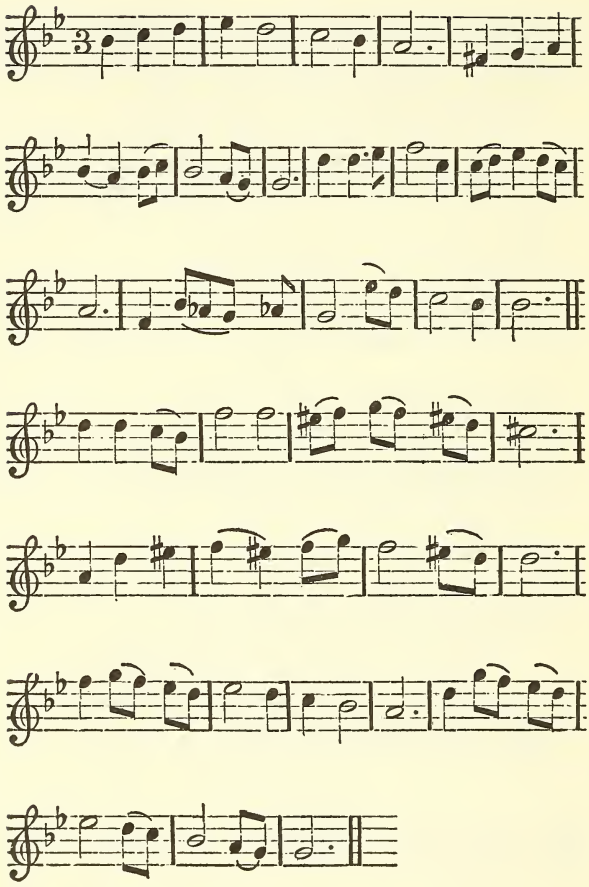
WHilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars
And *Rome* foments the Christian Jars ;
Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with VVars,
And *Rome* foments the Christian Jars ;
VVhilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,
And would repent her Crimes too late,
And would repent her Crimes too late.

Here safe in confin'd Retreat,
I see the VVaves about me beat,
And envy none, and envy none,
That dare be great,
Envy none that dare be great.

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend,
Help me my happy Hours to spend ;
Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,
She turns my Prison to a Court,
Instead of Guards by Day and Night,
Let *Celia* still be in my Sight,
And then they need not fear my flight.

Could sense of Servile fear prevail,
Or could my Native Honour fail,
Her sight would all my Doubts controul,
And give me back my peaceful Soul,
Such charming Truths her VVords contain,
Or if her Angel Voice refrain,
Her Eyes can never plead in vain.

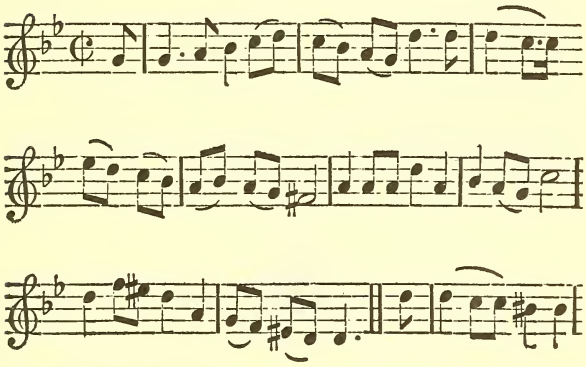
A SONG.

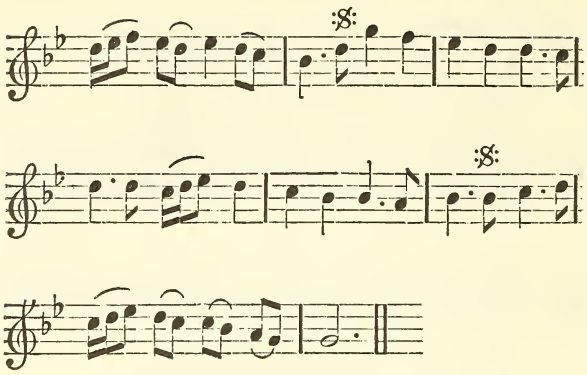


IN Courts, Ambition kills the great,
In Cities, strive for needless gain;
Some do in Battles meet their Fate,
But I by Love, by Love am slain:
Phaeton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vulture's Pain;
This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
But I by Love, by Love am slain.

Let noisy desperate Fools be brave,
And build up Trophies to the Skies;
My only Wish, ye Gods I have,
When at *Clorinda's* Feet I die:
When I like some to Greatness born,
To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,
And at *Clorinda's* Feet wou'd die.

A SONG.

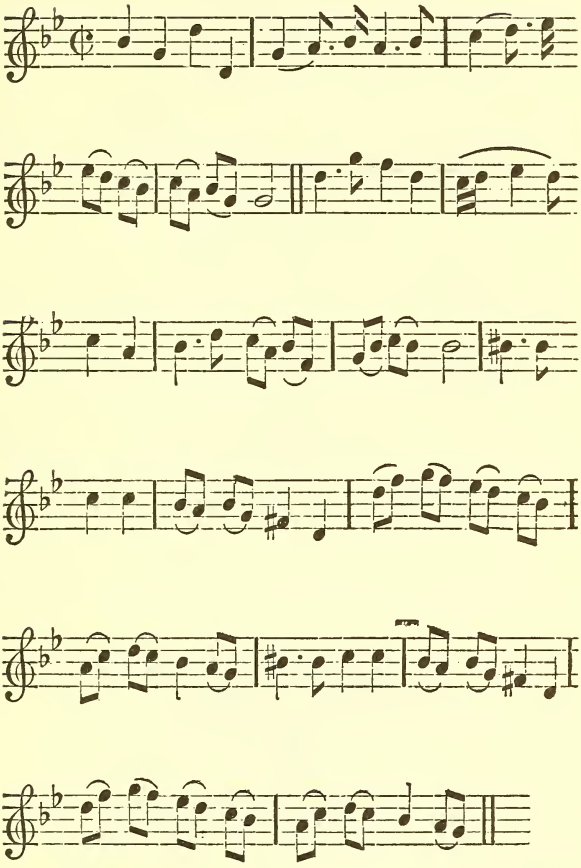




THere is one black and sullen Hour,
Which Fate decreed our Life should know;
Else we should slight Almighty Pow'r,
Rapt with the Joys we find below:
'Tis past, dear *Cynthia!* now let Frowns be gone,
A long, long Penance I have done;
A long, long Penance I have done,
For Crimes alas! to me unknown.

In each soft Hour of silent Night,
Your Image in my Dreams appears;
I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
Slumber in Joy, but wake in Tears:
Ah faithless charming Saint! what will you do?
Let me not think I am by you;
Let me not think I am by you!
Lov'd worse, lov'd worse for being true.

A SONG.

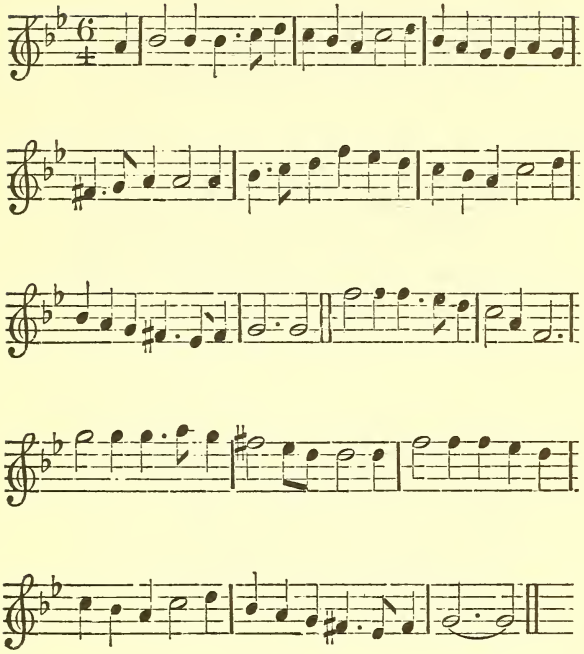


CÆLIA, that I once was blest,
Is now the Torment of my breast:
Since to cure me,
You bereave me,
Of the Pleasure I possess:
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
First to Love, and then to leave me;
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
First to Love, and then to leave me.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want;
But possessing,
Once the Blessing,
Is the cause of my complaint:
Once possessing is but tasting,
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

Cælia, now is mine no more,
But I'm hers, and must adore;
Nor to leave her,
Will endeavour,
Charms that Captiv'd me before:
No unkindness can dissever,
Love that's true is Love for ever.

A Ballad *of the* NOSE.



THree merry Lads met at the *Rose*,
To speak in the Praises of the Nose ;
The Nose that stands in the Middle place,
Sets out the Beauty of the Face :
The Nose with which we have begun,
Will serve to make our Verses run ;
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose his end's so high a Prize,
That Men prefer't before their Eyes;
And no Man takes him for his Friend,
That boldly takes his Nose by th' end:
The Nose that like *Euripus* flows,
The Sea that did the Wise man pose;
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose is of as many kinds,
As Marriners can reckon Winds;
The long, the short, the Nose display'd,
The great Nose which did fright the Maid:
The Nose through which the Brother-hood,
Do parly for their Sisters good.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The flat, the sharp, the *Roman* snout,
The Hawks Nose circled round about;
The Crooked Nose that stands awry,
The Ruby Nose of Scarlet dye:
The *Brazen Nose* without a Face,
That doth the *Learned College* grace.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

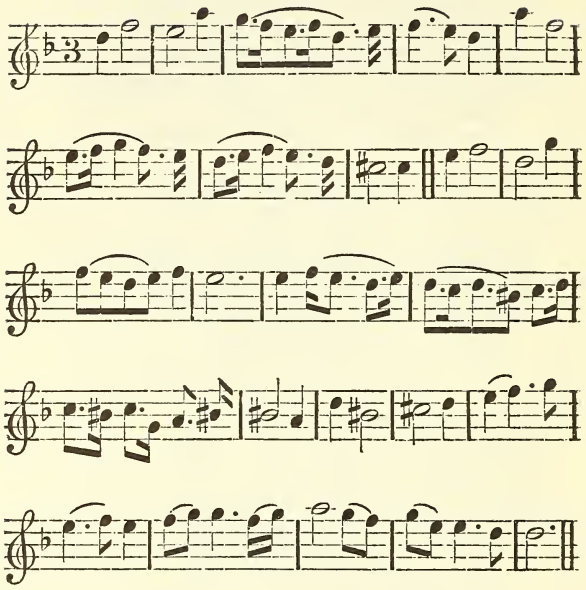
The long Nose when the Teeth appear,
Shews what's a Clock, if Day be clear;
The broad Nose stands in Buckler's place,
And takes the blows from all the Face:
The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The short Nose is the Lover's Bliss,
Because it hinders not a Kiss;
The tooting Nose, O monstrous thing!
That's he that did the Bottle bring:
And he that brought the Bottle hither,
Will drink (O monstrous!) out of measure.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Fiery Nose in Lanthorn stead,
May light his Master home to Bed;
And whosoever this Treasure owes,
Grows poor in Purse, tho' rich in Nose:
The *Brazen* Nose that's o'er the Gate,
Maintains full many a *Latin* Pate.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
And think it is more than enough;
We answer them, we did not fear,
Nor think such Noses had been here:
But if there be, we need not care,
A Nose of Wax our Statutes are.
Invention now is barren grown,
The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.

A SONG.

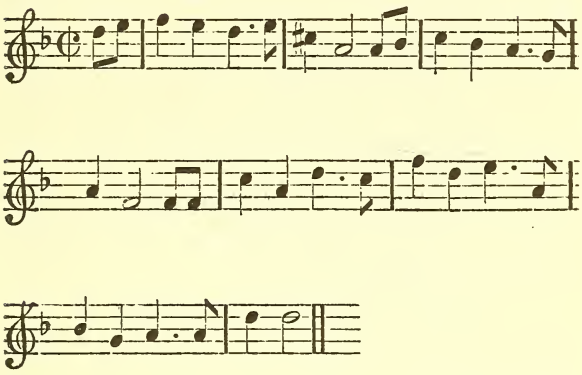


STill I'm Wishing, still desiring,
Still She's giving, I requiring;
Yet each Gift I think too small,
Still the more I am presented,
Still the less I am contented;
Tho' she Vows she has given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more?
Has she Lavish'd all her Store?
Must my Hopes to Nothing fall?
Oh you know not half your Treasure;
Give me more, give over Measure,
Yet you can never, never give me all.

On

On Doctor G. *formerly Master of St.* Paul's *School.*



IN *Paul's* Church-yard in *London*,
There dwells a noble Firker;
Take heed you that pass,
Lest you taste of his Lash,
For I have found him a Jirker:
Still doth he cry, take him up, take him up, Sir,
Untruss with Expedition;
O the Birchin Tool,
Which he winds i'th' School,
Frights worse than an *Inquisition.*

If that you chance to pass there,
As doth the Man of *Blacking;*
He insults like Puttock,
O'er the Prey of the Buttock,
With a whipt Arse sends him packing.
Still doth, &c.

For

For when this well-truss'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter ;
With his Napkin at his Nose,
And his Orange stuft with Cloves,
On any Arse he'll venture.
Still doth, &c.

A *Frenchman* void of *English*,
Enquiring for *Paul's* Steeple ;
His *Pardon amoy*
He counted a Toy,
For he whipt him before all People.
Still doth, &c.

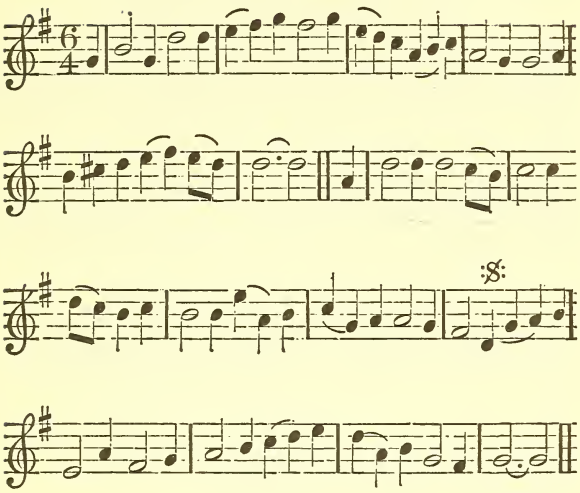
A *Welchman* once was whipt there,
Until he did Beshit him ;
His Cuds-pluter-a-nail,
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro-*Britain.*
Still doth, &c.

A Captain of the Train'd-Band,
Sirnam'd *Cornelius Wallis ;*
He whipt him so sore,
Both behind and before,
He notcht his Arse with Tallies.
Still doth, &c.

For a piece of Beef and Turnip,
Neglected with a Cabbage,
He took up the Main Pillion
Of his bouncing Maid *Gillian*,
And sows'd her like a Baggage.
Still doth, &c.

A Porter came in rudely,
And disturb'd the humming Concord,
He took up his Frock,
And paid his Nock,
And sows'd him with his own Cord,
Still doth he cry, &c.

A SONG.

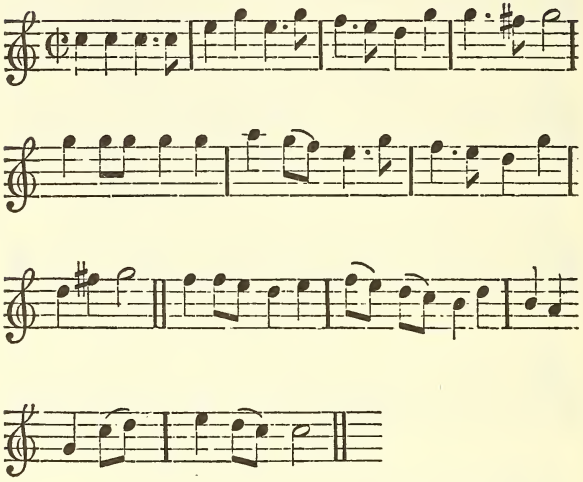


THE Fire of Love in Youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in brush Wood,
But for a Moment burns:
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise,
It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
And soon it self, it self destroys,
And soon it self, it self destroys.

But when crept into Aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a sullen Heat:
Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long,
And tho' the Flame be not so great,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,
Yet is the Heat the Heat as strong.

An

An Excellent BALLAD, Intituled, *The Wandering Prince of* Troy.



WHen *Troy* Town for Ten Years VVars
VVithstood the *Greeks* in manful wise,
Then did their Foes increase so fast,
That to resist none could suffice;
VVaste lies those Walls that were so good,
And Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

Æneas wandring Prince of *Troy*,
VVhen he for Land long time had sought,
At length arrived with great Joy,
To mighty *Carthage* VValls was brought,
VVhere *Dido* Queen with sumptuous Feast,
Did entertain this wandring Guest.

And

And as in Hall at Meat they sat,
The Queen desirous News to hear,
Of thy unhappy Ten Years VVars
Declare to me, thou *Trojan* dear,
Thy heavy hap and chance so bad,
That thou poor wandring Prince hast had?

And then anon this worthy Knight,
VVith words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappy Ten years VVars
So true a Tale began to tell?
With Words so sweet, and Sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to VVeep.

And then a thousand Sighs he fetch'd,
And every Sigh brought Tears amain,
That where he sat the Place was wet,
As if he had seen those VVars again:
So that the Queen with Truth therefore,
Said worthy Prince enough, no more.

The darksome Night apace drew on,
And twinkling Stars 'i'th' Sky were spread,
And he his doleful Tale had told,
As every one lay in his Bed;
VVhere they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only *Dido's* boiling Breast.

This silly VVoman never slept,
But in her Chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept,
Unto the Wall she made her Moan,
That she should still desire in vain,
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in Grief she spent the Night,
Till twinkling Stars from the Skies were fled,
And *Phœbus* with his glimmering Beams
Thro' misty Clouds appeared Red:
Then Tydings came to her anon,
That all the *Trojan* Ships were gone.

And then the Queen with Bloody Knife
Did arm her Heart as hard as Stone,
Yet somewhat loth to lose her Life,
In woful case she made her Moan:
And rolling on her careful Bed,
With Sighs and Sobs these Words she said:

O wretched *Dido* Queen! quoth she,
I see thy End approacheth near,
For he is gone away from thee,
Whom thou did'st Love and hold so dear:
Is he then gone and passed by?
O Heart prepare thy self to die.

Tho' Reason would thou should'st forbear
To stop thy Hand from Bloody stroak,
Yet fancy said thou shoud'st not Fear,
Who fetter'd thee in *Cupid's* Yoak,
Come Death, quoth she, and end the Smart,
And with these Words she pierc'd her Heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender Heart,
Of *Dido Carthaginian* Queen,
And Bloody Knife did end the Smart,
Which she sustained in woful teen:
Æneas being Ship'd and gone,
Whose Flatt'ry caused all her Moan.

Her Funeral most costly made,
And all things finish'd Mournfully,
Her Body fine in Mould was laid,
Where it consumed speedily:
Her Sisters Tears her Tomb bestrew'd,
Her subjects Grief her Kindness shew'd.

Then was *Æneas* in an Isle
In *Grecia*, where he liv'd long space;
Whereas her Sister in short time,
VVrit to him to his foul Disgrace:
In phrase of Letters to her Mind,
She told him plain he was Unkind.

False-

False hearted VVretch (quoth she) thou art,
And treacherously thou hast betray'd,
Unto thy Lure a gentle Heart,
VVhich unto thee such VVelcome made:
My Sister dear, and *Carthage* Joy,
VVhose Folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her Death-Bed, when she lay,
She pray'd for thy Prosperity,
Beseeching God that every Day
Might breed thee great Felicity:
Thus by thy means I lost a Friend,
Heav'ns send thee an untimely End.

VVhen he these Lines full fraught with Gall,
Perused had, and weigh'd them right?
His lofty Courage then did fall,
And straight appeared in his sight?
Queen *Dido's* Ghost, both Grim and Pale,
VVhich made this valiant Soldier Quail.

Æneas, quoth this grisly Ghost,
My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all Men I Loved most,
My Fancy and my VVill did give:
For Entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'st my Grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting Soul,
To wander with me in the Air,
VVhere deadly Grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'st no care:
Delay no time, thy Glass is run,
Thy Day is past, thy Death is come.

O stay a while thou lovely Spright,
Be not so ready to convey;
My Soul into Eternal Night,
VVhere it shall ne'er behold bright Day,
O do not frown; thy angry look,
Hath made my Breath my Life forsook.

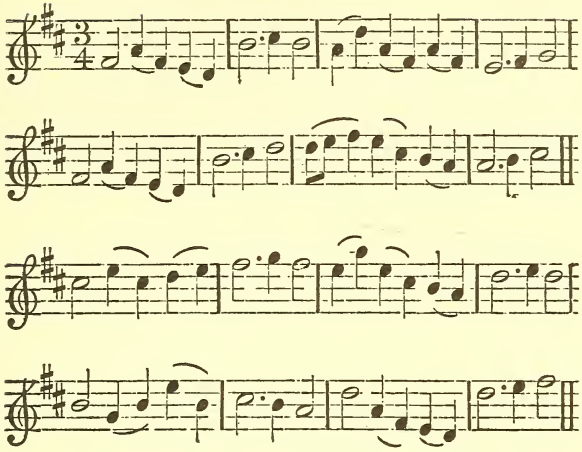
But

But wo is me, it is in vain
And bootless is my dismal Cry,
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you surcease before I Die,
O let me live to make Amends,
Unto some of thy dearest Friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
And will no pity to me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe;
I must content my self to take,
What Lot thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being in a Trance,
A multitude of ugly Fiends:
About this woful Prince did dance,
No help he had of any Friends:
His Body then they took away,
And no Man knew his Dying-day.

A SONG.

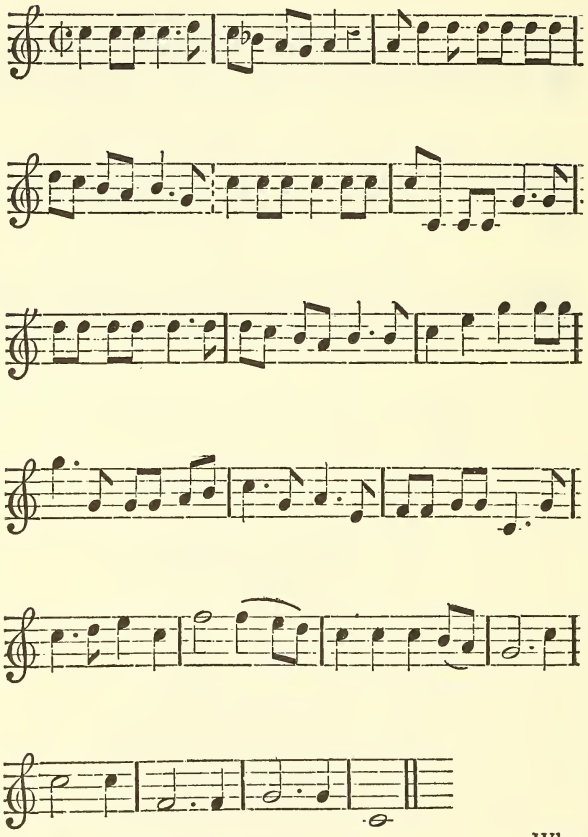


BLith *Jockey* Young and Gay,
Is all my Soul's Delight,
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night:
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter still with me,
But when he's with me here,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

I'm Blith when *Jockey* comes,
Sad when he gangs away,
'Tis Night when *Jockey* Glooms,
And if he Smiles, 'tis Day:
When our Eyes meet, I Pant,
I Colour, Sigh, or Faint,
What Lass that would be kind,
Can better tell her Mind?

A New BALLAD

Of King EDWARD *and* JANE SHORE.



Why

WHY should we boast of *Lais* and his Knights,
Knowing such Champions intrapt with Whorish Lights :
Or why should we speak of *Thais* Curled Locks,
Or *Rhodope* that gave so many Men the Pox.
Read old Stories, and there you shall find,
How *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she pleas'd King *Edward's* mind.
Jane Shore she was for fair *England*, Queen *Fredrick* was for *France*,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls, how far they did excel ;
Those with *Scythian* Lads, engag'd in several Fights,
And in the brave *Venetian* Wars, did foil advent'rous Knights :
Messaline and *Julia* were Vessels wond'rous brittle,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* took down K. *Edward's* Mettle.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Thalestis of *Thormydon*, she was a doughty Wight ;
She Conquer'd *Pallas* King in the Exercise of Night ;
Hercules shew the Dragon whose Teeth were all of Brass,
Yet he himself became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Lass :
The *Theban Semel* lay with Jove, not dreading all his Thunder,
But *Jane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he had her under.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Hellen of *Greece* she came of *Spartan* Blood,
Agricola and *Cressida* they were brave Whores and good ;
Queen *Clytemnestra* bold, slew old *Arthur's* mighty Son,
And fair *Harcyon* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon :*
Those were the Ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* Sack,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she spoil'd K. *Edward's* Back.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

For this the Ancient Fathers did great *Venus* defy,
Because with her own Father *Jove* she feared not to lie;
Hence *Cupid* came, who afterwards reveng'd his loving Mother,
And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Cornus* her own Brother;
And afterwards the Goddess kept *Adonis* for Reserve,
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* she stretch'd King *Edward's* Nerve.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

The *Colchin* Dame *Mædea* her Father did betray,
And taught her Lover *Jason* how the Vigilant Bull to slay;
And after, thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece,
She with her Lover sail'd away in *Argus* Ship to *Greece:*
But finding *Jason* False, she burnt his Wife and Court,
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* she shew'd King *Edward* sport.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Romix of *Saxony* the *Welsh* State overthrew,
Igræyn of *Cornwal, Pendragon* did subdue;
Queen *Quinniver* with *Arthur* fought singly hand to hand,
In Bed, tho' afterwards she made Horns on his Head to stand:
And to Sir *Mordred Pictish* Prince a Paramore became,
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* she made King *Edward* tame.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Marosia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes,
With *Jesuits, Priests* and *Cardinals*, and tripple Crowned *Popes;*
And with King *Henry, Rosamond* spent many a dallying Hour,
Till lastly she was Poisoned in *Woodstock* fatal Bower:
And

And *Joan* of *Ark* play'd in the Dark with the Knights of *Languedock*,
But *Jane Shore*, met King *Edward*, and gave him Knock for Knock.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Pasiphæ we know play'd feats with the *Cretan* Bull,
And *Proserpine*, tho' so Divine, became black *Pluto's* Trull:
The *Spanish* Baud her Strumpets taught to lay their Legs astride, [deride:
But these and all the Curtezans *Jane Shore* did them
Pope *Joan* was right, altho' she did the Papal Scepter Weild,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she made King *Edward* yield.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Agathoclea and *Ænathe* did govern *Egypt's* King;
The witty Wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty thing,
She freely took her Lady's place, and with great *Edgar* Dally'd,
And with main force she foil'd him quite, altho' he often rally'd:
For which brave Act, he that her rack'd, gave her his Lady's Land,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* King *Edward* did command.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

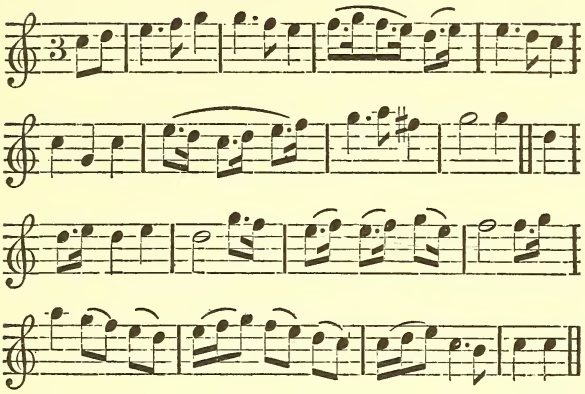
Of *Phryne* and *Lanva* Historians have related,
How their Illustrious Beauties, two Generals Captivated:
And they that in the Days of Yore kill'd Men and Sack'd their Cities,
In Honour of their Mistresses composed Amorous Ditties: [call'd,
Let *Flora* gay with *Romans* play, and be a Goddess
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* she enthrall'd.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

The Jolly Tanner's Daughter Harlot of *Normandy*,
She only had the happiness to please Duke *Robert's* Eye;
And *Roxolana* tho' a Slave, and born a *Grecian*,
Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Seignior *Solyman:*
And *Naples Joan* would make them Groan that ardently did love her,
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* King *Edward* he did Shove her.
Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Aspatia doth of the *Persian* Brothers boast,
Though *Cynthia* joy in the *Lampathean* Boy, *Jane Shore* shall rule the roast;
Cleopatra lov'd *Mark Anthony*, and *Brownal* she did feats,
But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but meerly cheats,
Brave Carpet Knights in *Cupid's* Fights, their milk-white Rapiers drew,
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* King *Edward* did subdue,
Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Queen* Fredrick was *for* France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Hamlet's incestuous Mother, was *Gartrude Denmark's* Queen,
And *Circe* that enchanting Witch, the like was scarcely seen;
Warlike *Penthesile* was an *Amazonian* Whore,
To *Hector* and young *Iroylus*, both which did her adore,
But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd Nine Victories,
Was like a Bond-slave, fetter'd with *Jane Shore's* all conqu'ring Thighs:
Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Queen* Fredrick *was for* France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

A Song.



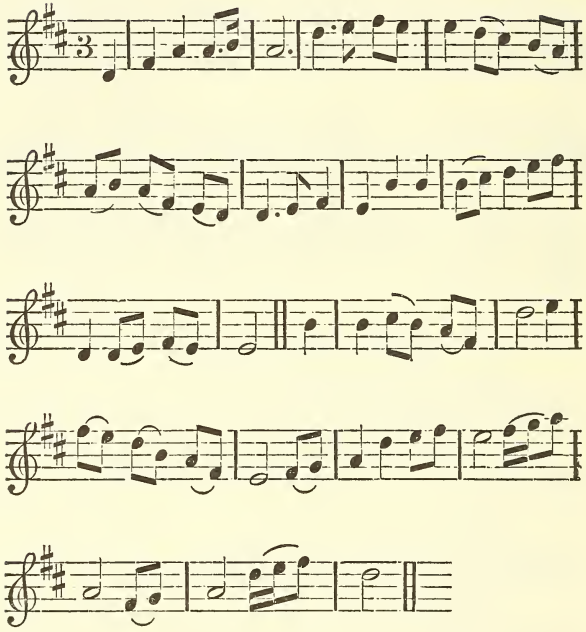
LET the Soldiers rejoyce,
With a general Voice;
And the *Senate* new Honour decree 'em:
Who at his Armies head,
Struck the fell Monster dead;
And so boldly, so boldly, and bravely did free 'em.

To *Mass* let 'em raise,
And their Emperors praise,
A Trophy of the Armies own making,
To *Maximinian* too,
Some Honours are due;
Who joyn'd in the brave undertaking.

With Flowers let 'em strow,
The way as they go;
Their Statutes with Garlands adorning,
Who from Tyrannous Knight,
Drove the Mist from their sight;
And gave 'em a Glorious Morning.

An Irish SONG.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



ONE Sunday after *Mass*, *Dormet* and his Lass,
To the Green Wood did pass,
All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone,
He ask'd for one Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue,
And struck him with her Brogue,
Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

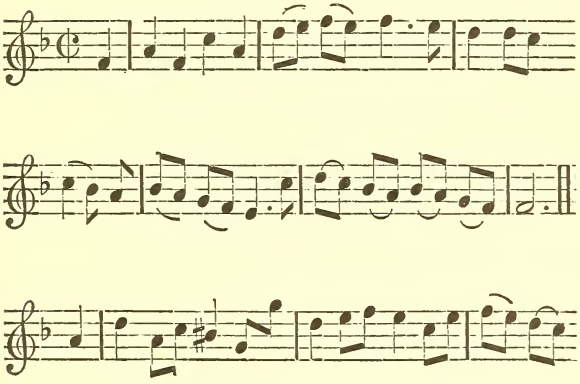
Said

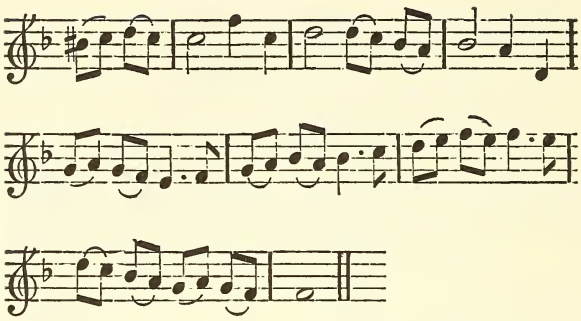
Said he my dear Joy, why will you be Coy,
Let us Play, let us Toy,
All alone, all alone, all alone;
If I were too Mild, you are so very Wild,
You will get me with Shild,
Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

He brib'd her with Sloes, and brib'd her with Nuts,
Then a Thorn prick'd her Foot,
Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu;
Let me pull it out, You'll hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to shout,
Halla lu, halla lu halla lu.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.

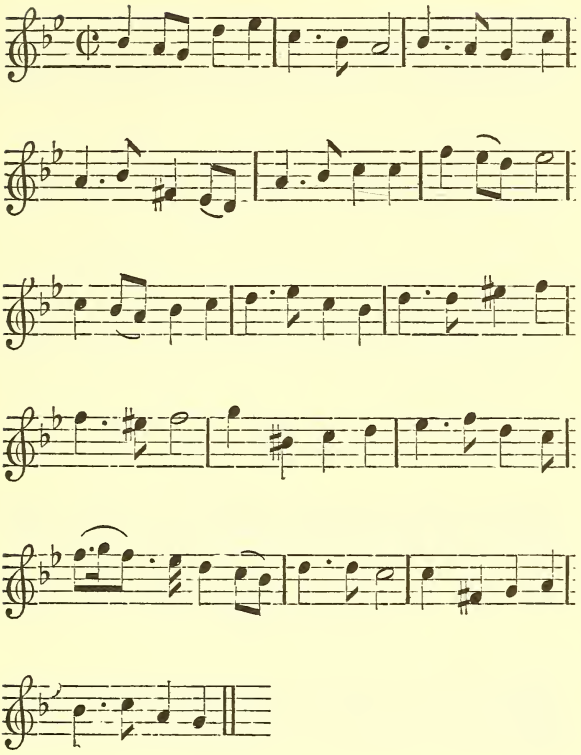




WHEN Cupid from his Mother fled,
He changing his shape, thus made his Escape,
His Mother thought him Dead;
Some did him a kindness, and cur'd him of his Blindness.
And thus disguis'd like me, thus disguis'd,
Thus disguis'd, thus disguis'd like me,
The little God, the little God, the little God cou'd see.

He enters into Hearts of Men, and there does spy,
(Just so do I) That falsehood lurks within;
That Sighing and Dying, is Swearing and Lying,
All this disguis'd like me,
The little God, the little God could see.

A SONG.



SMiling *Phillis* has an Air so engaging, all Men love her,
But her hidden Beauties are Wonders I dare not discover;

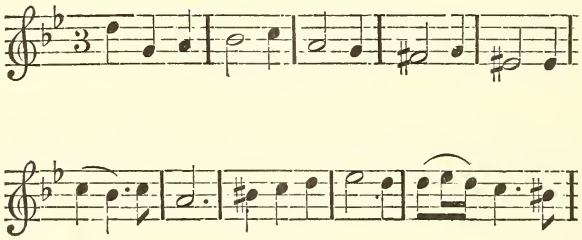
So

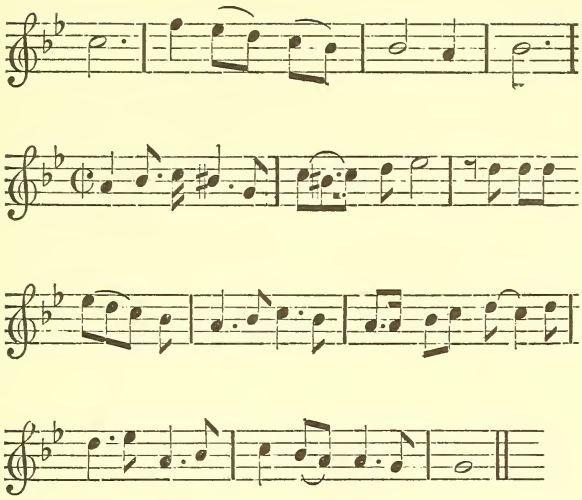
So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour to forget her,
Still she brings me back again, and I daily love her better.

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is always flowing,
Ev'ry Minute does surprise with fresh Beauties still a Blowing;
Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a Treasure,
But I die with jealouse Care, in the midst of all my Pleasure.

Free and easie without Pride, in her Language and her Fashion,
Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'd with any Passion;
When she says I have her Heart, tho' I ought not to believe her,
She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd for ever.

A SONG.

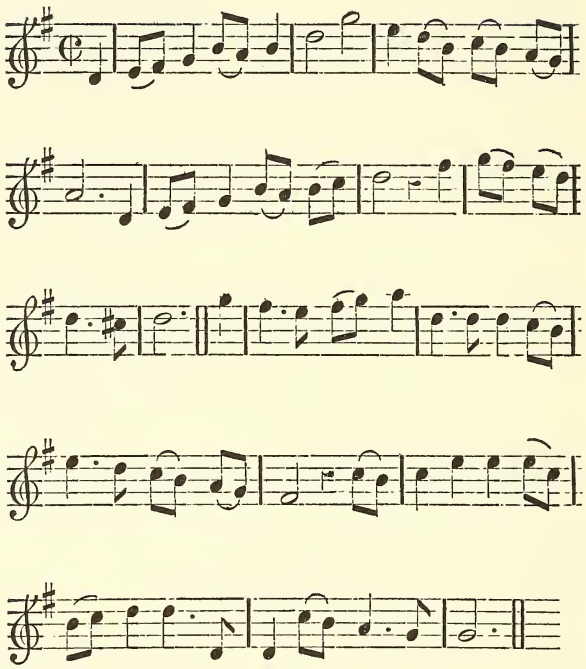




COME all the Youths whose Hearts have bled, by cruel Beauties Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows hide;
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love:
And try when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I, my Heart no sorrow knew,
Pity the pain with which I die, and ask not whence it grew;
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very Lovely. very Kind:
Tho' bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bare,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.

A SONG.



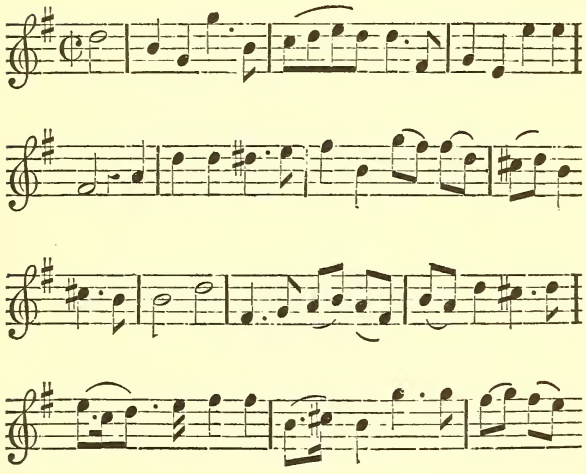
AH cruel bloody Fate, what can'st tho do more?
Alas, 'tis now too late *Philander* to restore:
VVhy should the Heav'nly Powers perswade, poor Mortals to believe,
That they Guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive?

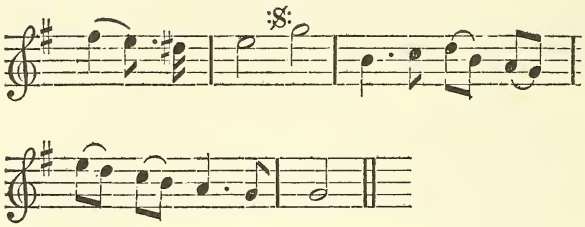
Her

Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her Hand,
And with a dying Look, cry'd, thus I Fate Command:
Philander, ah, my Love I came to meet thy shade below,
Ah, I come, she cry'd, with a VVound so wide,
There need no second Blow.

In Purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the floor,
Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and bless'd her dying hour;
Philander, ah, *Philander* still, the bleeding *Phillis* cry'd:
She Wept a while, and she forc'd a Smile,
Then clos'd her Eyes and Dy'd.

A SONG.

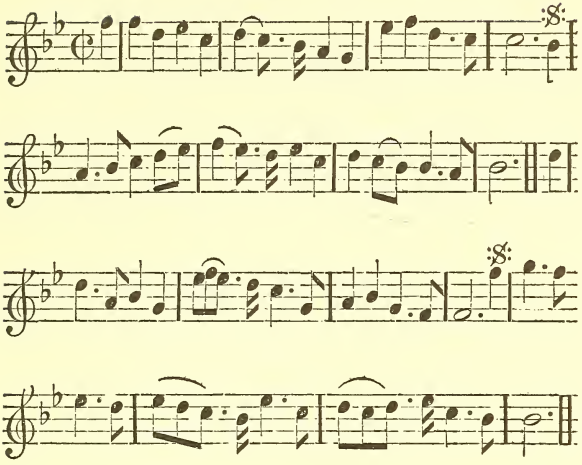




BLess Mortals, bless the clearing Light,
That flows from *Celia's* Eyes,
For never did a Star so bright,
In Beauty's Heav'n rise :
And whilst a Crown's uneasy weight,
And all the mighty Toils of State,
She softens with her Charms,
Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her Arms.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew ;
And yet how few in King's approve,
What they themselves pursue.
The Murmuring Crowd themselves afford,
The pleasures they deny their Lord,
Tho' Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

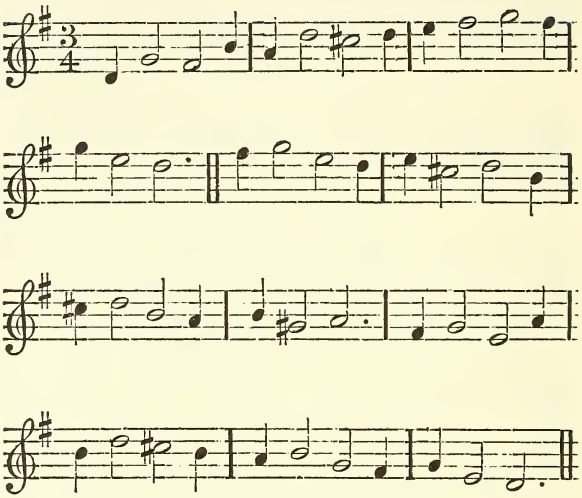
A Song.



YOung *Phaon* strove the Bliss to taste,
But *Sappho* still deny'd;
She struggl'd long, the Youth at last,
Lay panting by her side.
Useless he lay, Love would not wait,
Till they could both agree,
They idly languish'd in Debate,
When they should Active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
And then there fell a Tear:
I'll in my Breast my Blushes hide,
Do all that Virgins fear.
O, that Age cou'd Love's Rights perform,
We make Old Men obey;
They Court us long, Youth does but storm,
And Plunder and away.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* James Hart.

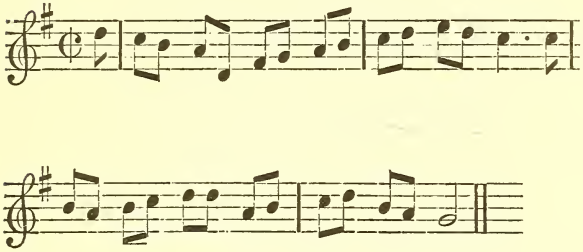


HAppy is the Country Life,
Blest with Content, good Health and Ease
Free from Factions, Noise and Strife,
We only Plot our selves to please:
Peace of Mind the Days delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run Pure:
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Vertue only is secure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no Snare.

An

An Unhappy memorable SONG, *of the Hunting in* CHEVY-CHASE, *between Earl* PIERCY *of* ENGLAND, *and Earl* DOWGLAS *of* SCOTLAND.



GOD prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Hunting once there did,
In *Chevy-Chase* befal;

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way:
The Child may rue that is unborn,
The Hunting of that Day:

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*,
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods,
Three Summers Days to take:

The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chace*,
To kill and bear away;
The Tydings to Earl *Dowglas* came,
In *Scotland* where he lay:

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
He would prevent his Sport:
The *English* Earl not fearing this,
Did to the Wood resort,

With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
All chosen Men of Might;
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their Shafts aright:

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chace the Fallow Deer;
On *Munday* they began to Hunt,
VVhen Day-light did appear:

And long before High-noon they had,
A Hundred fat Bucks slain;
Then having Din'd, the Drover went,
To rouse them up again:

The Bow-men must'red on the Hills,
VVell able to endure;
Their back-sides all with special care,
That Day was guarded sure:

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the VVoods
The nimble Deer to take;
And with their cries the Hills and Dales,
An Eccho shrill did make:

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer,
Quoth the Earl *Dowglas* promised,
This Day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;
VVith that a brave young Gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo

Lo yonder doth Earl *Dowglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright;
Full Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
All marching in our Sight:

All Men of pleasant *Tividale*,
Fast by the River *Tweed;*
Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your Bows with speed:

And now with me my Country-men,
Your Courage forth Advance;
For never was there Champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France;*

That ever did on Horse-back come,
But since my Hap it were;
I durst Encounter Man for Man,
VVith him to break a Spear:

Earl *Dowglas* on a Milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron Bold;
Rode foremost of the Company,
VVhose Armour shone like Gold:

Shew me (said he) whose Men you be,
That Hunt so boldly here;
That without my Consent do Chase,
And kill my Fallow Deer:

The Man that first did Answer make,
VVas noble *Piercy* he;
VVho said we list not to declare,
Nor shew whose Men we be;

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
Thy chiefest Harts to slay;
Then *Dowglas* swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did say:

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me *Piercy*, pity it were,
And great offence to kill,
Any of these our harmless Men,
For they have done no ill:

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And set our Men aside,
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
By whom it is deny'd.

Then step'd a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name;
VVho said I would not have it told,
To *Henry* our King for shame:

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
And I stood looking on;
You be two Earls said *Witherington*,
And I a 'Squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
VVhile I have Power to stand:
VVhile I have Power to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our English Archers bent their Bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
Full Threescore *Scots* they slew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Dowglas* had the Bent:
A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
The Spears to Shivers sent:

They

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman,
Lay Gasping on the Ground:

O Christ! it was a Grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And scatter'd here and there:

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might;
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight;

They Fought until they both did Sweat,
With Swords of tempered Steel:
Until the Blood like drops of Rain,
They trickling down did fall.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Dowglas* said,
In Faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By *James* our *Scotish* King:

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
And thus Report of thee;
Thou art the most Couragious Knight,
That ever I did see.

To *Dowglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*,
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an Arrow keen,
Out of an English Bow;
Which struck Earl *Dowglas* to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow.

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on my merry Men all;
For why, my Life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took,
The dead Man by the Hand;
And said Earl *Dowglas* for thy Life,
Would I had lost my Land.

Oh Christ! my very Heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy Sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight,
Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
Which saw Earl *Dowglas* die:
Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy;*

Sir *Hugh Montgomery*, was he call'd,
Who with a Spear most bright,
Well Mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight:

And past the English Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear;
And thro' Earl *Piercy's* Body then,
He thrust his hateful Spear:

With such a vehement Force and Might,
He did his Body gore;
The Spear ran thro' the other side,
A large Cloth-Yard and more.

So thus did both those Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain,
An English Archer then perceiv'd,
The Noble Earl was Slain:

He

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree:
An Arrow of a Cloth Yard long,
Unto the Head drew he:

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
So right his Shaft he set;
The Grey-goose Wing that was thereon,
In his Hearts Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from break of Day,
Till Setting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Evening Bell,
The Battle scarce was done.

With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain,
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron:

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
Both Knights of good Account;
Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
Whose Prowess did surmount:

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his Legs were smitten off,
He Fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl *Dowglas* there was slain,
Sir *Hugh Montgomery;*
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One Foot would never fly.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
His Sister's Son was he;
Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord *Markwel* in likewise,
Did with Earl *Dowglas* dye;
Of Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
Scarce Fifty Five did fly.

Of Fifteen Hundred English Men,
Went home but Fifty three;
The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase*,
Under the Green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail,
They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies bath'd in Purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a Thousand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinborough*,
Where *Scotland's* King did Reign;
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly,
Was with an Arrow Slain.

O heavy News, King *James* did say,
Scotland can witness be;
I have not any Captain more,
Of such Account as he:

Like Tydings to King *Henry* came,
Within as short a space;
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*,
Was slain in *Chevy-Chase.*

Now God be with him said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my Realm
Five Hundred as good as he.

Yet

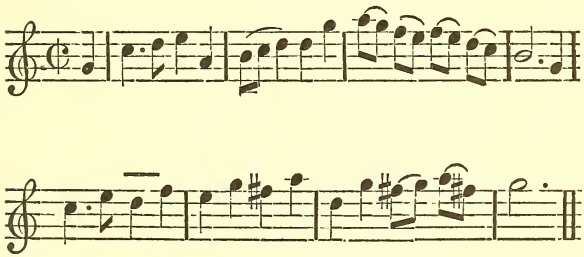
Yet shall not *Scot* or *Scotland* say,
But I will Vengeance take;
And be Revenged on them all,
For brave Lord *Piercy's* sake.

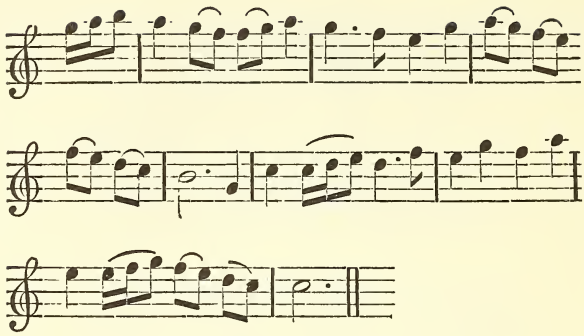
This Vow full well the King perform'd,
After one *Humble-down;*
In one Day Fifty Knights were Slain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the rest of small account,
Did many Hundreds Die,
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chase,*
Made by the Earl *Piercy.*

God save the King, and bless the Land,
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate,
'Twixt Noble Men may cease.

A Cure for the Green-Sickness Maid.





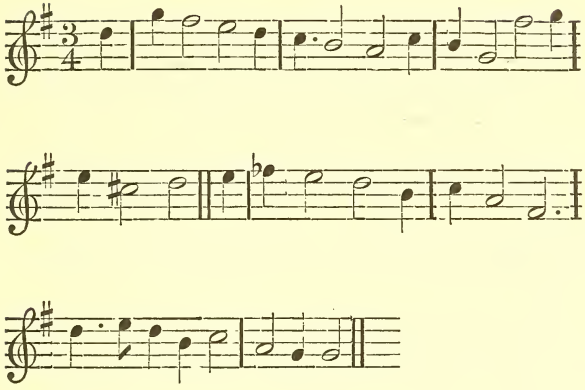
AS fair *Olinda* sitting was,
Beneath a shady Tree;
Much Love I did profess to her,
And she the like to me:
But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,
And prest her to be kind:
She cry'd, Oh no, but I remember,
Womens Words are Wind.

I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,
Then farther did intrude;
She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
And told me I was rude:
I begg'd her pardon Twenty times,
And some Concern did feign;
But like a bold presumptuous Sinner,
Did the like again.

At last I did by dalliance raise,
The pretty Nymph's desire;
Our Inclinations equal were,
And mutual was our fire:
Then in the height of joy she cry'd,
Oh! I'm undone I fear;
Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
Kill me, kill me quite my dear.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. James Hart.

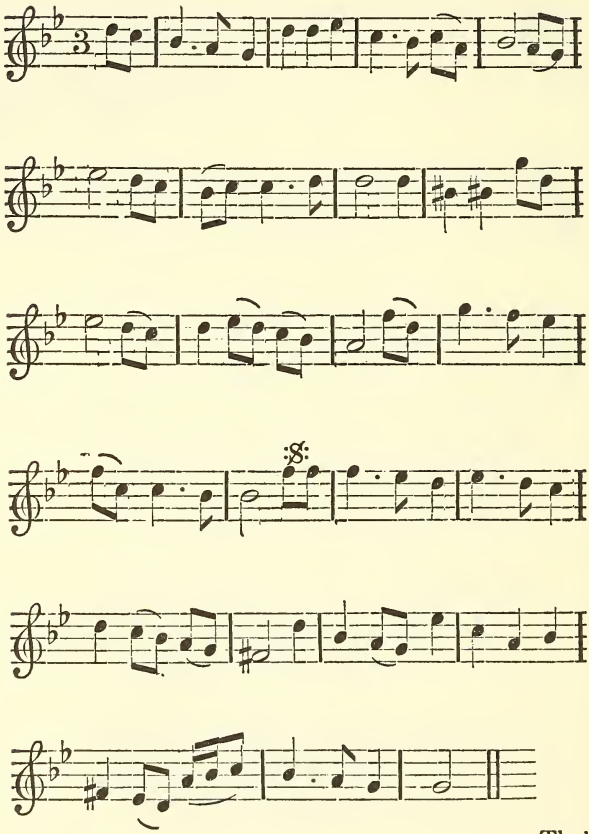


NOW ev'ry Place fresh Pleasure yields,
Let all our Appetites be free;
Let us enjoy the Verdant Fields,
This is Dame Nature's Jubilee.

With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound, we'll Dance and Sing;
So blithly will we pass the Hours,
As to promote the growing Spring.

The *Sylvian* Gods the Nymphs and Fawns;
Shall to our Chorus join their Voice;
The Woods, the Streams, the Hills and Lawns,
Loudly in Ecchoes shall rejoyce.

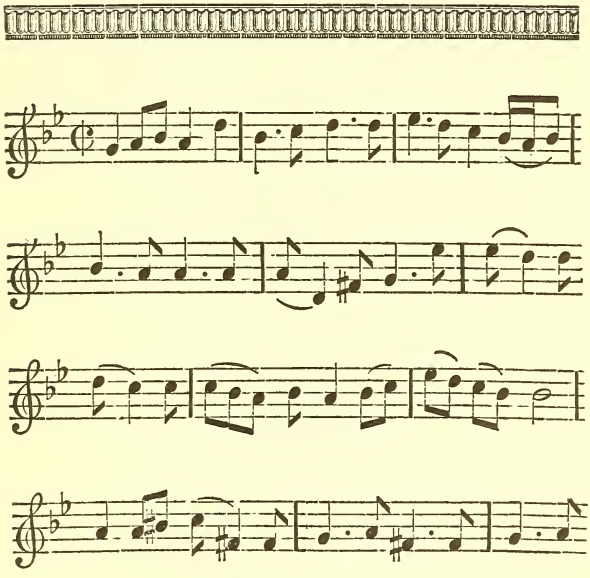
A SONG.

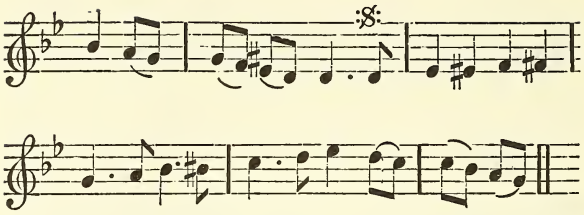


Tho'

THO' the Pride of my Passion fair *Sylvia* betrays,
And frowns at the Love I impart;
Tho' kindly her Eyes twist numerous Rays,
To tye a poor fortunate Heart:
Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my Pain,
His Heart is too tender, too tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my Passionate Eyes,
It dissolves with Delight while I gaze;
And he that loves on, tho' *Sylvia* denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys:
I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
Than the force, the force
Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

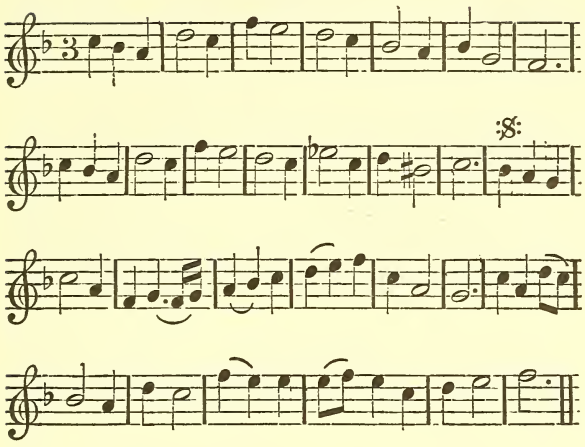




GO tell *Amintor* gentle Swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief;
That Musick should in sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid:
Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past Redress;
For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

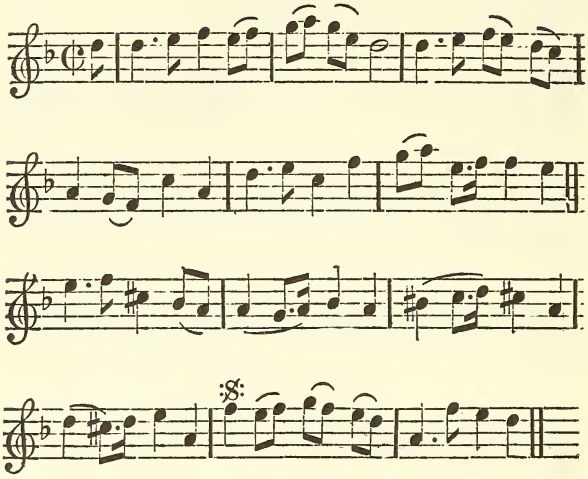
A SONG.



I Never saw a Face till now,
That could my Passion move;
I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow,
But durst not think of Love:
Till Beauty charming ev'ry Sense,
An easie Conquest made;
And shew'd the vainess of Defence,
When *Phillis* does Invade.

But ah! her colder Heart denies,
The Thoughts her Looks Inspire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire:
Between Extreams I am undone,
Like Plants to Northward set;
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or Cold, for want of Heat.

A SONG.

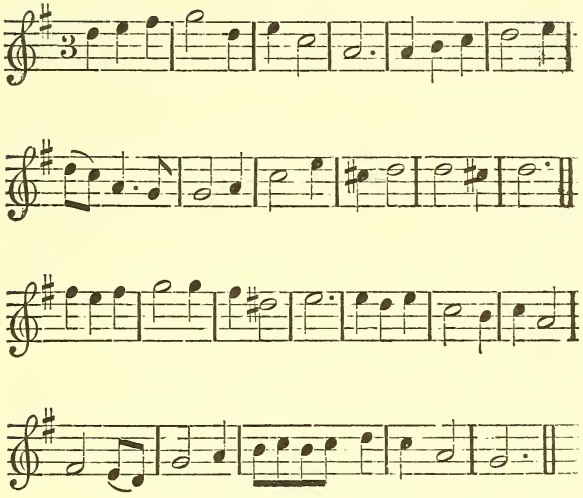


FAncelia's Heart is still the same,
Hard and Cold as Winter's Morning,
Tho' my Love is ever burning;
Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever
Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,
Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love,
All the Groves and Streams can Name her;
All the Nymphs and Ecchoes blame her,
If she keeps her cruel Fashion,
Nought but Death can ease my Passion.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
All the Looks with which I languish;
Moves not her to any Feeling,
Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

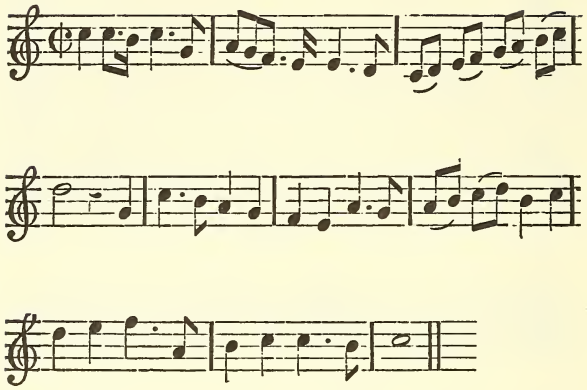
A SONG.



FLY from *Olinda* Young and Fair,
Fly from her soft engaging Air,
And Wit in Woman found so rare;
Tho' all her Looks to Love advise,
His yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
And breaks the Promise of her Eyes.

Waste not your Youth in Coy disdain,
Hope not your Beauty's pleasing Reign,
By ways of Rigour to maintain;
If we to Kings Obedience owe,
Or to the Gods with Incense go,
'Tis for the Blessing they bestow.

A SONG.

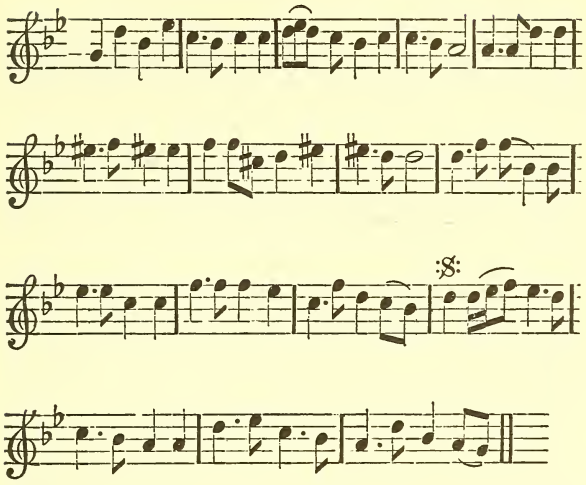


ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone,
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts and broken Vows;
If I by Miracle can be,
This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
It's all that Heav'n allows.

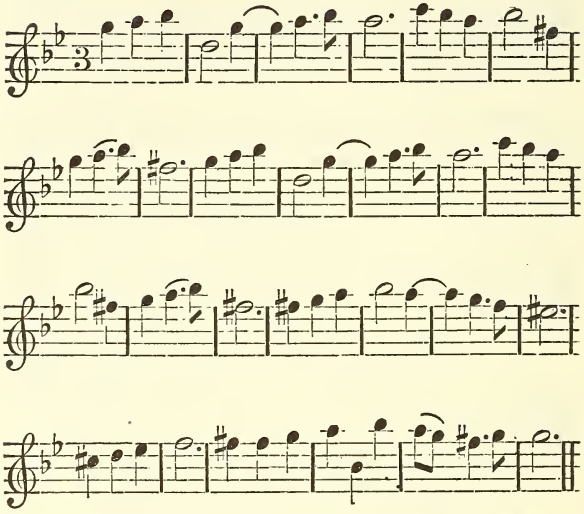
A SONG.



WHEN I see my *Strephon* languish,
With *Lucinda's* Charms opprest;
When I see his Pain and Anguish,
Pity moves my tender Breast:
Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving,
Who can see and hold from Loving.
Sighs so oft, &c.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
Mov'd me first to hear his Tale;
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
There's not a Nymph that wou'd not chuse him,
Why should I alone refuse him?
There's not, &c.

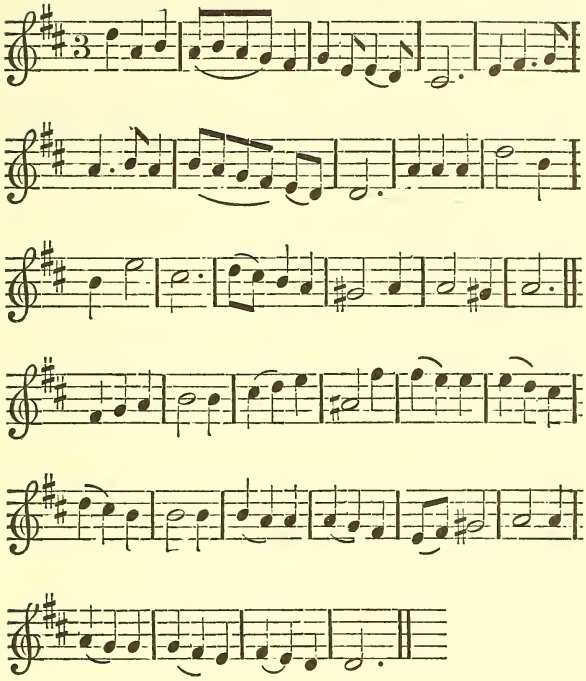
A SONG. *Set by Capt.* PACK.



IN vain she frowns, in vain she trys
The Darts of her disdainful Eyes;
She still is Charming, still is Fair,
And must Love, tho' I Despair:
Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain,
Who would not die, to be so sweetly slain.

Like those who Magick Spells employ,
At distance wounds and does destroy;
She kills with her severe disdain,
And absent I endure the pain:
But spare, O spare your Cruel Art! The Fatal Dart
Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

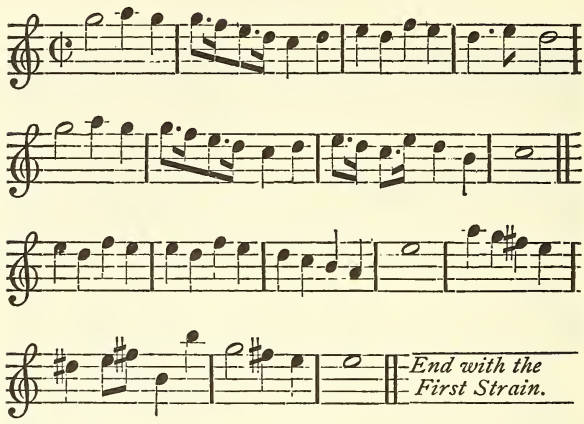
A SONG.



LOvely *Laurinda!* blame not me,
If on your Beauteous Looks I gaze;
How can I help it, when I see
Something so charming in your Face!
That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play;
It ravishes my wandring Eye,
And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

The

The Pilgrim. *Tune by Mr.* John Barrett.



OH! happy, happy Groves, Witness of our tender loves;
Oh! happy, happy shade, where first our Vows were made.

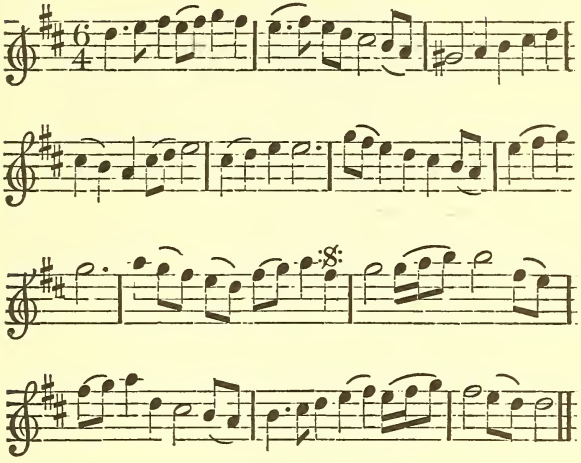
Blushing, Sighing, Melting, Dying, Looks would charm a Jove;
A Thousand pretty things she said and all was Love:
But *Corinna* perjur'd proves, and forsakes the shady Groves;

When I speak of mutual Joys, she knows not what I mean,
Wanton Glances, fond Caresses, now no more are seen
Since the false deluding Fair left the flowry Green.

Mourn ye Nymphs that sporting play'd, where poor *Strephon* was betray'd,
There the secret Wound she gave, when I was made her Slave,

Pil-

PILLYCOCK. *Set by Mr.* Tho. Wroth.



P*Illycock* came to my Lady's Toe,
And there the Whoreson began to go;
Had he Feet,
Ay marry had he?
And did he go,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright and ready to fight,
And Pillycock *he lay there all Night.*

Pillycock came to my Lady's Heel,
And there the Whoreson began to feel;
Had he Hands,
Ay marry had he?
And did he feel,
Ay marry did he?
So bold upright, &c.

Pil-

Pillycock came to my Lady's shin,
And there the Whoreson began to grin;
Had he Teeth,
Ay marry had he?
And did he grin,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Knee,
And there the Whoreson began to see;
Had he Eyes,
Ay marry had he?
And did he see,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Thigh,
And there the Whoreson began to fly;
Had he Wings,
Ay marry had he?
And did he fly,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

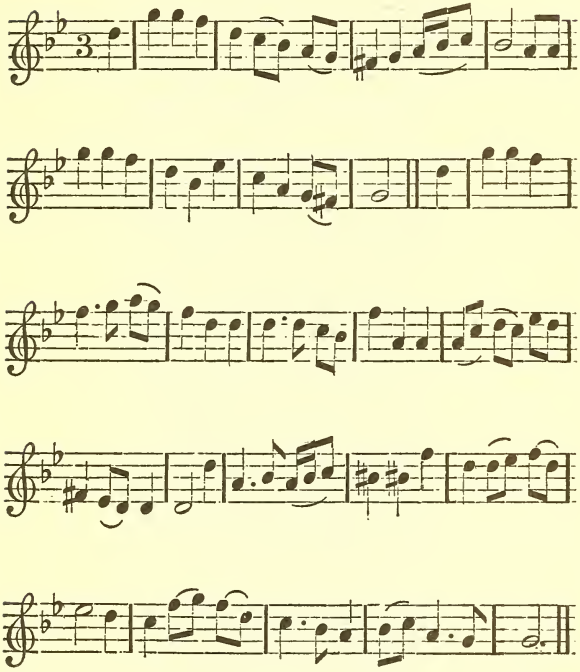
Pillycock came to my Lady's ——
And there the Whoreson began to hunt;
Had he Hounds,
Ay marry had he?
And did he Hunt,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Quilt,
And there the Whoreson began to Tilt;
Had he a Lance,
Ay marry had he?
And did he Tilt,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright and ready to fight,
Pillycock *he lay there all Night.*

Strephon

STREPHON *and* CHLORIS: *Or, the Coy Shepherd and kind Shepherdess.*

He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,
And from her kind Embraces would away;
But she with Charms doth him so fetter,
That for to stay he finds it is better:
When Flocks, and Herds, and Concerns do fail,
Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.



Ah!

AH! *Chloris* awake,
It is all abroad Day,
If you Sleep any longer,
Our Flocks they will stray.
Lye still, my dear Shepherd,
And do not rise yet,
'Tis a cold windy Morning,
And besides it is wet.

My *Chloris* make haste,
For it is no such thing,
Our Time we do waste,
For the Lark is on Wing;
Besides I do fancy,
I hear the young Lambs,
Cry, Baa, baa, baa, baa,
For the loss of their Dams.

My Shepherd I come,
Though I'm all over Sorrow;
But I swear I'll not love you,
If you rise so to Morrow:
For methinks 'tis unkind,
Thus early to rise,
And not bid me good Morrow,
Brings Tears from my Eyes.

Oh! hark my dear *Chloris*,
Before thou shalt Weep;
I'll stay to embrace thee,
Neglecting my Sheep:
My Flocks they may wander,
One Hour, Two, or Three:
But if I lose thy Favour,
I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear Shepherd,
To hear thee say so;
It eases my Heart of
Much Sorrow and Woe:

And for thy Reward,
I will give thee a Kiss;
And then thou shalt taste,
Of a true Lover's Bliss.

But *Chloris* behold now,
Bright *Phœbus* his Beams,
Invites us to go
To the murmuring Streams?
I hear the brave Huntsmen;
Doth follow the cry:
And make the Woods ring,
Yet how Sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsmen
May follow the Chace;
Whilst we enjoy Pleasure,
In a far better Place:
Thou know'st my dear Shepherd,
There is no Delight;
Like Lovers Enjoyment,
From Morning till Night.

Alas! my dear *Chloris*,
What dost thou require;
The Care of my Flocks
Doth abate my Desire:
The Lambs are new Yeaned,
And tender for Prey;
And I fear the sly Wolf,
He should bear them away.

My Love do not fear it,
The Wolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging,
In his mossy Bed.
Then let me embrace thee,
Whilst we do agree;
And I do promise to go,
Thou shalt after be free.

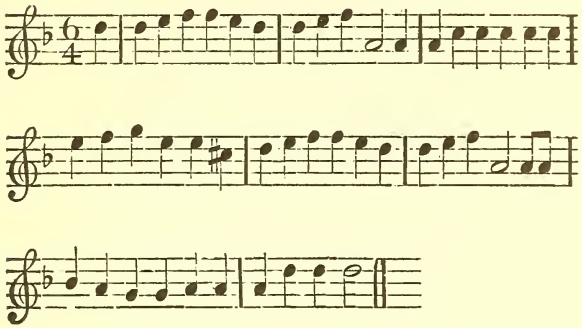
Ah!

Ah! *Chloris*, thy Words,
Are so powerful to me;
That I could be willing,
To tarry with thee;
Therefore to content thee,
One Hour I will stay,
But I vow, by God *Cupid*,
I will then go away.

Now I have my Wishes,
Dear Shepherd we'll part;
Altho' thou dost carry,
Away my poor Heart:
I bless the great Gods,
That to Lovers are kind;
To bring us together,
Such bliss for to find.

Then farewel dear *Chloris*,
Till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to
My Flocks on the Plain:
Where I will record,
Thy true Love in such Rhimes;
For Shepherds to admire,
In succeeding times.

The long VOCATION: *Or, a New Touch of the Times: With the Comical Humours of* NEW BETHLEM, *Dr.* TROTTER, *the never born Doctor, and the Musick-House,* &c.



IN the long Vocation,
When Business was scanty,
But Cherries, and Whores,
Extraordinary Plenty.

When News came to *England*,
The best e'er was known,
All our Armies Victorious,
The *French* overthrown.

When Quality withdrew
To their Grotto's of Pleasure,
And Ladies to the Wells,
To spend their Lord's Treasure.

When decripped old Sinners,
To the Bath did resort,
For venereal Distempers,
As well as the Sport.

When

When the Red Robe was gone,
To the Country Assizes,
And Butchers, and Carmen,
Were fighting of Prizes.

When Orthodox also,
From the Pulpit did roar;
'Twas the Sins of the Nation,
Maid our Taxes so sore.

When young Golden Captains,
Did walk the Parade;
But a draught once in motion,
Were always afraid.

When the Cits did retire,
To their Country-Houses;
Leaving Servants at home,
To lye with their Spouses.

When Wives too would junket,
While their Cuckolds did sleep:
And spend more in a Night,
Then they got in a Week.

When high topping Merchants,
VVere daily beset;
And Statutes of Bankrupts,
Fill'd half our Gazet.

VVhen Lawyers had not Money,
Nor Shop-keepers Trade;
And our Nation preparing
Another to invade.

VVhen the Season was to hot,
For the goggle ey'd *Jews;*
To exercise their Faculties,
In *Drury-Lane* Stews.

When Inns of Court-Rakes,
And Quill-driving Prigs,
Flock'd to St. *James's*,
To shew their long Whiggs.

When *Sodomites* were so impudent,
To ply on the *Exchange;*
And by Day-light the Piazza's
Of *Covent-Garden* to range.

When the Theatre Jilts,
Would S—ve for a Crown;
And for want of brisk Trading,
Patrol'd round the Town.

When Debauches of both Sexes,
From Hospitals crept;
Where Nine Months at least,
In Flannel they slept.

When Drapers smugg'd Prentices,
With *Exchange* Girls most jolly;
After Shop was shut up,
Could Sail to the Folly.

When the Amorous Thimberkins,
In *Pater-noster-Row;*
With their Sparks on an Evening,
Could Coach it to *Bow.*

When Poets and Players,
Were so damnable poor;
That a Three-penny Ordinary,
They often would Score.

When *De Foe* and the Devil,
At Leap-Frog did play;
And huffing proud Vintners,
Broke every Day.

When

When Chamber-maids dress'd,
In their Mistresses Cloaths;
Walk'd in all Publick places,
To Ogle the Beaus.

When Tally-men had no Faith,
With Strumpets and Whores;
But nap'd them in the Streets,
By Dozens and Scores.

When Informers were Rogues,
And took double pay;
Much worse than the Persons,
They are hir'd to betray.

When Serjeants were so vigilant,
'Twas impossible to shame 'em;
But whip see *Jethro*', immediately,
G—— Eternally D—— 'em.

When Brewers to the Victuallers
Was so cursed severe,
They scarce would give Credit,
For a Barrel of Beer.

Thus is it not evident,
Tap-lashes don't thrive;
Since they swarm in most Prisons,
Like Bees in a Hive?

But you Blue Apron Tribe,
Let this caution prevail;
Be not too Saucy,
Lest you Rot in a Goal.

At this Juncture of time,
I strol'd to *Moor-Fields;*
Much us'd by the Mob,
To exercise their Heels.

Also

Also fam'd for a Conjurer,
The Devil's head Proctor;
Where a little below him,
Dwells the never born *Doctor*,

Two such Impudent Rascals,
For Lying and Prating;
That the Series of their Lives,
Is not worth my Relating.

My Pockets being lin'd well,
With *Rhino* good store;
And Inclinations much bent,
After a thing call'd a Whore.

To gratifie my Lust,
I went to the *Star*;
Where immediately I espy'd,
A Whore in the Bar.

Whose Phiz was most charming,
And as demure as a Saint;
But con——ly bedaub'd,
With Patches and Paint.

Sweet Lady, cry'd I,
I vow and protest;
The Sight of your Charms,
Have so wounded my Breast.

That I am downright in Love,
And my Life shall Destroy;
If you do not admit me,
Your Favour to enjoy.

Cringing in her A——
The B—— then reply'd;
My favour, kind Sir,
Shall never be deny'd.

Will you please to walk up,
Or be private below;
Here Boy, with a Bed in't,
The Gentleman show.

Then backwards we went,
To a Cavern behind;
But such an intricate Place,
The Devil could not find.

Where Wine being brought,
And the Fellow withdrawn;
I carest her with Love,
She made a return.

No Pigs in a Stye,
Or Goats in Bad Weather;
E'er nussl'd so close,
Or more Amorous together.

We Kiss'd and we bill'd,
We tickled and toy'd;
And more than once,
Our selves we Enjoy'd.

But the Reckoning grew high,
Which would make my Pocket low;
So how for to Bilk 'em,
I did not well know.

But at last by a Stratagem,
Pretending to rally;
While she went for more Wine,
I whip'd into an Ally.

And was so dexterous nimble,
They could not pursue;
So got rid of my Mistress,
And D——Reckoning too.

Reco-

Recovering the Fields,
I was void of all Fear;
And the next place to *Bedlam*,
My Course I did steer.

Where was such amphibious Crowds,
I ne'er saw before;
Harlots for the Water,
As well as the Shore.

But one above the rest,
So wondrous Trim;
You would sware she was a Hick,
And no common Brim.

Accosted me presently,
And call'd me her Love;
But I soon did dismiss her,
With a Kick and a Shove.

For the Jade was so homely,
The D—— would not touch her;
Fit only for a Dray-man,
Or *White-Chappel* Butcher.

But had not walk'd long,
Before a rare one I espy'd;
Bright as a Goddess,
And adorn'd like a Bride.

With a rich Furbelow Scarf,
Worth at least Forty Shilling;
And when I ask'd her a Question,
Was extraordinary willing.

So to the Tavern we went,
A Curse on the Place;
For her Love was so hot,
It soon fir'd my A——

Where after a Flask,
Which I swore she should pay ;
We took both our leaves,
And went strait away.

The Plague of my Sins,
Made me damnable sore ;
That my Wife soon concluded,
I'd been with a W——.

She scolded so loud,
And continu'd her Clamour ;
I could not forbear,
But to C—— her and D—— her.

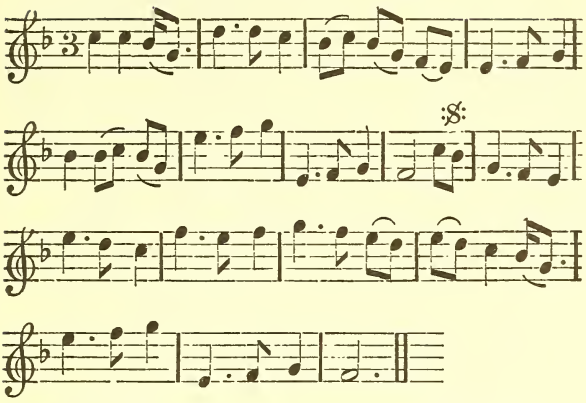
We made such a Noise,
And con——ed a Racket ;
My Landlady knew,
I'd been searching the Placket.

And being good natur'd,
To make up the Matter ;
Came down in her Smock,
With *Jenny* her Daughter.

Ah ! *Tennant* (quoth She,)
Let this fault be remitted ;
If *he'll beg but your Pardon*,
He shall be acquitted.

For to speak by the by,
And I'm sure 'tis fact ;
You and I have been guilty,
Of many such Act.

An IRISH *Wooing.*



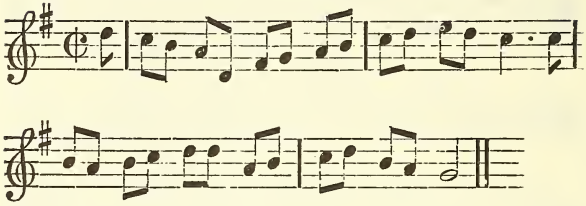
Dermot lov'd *Sheela* well and strove her Heart to gain,
No mortal Tongue can tell *Dermot's* great Pain;
And still he cry'd *Sheela* gra, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Still he cry'd *Sheela* joy, wilt thou be mine.

I have Six Sheep my Joy, Ten Goats and Twenty Swine,
All dees I'll give to dee if doul't be mine;
And still he cry'd *Sheela* gra, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Still he cry'd *Sheela* joy wilt thou be mine.

I have Potatoes, and good bonny Clabber too,
Ruscan and Cream joy, wherewith you may slabber you
Arra take me den, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Take me then, *Sheela* joy, and make me thine.

Arra speak to me, *Sheela* joy, what makes thy Mout so dumb,
If you will be wid me, squeese my great Thumb;
Arra squeese it dear *Sheela* joy, *Shela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Squeese it hard *Sheela* gra, till the Blood come.

A Warning to all CUSTARD *Eaters.*



LET *Totnam* Court and *Islington*,
And *Padington* also ;
Attend with Lamentation,
Unto a Tale of Woe.

Altho' 'tis strange, 'tis true, no doubt,
Of it you may be sure ;
It is in the News-books put,
There's nothing can be truer.

Of many several sorts of Deaths,
I oft have heard I wis ;
But ne'er knew any lose his Life,
By such a Cause as this.

At *Newbury* that fatal place,
Where many a Man was Muster'd ;
And lost his Life, oh there it was,
A Youth was slain with *Custard.*

In that same Myrish bloody Fenn,
As once it did appear :
Ox Essex and his *Custard*-Men
Did choak the Cavalier.

There

There liv'd this pretty dapper Youth,
VVho was of little Stature;
Shuff was his Name in very truth,
And tender was his Nature.

He with a Boy a VVager laid,
A *Custard* he would Eat;
Before the Boy should run so far,
And back again retreat.

The People all assembled were,
To see this piece of VVit;
They were agreed, and started fair,
This ran, the other bit.

The nimble Lad did run and laugh,
So thro' the way he scowr'd;
That he was coming back, e'er half
The *Custard* was devoured.

The eating Champion seeing that,
Much like Jack-puddings Bastard;
Clapt to'ther half into his Throat
And choak'd himself with *Custard.*

This suffocating Custard wrought,
VVithin his gullet so;
That on the Ground he tumbled down,
Ah woful overthrow?

Two-pence in *Custard* did him choak,
And brought his Courage down;
VVhen death struck him 'twas thought he took,
The Cream of all the Town.

One spark of Fire consumes a House,
Small Prison makes one pant;
The Sword-fish mortifies the Whale,
The Mouse the Elephant.

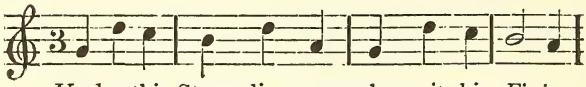
But never did I see that Throat,
Under my Lord-Mayor's roof:
Unless they brought it scalding hot,
That was not Custard proof.

Let this a warning be to those,
That go to *Islington;*
Custard will kill, Experience shows,
As soon as any Gun.

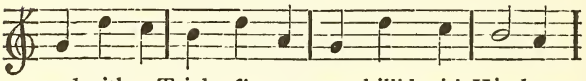
Beware how you on Holidays,
Abroad do Feast your Wives;
For they that feed on *Custard*, go
In danger of their Lives.

The EPITAPH.

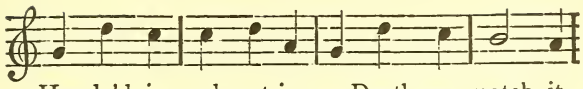
To the Tune of, Turn again Whittington, *&c.*



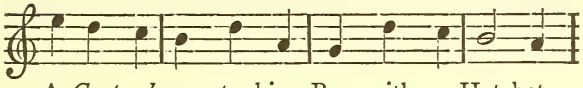
Under this Stone lies one, who writ his *Finis;*



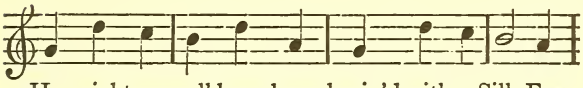
and with a Trick of's own, was kill'd with Kindness:
He



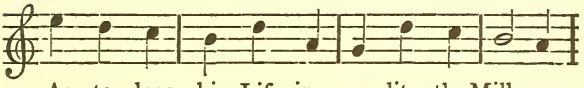
He dy'd in such a trim, no Death can match it,



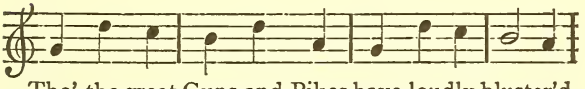
A *Custard* was to him, Pap with a Hatchet;



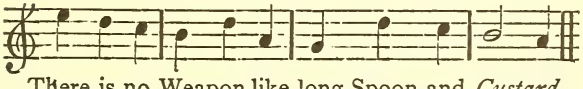
He might as well have been brain'd with a Silk Fan,



As to lose his Life in a lit—tle Milk-pan;



Tho' the great Guns and Pikes have loudly bluster'd,

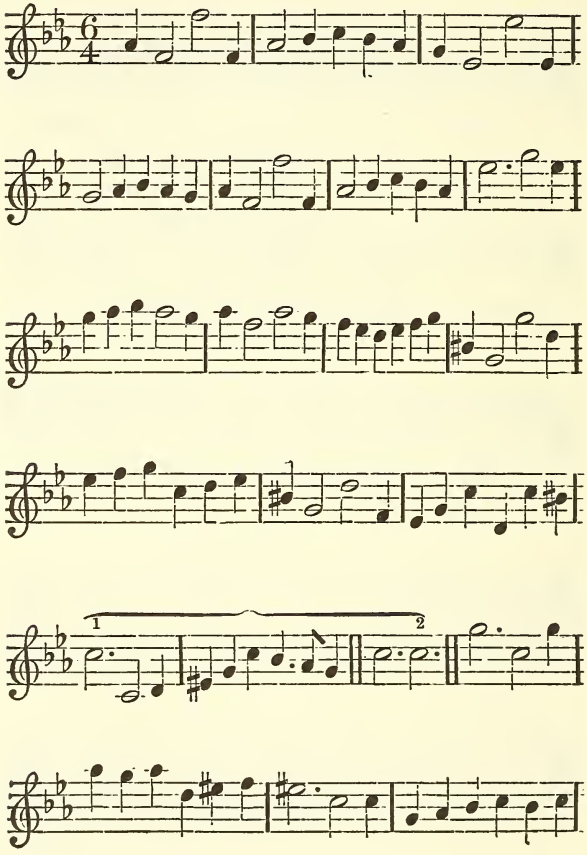


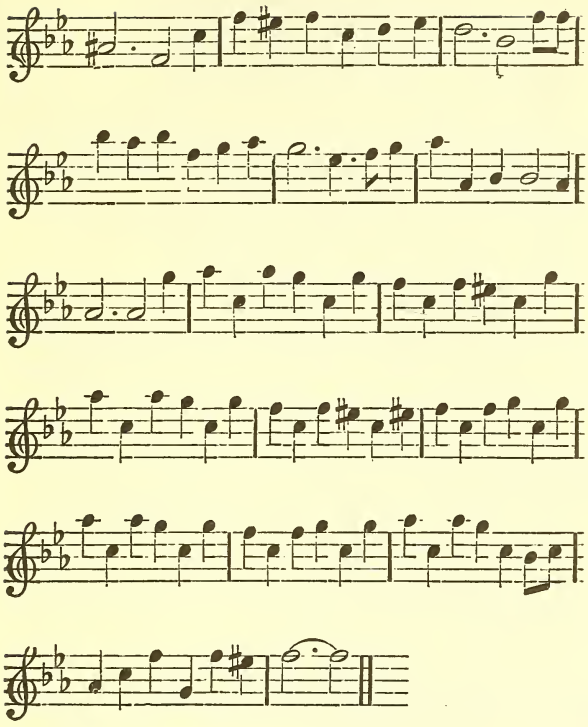
There is no Weapon like long Spoon and *Custard.*

Woo-

WOOBOURN *Fair*.

A DIALOGUE *between* DICK *and* DOLL.





Note, the Tenth Line of each Verse is to be left out at the Second time of Singing over.

He. DOLLY, come be Brisk and Jolly,
Since Harvest's home,
And *Ralph* and *Molly*,
With Piper and Drum;
Are frisking now at the Fair:
Nimble *Katy*, whose Foot's so pretty,

No

No, nor *Susan*, with new Russet Shoes on,
No, nor *Ellen*, with great Belly swelling,
Can for Dancing with *Dolly*, compare,
Zooks then prithee my sweetest Dear.

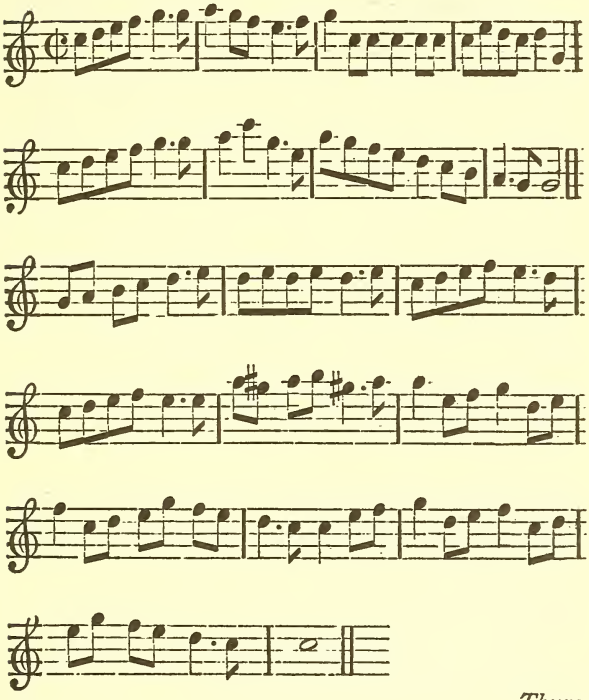
She. Fye *Dick*, you make me so proud when you tell me,
That none of our Lasses excel me:
Nay, Faith I can guess your Design too,
With the Loss of your own you'd have mine too,
But I hope I shall mend the Case:
For toying and coying,
Come short of enjoying,
And tho' I let Loobies,
Oft finger my Bubbies:
Who think when they Kiss me,
That they shall possess me,
With slight Invitation,
Fall to my Collation,
Not a bit till the Priest has said Grace.
He. Could you guess when first I Woo'd you,
I thought of less,
I close pursu'd you;
Abandon'd *Bess*,
To gain dear *Dolly's* good Will,
My Endeavours to please you ever,
And to Marry sweet *Doll* of the Dairy,
So by Kissing first nought will be missing,
Grant a Tast till my Belly I fill,
That, Ods Bud wou'd do rarely well.
She. No, no, your cunning shall never deceive me,
Should I let you, you'd presently leave me;
Tho' something you now may be wanting,
The Appetite cloys with consenting,
And the Passion does soon decay;
Tho' our Ears you wou'd tickle,
We're false as you're fickle,
And mind not your swearing
False Oaths, and declaring,

Your

Your amorous Nonsense,
Nor Love dated long since :
For by late Forbearance,
I know by Experience,
There's few till they're Bound will Obey.

The SEA-FIGHT *in* 92.

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



Thurs-

THursday in the Morn the Ides of *May*,
Recorded for ever the famous Ninety Two ;
Brave *Russel* did discern by dawn of Day,
The lofty Sails of *France* advancing now :
All Hands aloft, aloft, let *English* Valour shine,
Let fly a Culverin, the Signal for the Line ;
Let every Hand supply his Gun,
Follow me, and you'll see,
That the Battle will be soon begun.

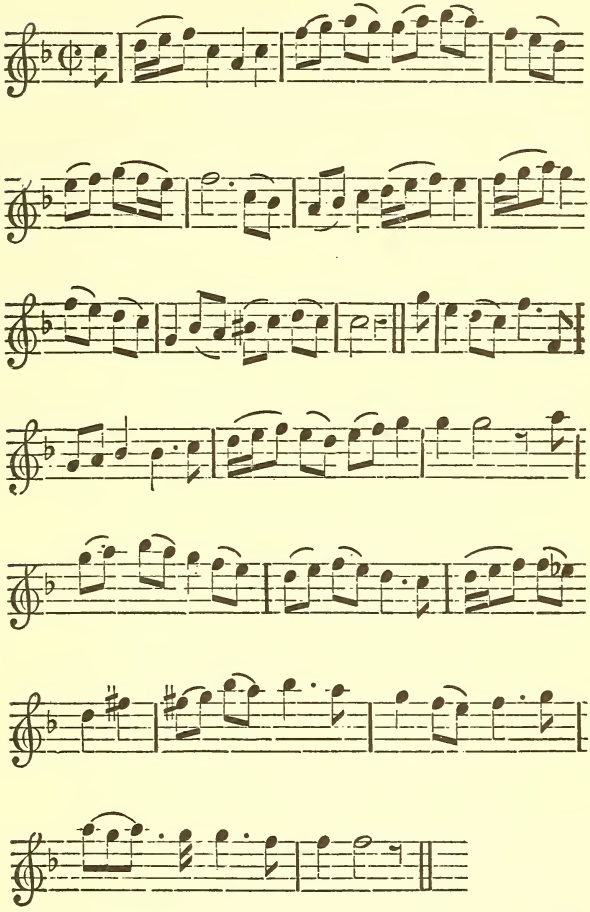
Tourville on the Main Triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the Gallant *Russel* in combate on the deep ;
He led the noble train of Heroes bold,
To sink the *English* Admiral at his Feet :
Now every valiant mind to Victory doth aspire,
The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea it self on Fire ;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a Flood all of Blood,
Fill'd the Scup'r-holes of the Royal *Sun.*

Sulphur, Smoak and Fire, disturb'd the Air,
With Thunder and Wonder affright the *Gallick* shoar;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty Streamers now no more :
At Six a Clock the Red, the smiling Victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
Now Death and Horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or dye,
Brittish Colours rid the vanquish'd Main.

See they fly amaz'd through Rocks and Sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater Fate ;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping Lands,
The Nymphs and Sea-Gods mourn their lost estate :
For evermore adieu thou Royal dazling *Sun*,
From thy untimely end thy Masters Fate begun ;
Enough thou mighty God of War,
Now we Sing bless the King,
Let us drink to every *English* Tarr.

The

The Honest Man's Fortune: Set by Mr. Thomas Wroth.



The

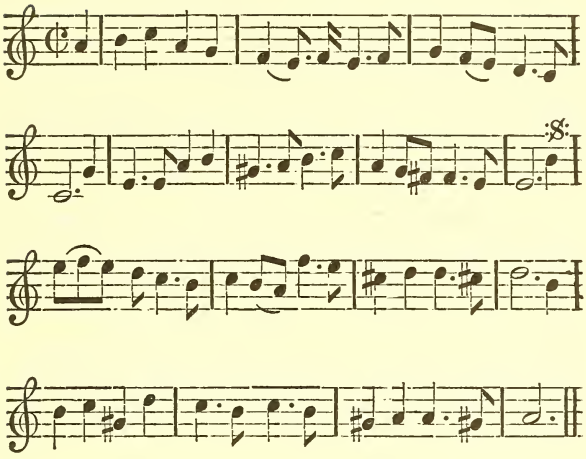
THE mighty state of *Cuckoldom*, by Matrimony thrives,
It is a never failing Portion, paid us by our Wives;
It was of Old,
As we are told,
The Charter of each Nation;
In *Palestine* it did subdue,
The Circumcis'd hard hearted *Jew*,
And 'tis a Christian Dispensation.

Each jarring Kingdom of the World, in this one point agrees,
Thus *Cuckoldom*, may well be call'd th' united Provinces;
It does invest,
With ample Crest,
Min—heer—van—pluchen—Hans;
CUCKOLDS are made Grandees of *Spain*,
And ev'n in *Italy* they reign,
And they are Alamode of *France.*

The *Persian*, *Jew*, *Mahometan*, the *Protestant*, and *Roman*,
Owe what they are to the Intrigues and Kindness of a Woman;
What she's bestow'd,
They count no load,
Nor think their HORNS Oppression;
For sure no Sot can be so blind,
As to esteem a Wife unkind,
That largely adds to his Possession.

Yet some will call poor *Cuckolds* Beasts, and range them in three Classes,
The Goat-*Cuckolds*, the Ram-*Cuckolds*, and we all know they're Asses;
The Goats ne'er mind,
Their *Horns* behind,
Large Crest the Ram adorns;
Which on his Brow in Terror lies,
Hanging in Judgment o'er his Eyes,
And Asses take their Ears for HORNS.

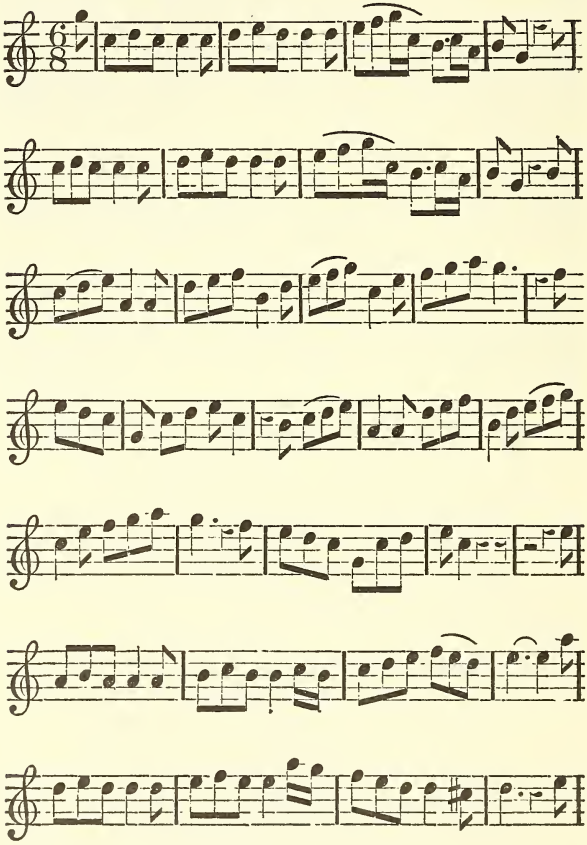
A SONG.

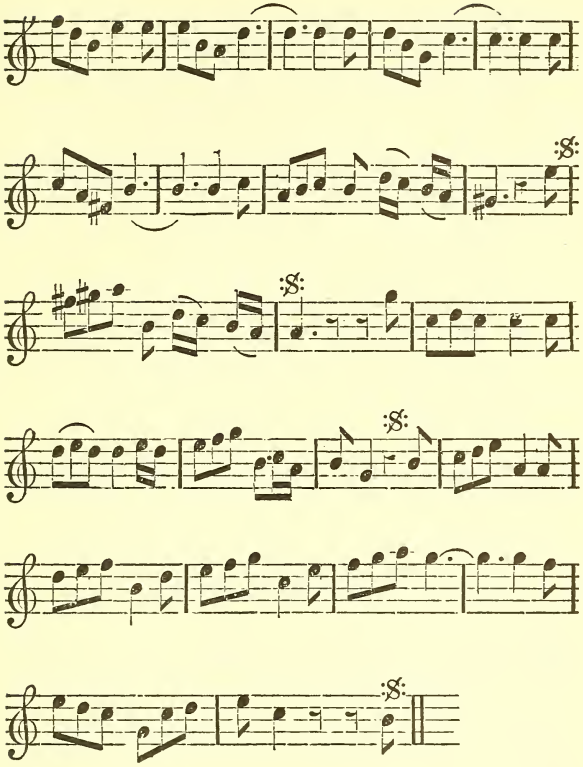


POOR *Cleonice* thy Garlands tear,
From off thy Widow'd Brow;
And bind thy loose dishevel'd Hair,
With Ewe and Cypress now:
And Since the Gods decreed his Years,
Shou'd have so short a Date;
Let thy sad Eyes, pay Seas of Tears,
As Tribute to his Fate.

The Trees a duller Green have worn,
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Pasture mourn,
And bleat a sadder Moan:
The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
To happy Mansions fly;
And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
Now seem to bid me die.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* Leveridge, *Sung by Mr.* Wilks *in the Comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer.*

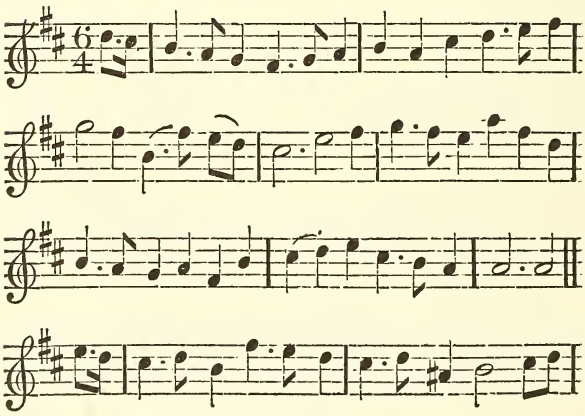


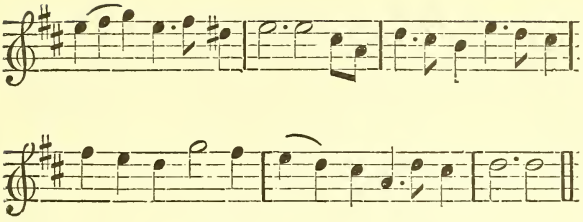


COME Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
A Fellow so fit for a Lover;
Come Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
A Fellow so fit for a Lover:
The World shall view my Passion for you,
The World shall view my Passion for you,
But never your Passion discover:
The World shall view, my Passions for you,

The World shall view my Passion for you,
But never your Passion discover.
I still will Complain of Frowns and Disdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms;
I still will Complain of Frowns and Disdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms:
The World shall declare, I dye with Despair,
I die with Despair, I die with Despair,
When only I die in your Arms,
When only I die in your Arms:
I still will adore, Love more and more,
But by *Jove* if you chance to prove Cruel,
I'll get me a Miss, that freely will Kiss,
I'll get me a Miss, that freely will Kiss,
Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.
I'll get me, &c.

The NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE *Health, Set by Mr.* EDWARD KEAN.





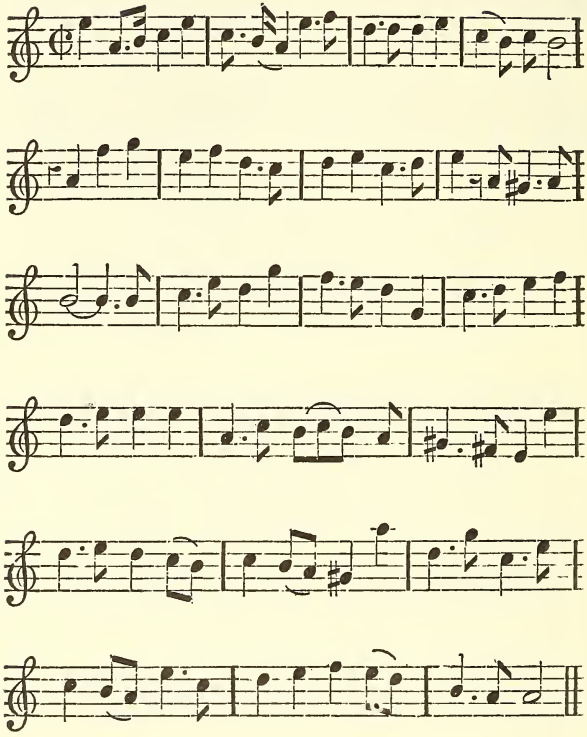
HERE's a Health to those Men,
That go with us again,
To chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,
To serve without Pension,
Or other Pretension,
But Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

As for those that have Pay,
We have nothing to say,
Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir,
We're for them that are known,
To have Lands of their own,
And Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

Should we chuse the Court Tools,
They will call us all Fools,
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir,
We are sure we can trust,
To the Right and the Just,
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Glass fair,
To do otherwise here,
Is unjust against Right, and absurd, Sir;
He that leaves but three drops,
Shall have them thrown in's Chops,
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

A SONG.

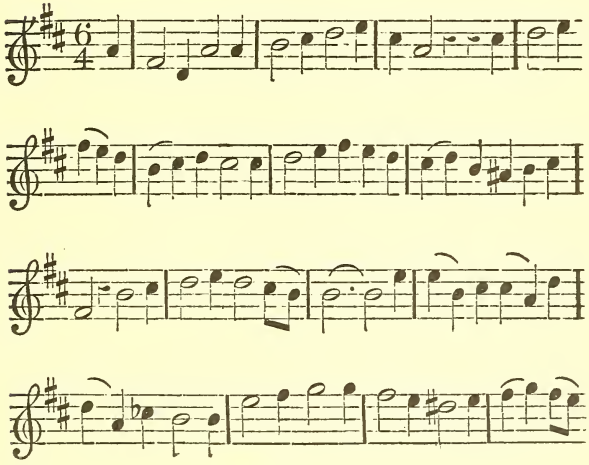


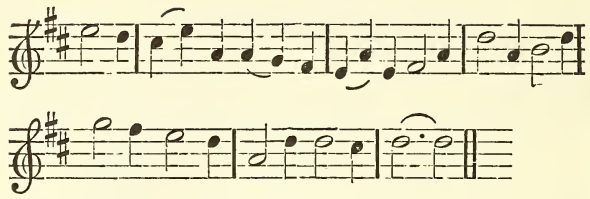
SPARE Mighty Love, O spare a Slave,
That at thy Feet for Mercy lyes:
What would thy cruel Godhead have,
See how he bleeds, see how he dyes:
Upon a noble Conquest go,
And for thy Glory and my Peace;

O make the scornful *Cælia* know,
The Pains she now regardless sees.
O make, &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears,
And subtly poyson so each Dart;
That spite of all those Arms she wears,
The point at last may reach her Heart:
Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear,
And make our Fortunes so agree,
That I may find that Cure from her,
Which she may need as much from me.
That I may, &c.

The Maid of LYN.





ON *Brandon* Heath, in sight of *Methwold* Steeple,
In *Norfolk* as I Rode along,
I met a Maiden with Apples laden,
And thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song:
Kiss me said I, She answer'd no,
And still she cry'd I won't, I won't, I won't do so;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth she good Sir; quoth she good Sir, good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

'Twas Summer season then, and sultry weather,
Which put this fair Maid in a Sweat;
Said I come hither, let us together,
Go try to lay this scorching heat:
But she deny'd, the more I cry'd,
And answer'd no, and seem'd to go;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

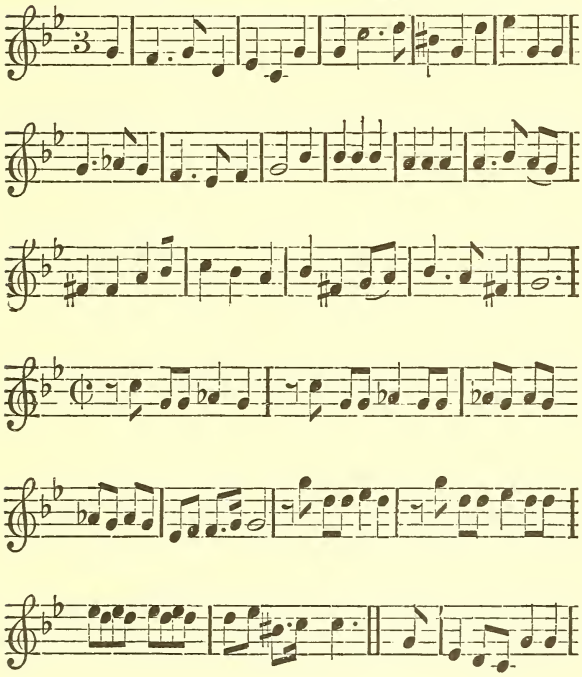
To Kiss this Maiden, then was my intent,
I felt her Hand, and snowy Breast;
With much perswasion, she shew occasion,
That I was free to do the rest:
Then in we went and Six-pence spent,
I cry'd my Dear, she cry'd forbear;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

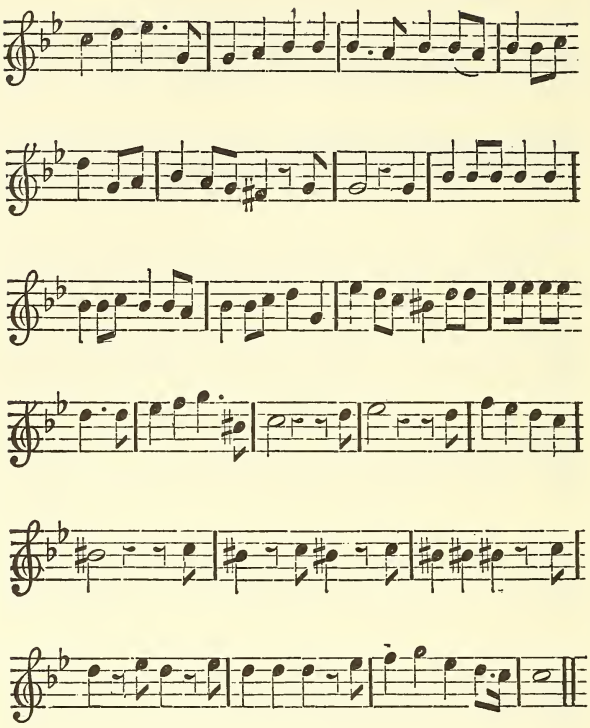
Three times I try'd to satisfie this Maiden,
And she perceiv'd her Lover's pain;
Then I wou'd go, but she cry'd no,
And bid me try it o'er again;

She

She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,
Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know;
Where I might see this Maid again,
Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

The Beauty, a SONG *made and Set to Musick by* GEORGE KINGSLEY, *Gent.*





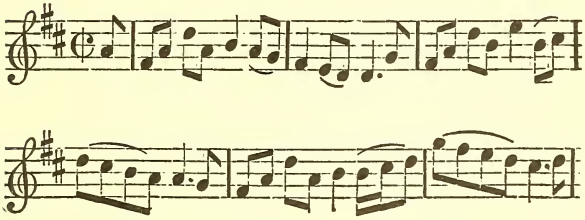
ALass! my poor tender Heart must now surrender,
Since Love such a train of Artillery brings;
Such Graces and Glories attend my sweet *Chloris*,
As are able to conquer and captivate Kings:
Each lovely Feature, of this pure Creature,
Creates a Cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel ling'ring smart:
Her blushing Nose is as red as Rose is,
Its glowing, glowing, glowing, glowing heat inflames my Heart.

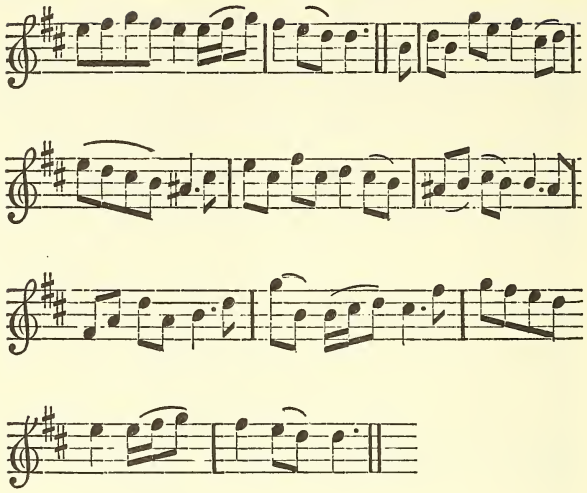
The

The Charms of her Eyes, what Tongue can tell,
Of Which each Glance conveys a Spell;
And at distance they look like two Frogs in a Well,
But oh! the Balsamick scent of her Toes,
And the Nectar that drops, drops, drops from her Nose;
Hey ho,
And a comfortable Gale from her Elbows: Hey ho,
Hey ho,
And still I cry in vain, O Love, O Love, O Love,
Love,
Love, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love, Love, O Love,
Come ease my Pain.

But her Heart alass is as hard as a Flint,
Let me dye if I thinknot the Devil is in't;
For always upon me she loooketh a squint: Hey ho,
Yet Nature at least has served her right,
In taking all her Teeth out quite:
That tho' she can Bark, she cannot Bite, Hey ho,
And indeed for this there was a just Cause,
For according to blind *Cupid's* Laws,
Love should have neither Fangs nor Claws, Hey ho.

A Scotch Song, *the Words by Mr.* John Hallam, *Set to Musick by Mr.* John Cotterel.

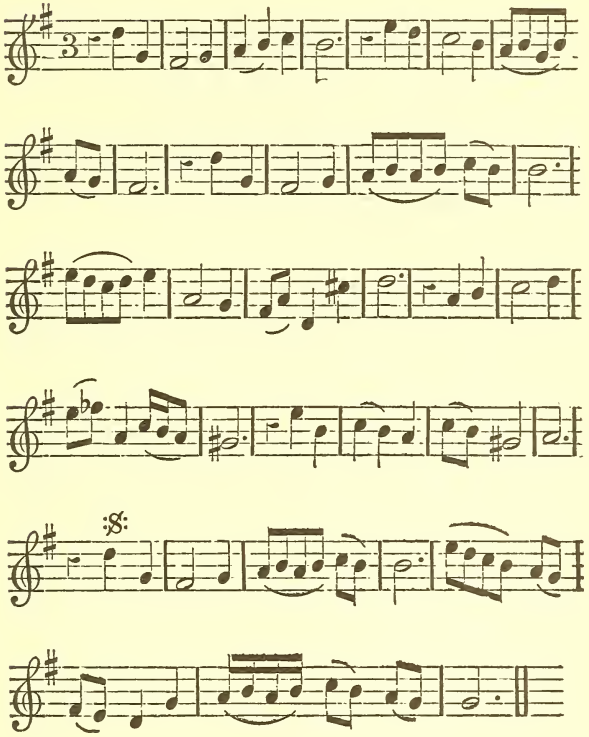




UPON the Wings of Love my Dear I come,
No more I will depart from thee and Home ;
The dreadful noise of Battles now do cease,
Brave *Willy* is return'd with Joy and Peace :
The Trumpet shrill no more shall sound Alarms,
And call thy *Jockey* out of thy soft Arms ;
In which I'll lig and sleep both Day and Night,
And Dream of nought but Pleasures and Delight.

Each bonny Lad shall with his loving Lass,
With Pipe and Tabor trip it on the Grass ;
With Chaplets gay my *Jenny* shall be crown'd,
And with her Loving *Jockey* Dance around :
In Silks and Sattins then my only dear,
The Blithest Lass in *Tweedale* shall appear ;
Thou shalt enjoy what e'er thou dost desire,
And in each other's Arms we will expire.

A Song, *Set and Sung by Mr.* Leveridge, *at the Theatre Royal.*

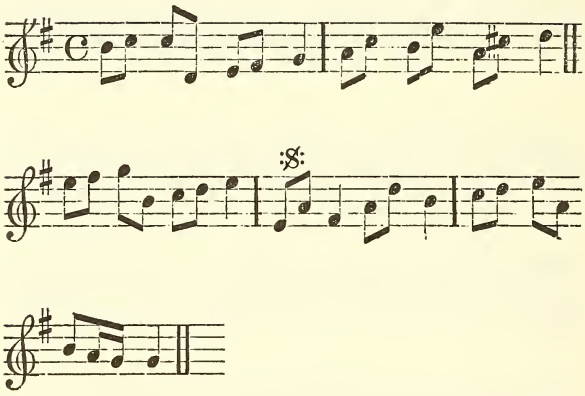


FOOLISH Swain thy sighs forbear,
Nothing can her Passion move;
Cælia with a careless Air,
Laughs to hear the Tales of Love:

Darts

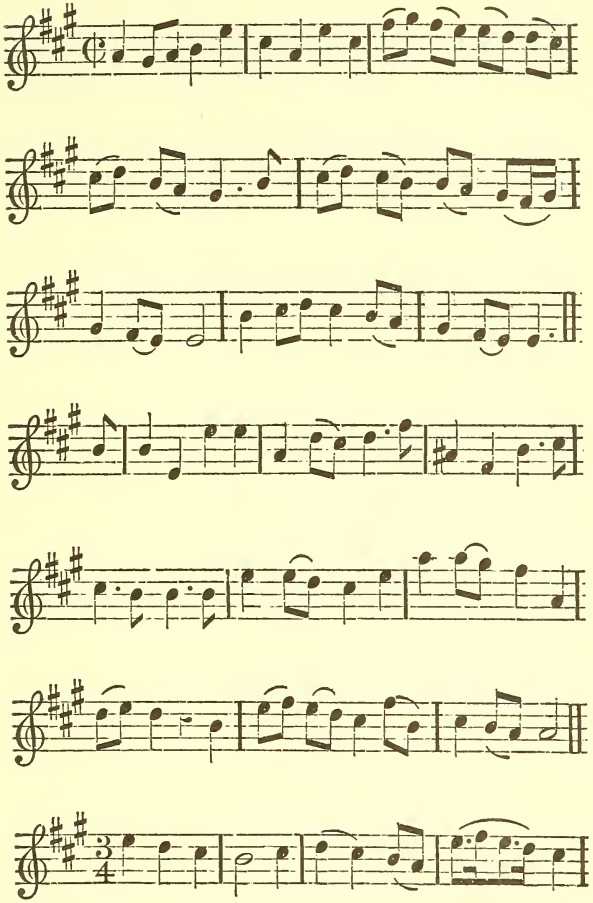
Darts and Flames the Nymph defies,
Toys which other Hearts beguile:
Pleasure sparkles in her Eyes,
Gay without an am'rous Smile.

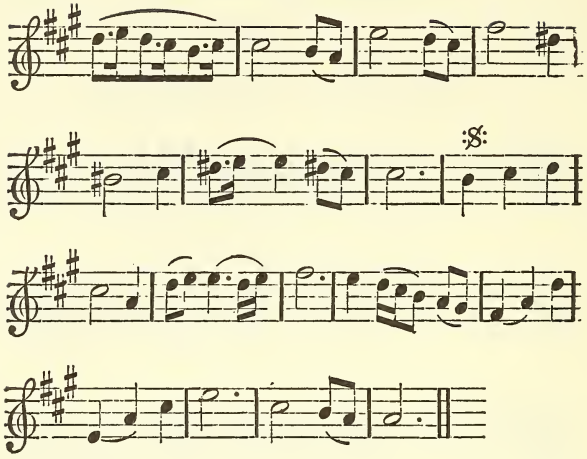
Cælia like the feather'd Choir,
Ever on the Wing for flight;
Hops from this to that desire,
Flutt'ring still in new delight:
Pleas'd she seems when you are by,
And when absent she's the same;
Talks of Love like you or I,
But believ'st an empty Name.



Always easy, never kind,
When you think you have her sure:
Such a Tempter you will find,
Quick to wound, quick to wound, quick to wound, but slow to Cure,

A Song, *Set by Mr.* Berenclow.





TAKE not the first Refusal ill,
Tho' now she won't, anon she will,
Tho' now she won't, anon she will,
Take not the first Refusal ill :
She were not a Woman if she knew,
One Moment what the next she'd do ;
She were not a Woman if she knew,
One Moment, one Moment what the next she'd do :
If you'll have patience she'll be kind, kind, she'll be kind,
To Day ne'er knew to morrow's Mind ;
Wait till you find her in the cue,
If you don't ask her, ask her, she, she'll ask you.

FINIS.

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